

THE
WORKS

OF THE LATE

RIGHT HONORABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

VOLUME the SECOND.

With a Complete INDEX.

BIRMINGHAM:

Printed by JOHN BASKERVILLE, for J. and R. TONSON,

At Shakespear's Head in the Strand.

M DCC LXI.

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WILLIAM A. M.

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MDCCLXI



R E M A R K S

O N S E V E R A L

P A R T S

O F

I T A L Y, &c.

In the Y E A R S 1701, 1702, 1703.

~~~~~  
*Verum ergo id est, si quis in coelum ascendisset, naturamque mundi et pulchritudinem siderum perspexisset, insuavem illam admirationem ei fore, quae jucundissima fuisset, si aliquem cui narraret habuisset.*

Cicer. de Amic.

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B I R M I N G H A M:

Printed in the Y E A R M D C C L X I.

REMARKS

ON SEVERAL

PARTS

OF ITALY

IN THE YEARS 1701, 1702, 1703

Verum ergo id est, si quis in lectura operis huius, nonnullas res in se
Christianorum pietatem perspicere, etiam nonnullas in se
quae inveniuntur, huius, si quis in lectura operis huius, nonnullas res in se
Cicero de Amicis

BIRMINGHAM

Printed in the Year 1704

To the Right Honorable

JOHN LORD SOMERS,

BARON of *EVESHAM*.

My LORD,

THERE is a Pleasure in owning Obligations which it is an Honor to have received, but should I publish any Favors done me by Your Lordship, I am afraid it would look more like Vanity than Gratitude.

I had a very early Ambition to recommend myself to Your Lordship's Patronage, which yet encreased in me as I travelled through the Countries, of which I here give Your Lordship some Account: For whatever great Impressions an *Englishman* must have of Your Lordship, they who have been conversant Abroad will find them still improved. It cannot

D E D I C A T I O N.

cannot but be obvious to them, that though they see Your Lordship's Admirers every where, they meet with very few of Your Well-wishers at *Paris* or at *Rome*. And I could not but observe when I passed through most of the Protestant governments in *Europe*, that their Hopes or Fears for the Common Cause rose or fell with Your Lordship's Interest and Authority in *England*.

I here present Your Lordship with the Remarks that I made in a Part of these my Travels; wherein, notwithstanding the Variety of the Subject, I am very sensible that I offer nothing new to Your Lordship, and can have no other Design in this Address, than to declare that I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Obligated, and

most Obedient Humble Servant,

J. ADDISON.

P R E F A C E.

*T*HERE is certainly no place in the world where a man may travel with greater pleasure and advantage than in Italy. One finds something more particular in the face of the country, and more astonishing in the works of Nature, than can be met with in any other part of Europe. It is the great school of Music and Painting, and contains in it all the noblest productions of Statuary and Architecture both ancient and modern. It abounds with cabinets of Curiosities, and vast collections of all kinds of Antiquities. No other country in the world has such a variety of Governments, that are so different in their Constitutions and so refined in their Politics. There is scarce any part of the nation that is not famous in History, nor so much as a mountain or river that has not been the scene of some extraordinary action.

As there are few men that have talents or opportunities for examining so copious a subject, one may observe among those who have written on Italy, that different Authors have succeeded best on different sorts of Curiosities. Some have been more particular in their accounts of Pictures, Statues and Buildings; some have searched into Libraries, cabinets of Rarities, and collections of Medals; as others have been wholly taken up with Inscriptions, Ruins and Antiquities. Among the Authors of our own country, we are obliged to the Bishop of Salisbury, for his masterly and uncommon observations on the Religion and Governments of Italy: Laffels may be useful in giving us the names of such Writers as have treated of the several States thro' which he passed: Mr. Ray is to be valued for his Observations on the Natural productions of the place. Monsieur Misson has wrote a more correct account of Italy in general than any before him, as he particularly excels in the Plan of the country, which he has given us in true and lively colors.

There

P R E F A C E.

There are still several of these Topics that are far from being exhausted, as there are many new subjects that a traveller may find to employ himself upon. For my own part, as I have taken notice of several Places and Antiquities that no body else has spoken of, so, I think, I have mentioned but few things in common with others, that are not either set in a new light, or accompanied with different reflections. I have taken care particularly to consider the several passages of the ancient Poets, which have any relation to the Places and Curiosities that I met with; for before I entered on my voyage I took care to refresh my memory among the Classic Authors, and to make such collections out of them as I might afterwards have occasion for. I must confess it was not one of the least entertainments that I met with in travelling, to examine these several Descriptions, as it were, upon the spot, and to compare the natural face of the country with the Landscapes that the Poets have given us of it. However to avoid the confusion that might arise from a multitude of quotations, I have only cited such verses as have given us some Image of the place, or that have something else besides the bare Name of it to recommend them.

MONACO.



MONACO, GENOA, &c.

ON the twelfth of *December*, 1699, I set out from *Marseilles* to *Genoa* in a Tartane, and arrived late at a small *French* Port called *Cassis*, where the next morning we were not a little surprized to see the mountains about the town covered with green Olive-trees, or laid out in beautiful Gardens, which gave us a great variety of pleasing prospects, even in the depth of winter. The most uncultivated of them produce abundance of sweet plants, as Wild-Thyme, Lavender, Rosemary, Balme and Myrtle. We were here shown at a distance the Deserts, which have been rendered so famous by the Penance of *Mary Magdalene*, who, after her arrival with *Lazarus* and *Joseph of Arimathea* at *Marseilles*, is said to have wept away the rest of her life among these solitary rocks and mountains. It is so Romantic a scene, that it has always probably given occasion to such Chimerical relations; for it is perhaps of this place that *Claudian* speaks, in the following description.

*Et locus extremum pandit quâ Gallia littus
 Oceani praetentus aquis, quâ fertur Ulysses
 Sanguine libato populum movisse Silentium,
 Illic Umbrarum tenui stridore volantum
 Flebilis auditur questus; simulachra coloni
 Pallida defunctasque vident migrare figuras, &c.*

Cl. In. Ruf. L. 1.

A place there lyes on *Gallia's* utmost bounds,
 Where rising seas insult the frontier grounds.

V O L. II.

B

Ulysses

Ulysses here the blood of victims shed,
 And rais'd the pale assembly of the dead:
 Oft in the winds is heard a plaintive sound;
 Of melancholy ghosts, that hover round;
 The lab'ring plow-man oft with horror spies
 Thin airy shapes, that o'er the furrows rise,
 (A dreadful scene!) and skim before his eyes.

I know there is nothing more undetermined among the Learned than the Voyage of *Ulysses*; some confining it to the Mediterranean, others extending it to the great Ocean, and others ascribing it to a world of the Poet's own making; though his conversations with the dead are generally supposed to have been in the *Narbon Gaul*.

Incultos adiit Laestrigonas Antiphatenque, &c.
Atque haec ceu nostras interfunt cognita terras,
Fabula sive novum dedit his erroribus orbem.

Tib. L. 4. El. 1.

Uncertain whether, by the winds convey'd,
 On real seas to real shores he stray'd;
 Or, by the fable driven from coast to coast,
 In new imaginary worlds was lost.

The next day we again set sail, and made the best of our way 'till we were forced, by contrary winds, into St. *Remo*, a very pretty town in the *Genoese* dominions. The front to the sea is not large, but there are a great many houses behind it, built up the side of the mountain to avoid the winds and vapours that come from the sea. We here saw several persons, that in the midst of *December* had nothing over their shoulders but their shirts, without complaining of the cold. It is certainly very lucky for the poorer sort, to be born in a place that is free from the greatest inconvenience, to which those of our northern nations are subject; and indeed without this natural benefit of their climates, the extreme misery and poverty that are in most of the *Italian* governments would be insupportable. There are at St. *Remo* many plantations of Palm-trees, though they do not grow in other parts of *Italy*. We sailed from hence directly for *Genoa*, and had a fair wind that carried us into the middle of the gulf, which is very remarkable for tempests and scarcity of fish. It is probable one may be the cause of the other, whether it be that the fisher-men cannot employ their art with so much success in so troubled a sea, or that the fish do not care for inhabiting such stormy waters.

Atrum

—————*Atrum*
Defendens pisces hyemat mare————

Hor. Sa. 2. li. 2.

While black with storms the ruffled ocean rolls,
And from the fisher's art defends her finny shoals.

We were forced to lye in it two days, and our Captain thought his Ship in so great danger, that he fell upon his knees and confests'd himself to a Capuchin who was on board with us. But at last, taking the advantage of a side wind, we were driven back in a few hours time as far as *Monaco*. *Lucan* has given us a description of the Harbour that we found so very welcome to us, after the great danger we had escaped.

Quàque sub Herculeo sacratus nomine portus
Urget rupe cavâ pelagus: non Corus in illum
Jus habet aut Zephyrus: Solus sua littora turbat
Circius, et tutâ prohibet statione Monaeci.

Lib. 1.

The winding rocks a spacious harbour frame,
That from the great *Alcides* takes its name:
Fenc'd to the west, and to the north it lies;
But when the winds in southern quarters rise,
Ships, from their anchors torn, become their sport,
And sudden tempests rage within the port.

On the Promontory where the town of *Monaco* now stands, was formerly the temple of *Hercules Monaecus*, which still gives the name to this small Principality.

Aggeribus fœcer Alpinis atque arce Monaeci
Descendens.—————

Virg. AEn. 6.

There are but three towns in the dominions of the Prince of *Monaco*. The chief of them is situate on a rock which runs out into the sea; and is well fortified by nature. It was formerly under the protection of the *Spaniard*, but not many years since drove out the *Spanish* Garrison, and received a *French* one, which consists at present of five hundred men, paid and officer'd by the *French* King. The Officer who shewed me the Palace told me, with a great deal of gravity, that his master and the King of *France*, amidst all the confusions of *Europe*, had ever been good friends and allies. The palace has handsome apartments, that are many of them hung with

pictures of the reigning Beauties in the court of *France*. But the best of the furniture was at *Rome*, where the Prince of *Monaco* resided at that time ambassador. We here took a little boat to creep along the sea-shore as far as *Genoa*; but at *Savona*, finding the sea too rough, we were forced to make the best of our way by land, over very rugged mountains and precipices: For this road is much more difficult than that over mount *Cennis*.

The *Genoese* are esteemed extremely cunning, industrious, and inur'd to hardship above the rest of the *Italians*; which was likewise the character of the old *Ligurians*. And indeed it is no wonder, while the Barrenness of their country continues, that the Manners of the inhabitants do not change: Since there is nothing makes men sharper, and sets their hands and wits more at work, than Want. The *Italian* proverb says of the *Genoese*, that they have *a sea without fish, land without trees, and men without faith*. The character the *Latin* poets have given of them is not much different.

Affuetumque malo Ligurem.

Virg. G. 2.

The hard *Ligurians*, a laborious kind.

Pernix Ligur.

Sil. It. El. 8.

Fallaces Ligures.

Auf. Eid. 12.

Apenninicolae bellator filius Auni

Haud Ligurum extremus, dum fallere fata sinebant.

AEn. 11.

Yet like a true *Ligurian*, born to cheat,
(At least whilst Fortune favor'd his deceit.)

*Vane Ligur, frustra que animis elate superbis,
Nequicquam patrias tentasti lubricus artes.*

Id.

Vain fool and coward, cries the lofty maid,
Caught in the train which thou thyself hast laid.
On others practise thy *Ligurian* arts;
Thin stratagems, and tricks of little hearts
Are lost on me; nor shalt thou safe retire,
With vaunting lies to thy fallacious fire.

Dryden.

There are a great many beautiful palaces standing along the sea-shore on both sides of *Genoa*, which make the town appear much longer than it is, to those that sail by it. The city it self makes the noblest show of any in the world. The houses are most of them painted on the outside; so that they

they look extremely gay and lively, besides that they are esteemed the highest in *Europe*, and stand very thick together. The New-street is a double range of palaces from one end to the other, built with an excellent fancy, and fit for the greatest Princes to inhabit. I cannot however be reconciled to their manner of painting several of the *Genoese* houses. Figures, perspectives, or pieces of history are certainly very ornamental, as they are drawn on many of the walls, that would otherwise look too naked and uniform without them: But instead of these, one often sees the front of a palace covered with painted pillars of different orders. If these were so many true columns of marble, set in their proper architecture, they would certainly very much adorn the places where they stand, but as they are now, they only shew us that there is something wanting, and that the palace, which without these counterfeit pillars would be beautiful in its kind, might have been more perfect by the addition of such as are real. The front of the *Villa Imperiale*, at a middle distance from *Genoa*, without any thing of this paint upon it, consists of a *Doric* and *Corinthian* row of pillars, and is much the handsomest of any I saw there. The Duke of *Doria's* palace has the best outside of any in *Genoa*, as that of *Durazzo* is the best furnished within. There is one room in the first, that is hung with tapestry, in which are wrought the figures of the great persons, that the family has produced; as perhaps there is no house in *Europe*, that can shew a longer line of heroes, that have still acted for the good of their country. *Andrew Doria* has a statue erected to him at the entrance of the Doge's palace, with the glorious title of Deliverer of the common-wealth; and one of his family another, that calls him its preserver. In the Doge's palace, are the rooms where the great and little Council with the two Colleges hold their assemblies; but as the state of *Genoa* is very poor, tho' several of its Members are extremely rich, so one may observe infinitely more splendor and magnificence in particular persons houses, than in those that belong to the public. But we find in most of the states of *Europe*, that the people shew the greatest marks of poverty, where the governors live in the greatest magnificence. The churches are very fine, particularly that of the Annunciation, which looks wonderfully beautiful in the inside, all but one corner of it being covered with statues, gilding, and paint. A man would expect, in so very ancient a town of *Italy*, to find some considerable antiquities; but all they have to shew of this nature is an old *Rostrum* of a *Roman* ship, that stands over the door of their arsenal. It is not above a foot long, and perhaps would never have been thought the beak of a ship, had not it been found in so probable a place as the haven. It is all of Iron, fashioned at the end like a Boar's head; as I have seen it represented on medals, and on the *Columna*
Rostrata

Rostrata in Rome. I saw at *Genoa*, Signior *Micconi's* famous collection of shells, which, as Father *Buonani* the Jesuit has since told me, is one of the best in *Italy*. I know nothing more remarkable in the government of *Genoa*, than the Bank of St. *George*, made up of such branches of the revenues, as have been set apart, and appropriated to the discharging of several sums, that have been borrowed from private persons, during the exigencies of the common-wealth. Whatever inconveniencies the state has labour'd under, they have never entertained a thought of violating the public credit, or of alienating any part of these revenues to other uses, than to what they have been thus assigned. The administration of this bank is for life, and partly in the hands of the chief citizens, which gives them a great authority in the state, and a powerful influence over the common people. This bank is generally thought the greatest load on the *Genoese*, and the managers of it have been represented as a second kind of Senate, that break the Uniformity of government, and destroy in some measure, the Fundamental constitution of the state. It is however very certain, that the people reap no small advantages from it, as it distributes the power among more particular members of the republic, and gives the commons a figure: So that it is no small Check upon the Aristocracy, and may be one reason, why the *Genoese* Senate carries it with greater Moderation towards their subjects, than the *Venetian*.

It would have been well for the republic of *Genoa*, if she had followed the example of her sister of *Venice*, in not permitting her Nobles to make any purchase of lands or houses in the dominions of a foreign prince. For at present the Greatest, among the *Genoese*, are in part subjects to the monarchy of *Spain*, by reason of their estates that lye in the kingdom of *Naples*. The *Spaniards* tax them very high upon occasion, and are so sensible of the advantage this gives them over the republic, that they will not suffer a *Neapolitan* to buy the lands of a *Genoese*, who must find a purchaser among his own countrymen, if he has a mind to sell. For this reason, as well as on account of the great sums of money which the *Spaniard* owes the *Genoese*, they are under a necessity, at present, of being in the interest of the *French*, and would probably continue so, though all the other States of *Italy* entered into a league against them. *Genoa* is not yet secure from a Bombardment, though it is not so exposed as formerly; for since the Insult of the *French*, they have built a mole with some little ports, and have provided themselves with long guns and mortars. It is easy for those that are strong at sea to bring them to what terms they please; for having but very little arable land, they are forced to fetch all their
corn

corn from *Naples*, *Sicily*, and other foreign countries; except what comes to them from *Lombardy*, which probably goes another way, whilst it furnishes two great armies with provisions. Their Fleet, that formerly gained so many victories over the *Saracens*, *Pisans*, *Venetians*, *Turks* and *Spaniards*, that made them masters of *Crete*, *Sardinia*, *Majorca*, *Minorca*, *Negrepont*, *Lesbos*, *Malta*, that settled them in *Scio*, *Smyrna*, *Achaia*, *Theodosia*, and several towns on the eastern confines of *Europe*, is now reduced to six gallies. When they had made an addition of but four new ones, the king of *France* sent his orders to suppress them, telling the republic at the same time, that he knew very well how many they had occasion for. This little fleet serves only to fetch them wine and corn, and to give their Ladies an airing in the summer-season. The republic of *Genoa* has a crown and sceptre for its Doge, by reason of their conquest of *Corfica*, where there was formerly a *Saracen* King. This indeed gives their ambassadors a more honourable reception at some courts, but at the same time may teach their people to have a mean notion of their own form of government, and is a tacit acknowledgement that Monarchy is more honourable. The old *Romans*, on the contrary, made use of a very barbarous kind of Politics to inspire their people with a contempt of Kings, whom they treated with infamy, and dragged at the wheels of their triumphal chariots.

P A V I A, M I L A N, &c.

FROM *Genoa* we took chaise for *Milan*, and by the way stopped at *Pavia*, that was once the metropolis of a kingdom, but is at present a poor town. We here saw the Convent of *Austin* Monks, who about three years ago pretended to have found out the body of the Saint, that gives the name to their Order. King *Luitprand*, whose ashes are in the same church, brought hither the corps, and was very industrious to conceal it, lest it might be abused by the barbarous nations, which at that time ravaged *Italy*. One would therefore rather wonder that it has not been found out much earlier, than that it is discovered at last. The Fathers however do not yet find their account in the discovery they have made; for there are *Canons* regular, who have half the same church in their hands, that will by no means allow it to be the body of the Saint, nor is it yet recognized by the Pope. The Monks say for themselves, that the very name was written on the Urn where the ashes lay, and that in an old record of the convent, they are said to have been interred between the very wall and the altar where they were taken up. They have already too, as the Monks told us, begun to justify themselves by miracles. At the

the corner of one of the cloisters of this convent are bury'd the Duke of *Suffolk*, and the Duke of *Lorrain*, who were both killed in the famous battle of *Pavia*. Their Monument was erected to them by one *Charles Parker*, an Ecclesiastic, as I learned from the inscription, which I cannot omit transcribing, since I have not seen it printed.

Capto a Milite Caesareo Francisco I. Gallorum Rege in agro Papiensi Anno 1525. 23. Feb. inter alios proceres, qui ex suis in praelio occisi sunt, occubuerunt duo illustrissimi principes, Franciscus Dux Lotharingiae, et Richardus de la Poole Anglus Dux Suffolciae a Rege Tyranno Hen. VIII. pulsus regno. Quorum corpora hoc in cœnobio et ambitu per annos 57. sine honore tumultata sunt. Tandem Carolus Parker à Morley, Richardi proximus consanguineus, Regno Angliae a Regina Elisabethâ ob Catholicam fidem ejectus, beneficentia tamen Philippi Regis Cath. Hispaniarum Monarchae Inviçtissimi in Statu Mediolanensi sustentatus, hoc quaecunque monumentum, pro rerum suarum tenuitate, charissimo propinquo et illustrissimis principibus posuit 5. Sept. 1582. et post suum exilium 23. majora et honorificentiora commendans Lotharingicis. Viator precare Quietem.

This pretended Duke of *Suffolk* was Sir *Richard de la Poole*, Brother to the Earl of *Suffolk*, who was put to death by *Henry* the eighth. In his banishment he took upon him the title of Duke of *Suffolk*, which had been sunk in the family ever since the attainder of the great Duke of *Suffolk* under the reign of *Henry* the sixth. He fought very bravely in the battle of *Pavia*, and was magnificently interr'd by the Duke of *Bourbon*, who, tho' an enemy, assisted at his funeral in mourning.

Parker himself is bury'd in the same place with the following inscription.

D. O. M.

Carolo Parchero à Morley Anglo ex illustrissimâ clarissimâ stirpe. Qui Episcopus Dei, ob fidem Catholicam aclus in Exilium An. xxxi. peregrinatus ab Inviçtiff. Phil. Rege Hispan. honestissimis pietatis et constantiae præmiis ornatus moritur anno a partu Virginis, M. D. C. xi. Men. Septembris.

In *Pavia* is an university of seven colleges, one of them called the college of *Borromée*, very large, and neatly built. There is likewise a statue in brass of *Marcus Antoninus* on horseback, which the people of the place call *Charles* the fifth, and some learned men *Constantine* the Great.

Pavia is the *Ticinum* of the ancients, which took its name from the river *Ticinus* which runs by it, and is now called the *Tesin*. This river falls into the *Po*, and is excessively rapid. The Bishop of *Salisbury* says, that he ran down with the stream thirty miles in an hour, by the help of but one rower. I do not know therefore why *Silius Italicus* has represented it as so very gentle and still a river, in the beautiful description he has given us of it.

Caeruleas

*Caeruleas Ticinus aquas et stagna vadoso
 Perspicuus servat, turbare nescia, fundo,
 Ac nitidum viridi lentè trahit amne liquorem;
 Vix credas labi, ripis tam mitis opacis
 Argutos inter (volucrum certamina) cantus
 Somniferam ducit lucenti gurgite lympham.*

L. 4.

Smooth and untroubled the *Ticinus* flows,
 And through the chrystal stream the shining bottom flows:
 Scarce can the sight discover if it moves;
 So wond'rous flow amidst the shady groves,
 And tuneful Birds that warble on its sides,
 Within its gloomy banks the limpid liquor glides.

A Poet of another nation would not have dwelt so long upon the clearness and transparency of the stream, but in *Italy* one seldom sees a river that is extremely bright and limpid, most of them falling down from the mountains, that make their waters very troubled and muddy, whereas the *Tesin* is only an outlet of that vast lake, which the *Italians* now call the *Lago Maggiore*.

I saw between *Pavia* and *Milan* the convent of *Carthusians*, which is very spacious and beautiful. Their church is extremely fine, and curiously adorned, but of a *Gothic* structure.

I could not stay long in *Milan* without going to see the great church that I had heard so much of, but was never more deceived in my expectation than at my first entering: For the front, which was all I had seen of the outside, is not half finished, and the inside is so smutted with dust, and the smoke of lamps, that neither the marble, nor the silver, nor brass-works show themselves to an advantage. This vast *Gothic* pile of building is all of marble, except the roof, which would have been of the same matter with the rest, had not its weight rendered it improper for that part of the building. But for the reason I have just now mentioned, the outside of the church looks much whiter and fresher than the inside; for where the marble is so often washed with rains, it preserves itself more beautiful and unsoiled, than in those parts that are not at all exposed to the weather. That side of the church indeed, which faces the *Tramontane* wind, is much more unsightly than the rest, by reason of the dust and smoke that are driven against it. This profusion of marble, though astonishing to strangers, is not very wonderful in a country that has so many veins of it within its bowels. But though the stones are cheap, the working of them is very expensive.

penfive. It is generally said there are eleven thousand statues about the church, but they reckon into the account every particular figure in the history-pieces, and several little Images which make up the equipage of those that are larger. There are indeed a great multitude of such as are bigger than the life: I reckoned above two hundred and fifty on the outside of the church, though I only told three sides of it; and these are not half so thick set as they intend them. The statues are all of marble, and generally well cut; but the most valuable one they have is a *St. Bartholomew*, new-fled, with his skin hanging over his shoulders: It is esteemed worth its weight in gold: they have inscribed this verse on the Pedestal, to show the value they have for the workman.

Non me Praxiteles sed Marcus finxit Agrati.

Lest at the sculptor doubtfully you guess,
'Tis *Marc Agrati*, not *Praxiteles*.

There is just before the entrance of the choir, a little subterraneous Chapel, dedicated to *St. Charles Borromée*, where I saw his body, in Episcopal robes, lying upon the altar in a shrine of rock crystal. His chapel is adorned with abundance of silver-work: He was but two and twenty years old when he was chosen Arch-bishop of *Milan*, and forty six at his death; but made so good use of so short a time, by his works of charity and munificence, that his country blest his memory, which is still fresh among them. He was canonised about a hundred years ago: and indeed if this honor were due to any man, I think such public-spirited virtues may lay a juster claim to it, than a four retreat from mankind, a fiery zeal against *Heterodoxies*, a set of chimerical visions, or of whimsical penances, which are generally the qualifications of *Roman* Saints. Miracles indeed are required of all who aspire to this dignity, because they say an Hypocrite may imitate a Saint in all other particulars, and these they attribute in a great number to him I am speaking of. His merit, and the opportunity of his countrymen, procured his Canonization before the ordinary time; for it is the policy of the *Roman* Church not to allow this honor, ordinarily, 'till fifty years after the death of the person, who is candidate for it; in which time it may be supposed that all his contemporaries will be worn out, who could contradict a pretended miracle, or remember any infirmity of the Saint. One would wonder that *Roman* Catholics, who are for this kind of worship, do not generally address themselves to the holy Apostles, who have a more unquestionable right to the title of Saints than those of a modern date; but these are at present quite out of fashion
in

in *Italy*, where there is scarce a great town, which does not pay its devotions, in a more particular manner, to some one of their own making. This renders it very suspicious, that the interests of particular families, religious orders, convents, or churches, have too great a sway in their Canonizations. When I was at *Milan* I saw a book newly published, that was dedicated to the present head of the *Borromean* Family, and entitled, *A discourse on the humility of Jesus Christ, and of St. Charles Borromée*.

The great church of *Milan* has two noble pulpits of brass, each of them running round a large pillar, like a gallery, and supported by huge figures of the same metal. The history of our Saviour, or rather of the blessed Virgin, (for it begins with her birth, and ends with her coronation in Heaven, that of our Saviour coming in by way of *Episode*) is finely cut in marble by *Andrew Biffy*. This church is very rich in relics, which run up as high as *Daniel*, *Jonas*, and *Abraham*. Among the rest they show a fragment of our countryman *Becket*, as indeed there are very few treasuries of relics in *Italy*, that have not a tooth or a bone of this Saint. It would be endless to count up the riches of silver, gold, and precious stones, that are amassed together in this and several other churches of *Milan*. I was told, that in *Milan* there are sixty convents of women, eighty of men, and two hundred churches. At the *Celestines* is a picture in Fresco of the marriage of *Cana*, very much esteemed; but the painter, whether designedly or not, has put six fingers to the hand of one of the figures: They show the gates of a church that *St. Ambrose* shut against the Emperor *Theodosius*, as thinking him unfit to assist at divine service, 'till he had done some extraordinary penance for his barbarous massacring the inhabitants of *Theffalonica*. That Emperor was however so far from being displeased with the behavior of the Saint, that at his death he committed to him the education of his children. Several have picked splinters of wood out of the gates for relics. There is a little chapel lately re-edified, where the same Saint baptized *St. Austin*. An inscription upon the wall of it says, that it was in this chapel and on this occasion, that he first sung his *Te Deum*, and that his great convert answered him verse by verse. In one of the churches I saw a pulpit and confessional, very finely inlaid with *Lapis-Lazuli*, and several kinds of marble, by a Father of the convent. It is very lucky for a Religious, who has so much time on his hands, to be able to amuse himself with works of this nature; and one often finds particular members of convents, who have excellent mechanical genius's, and divert themselves, at leisure hours, with Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Gardening, and several kinds of handicrafts. Since I have mentioned confessionals, I shall set down here some inscriptions that I have seen over them in *Roman-catholic* countries,

which are all texts of Scripture, and regard either the Penitent or the Father. *Abi, Ostende Te ad Sacerdotem—Ne taceat pupilla oculi tui—Ibo ad patrem meum et dicam, Pater peccavi—Soluta erunt in Cœlis—Redi Anima mea in Requiem tuam—Vade, et ne deinceps pecca—Qui vos audit, me audit—Venite ad me omnes qui fatigati estis et onerati—Corripiet me justus in misericordiâ—Vide si via iniquitatis in me est, et deduc me in viâ aeternâ—Ut audiret gemitus compeditorum.* I saw the Ambrosian library, where, to show the Italian genius, they have spent more money on pictures than on books. Among the heads of several learned men I met with no Englishman, except Bishop Fisher, whom Henry the eighth put to death for not owning his supremacy. Books are indeed the least part of the furniture that one ordinarily goes to see in an Italian library, which they generally set off with pictures, statues, and other ornaments, where they can afford them, after the example of the old Greeks and Romans.

————— *Plena omnia gypso
Chrysippi invenias: nam perfectissimus horum
Si quis Aristotelem similem vel Pittacon emit,
Et jubet archetypos pluteum servare Cleanthas.*

Juv. S. 2.

*Chrysippus' statue decks thy library.
Who makes his study finest, is most read;
The dolt, that with an Aristotle's head
Carv'd to the life, has once adorn'd his shelf,
Strait sets up for a Stagyrte himself.*

Tate.

In an apartment behind the library are several rarities often described by travellers, as Bruegel's elements, a head of Titian by his own hand, a manuscript in Latin of Josephus, which the Bishop of Salisbury says was written about the age of Theodosius, and another of Leonardus Vinci, which King James the first could not procure, though he proffered for it three thousand Spanish Pistoles. It consists of designings in mechanism and engineering: I was shown in it a sketch of bombs and mortars, as they are now used. Canon Settala's cabinet is always shown to a stranger among the curiosities of Milan, which I shall not be particular upon, the printed account of it being common enough. Among its natural curiosities I took particular notice of a piece of chrystal, that enclosed a couple of drops, which looked like water when they were shaken, though perhaps they are nothing but bubbles of air. It is such a rarity as this that I saw at Vendome in France, which they there pretend is a tear that our Saviour shed over Lazarus, and was gathered up by an Angel, who put it in a little chrystal vial, and made

made a present of it to *Mary Magdalene*. The famous *Pere Mabillon* is now engaged in the vindication of this tear, which a learned ecclesiastic, in the neighbourhood of *Vendome*, would have suppressed, as a false and ridiculous relic, in a book that he has dedicated to his diocesan the Bishop of *Blois*. It is in the possession of a *Benedictin* convent, which raises a considerable revenue out of the devotion that is paid to it, and has now retained the most learned Father of their order to write in its defence.

It was such a curiosity as this I have mentioned, that *Claudian* has celebrated in about half a score epigrams.

Solibus indomitum glacies Alpina rigorem

Sumebat, nimio jam preciosa gelu.

Nec potuit toto mentiri corpore gemmam,

Sed medio mansit proditor orbe latex:

Auctus honor; liquidi crescunt miracula saxi,

Et conservatae plus meruistis aquae.

Deep in the snowy *Alps* a lump of Ice

By frosts was harden'd to a mighty price;

Proof to the Sun, it now securely lies,

And the warm Dog-star's hottest rage defies:

Yet still unripen'd in the dewy mines,

Within the ball a trembling water shines,

That through the chrystal darts its spurious rays,

And the proud stone's original betrays;

But common drops, when thus with chrystal mixt,

Are valu'd more, than if in Rubies fixt.

As I walk'd through one of the streets of *Milan*, I was surpris'd to read the following inscription, concerning a Barber that had conspired with the Commissary of health and others to poison his fellow-citizens. There is a void space where his house stood, and in the midst of it a Pillar, superscribed *Colonna Infame*. The story is told in handsome *Latin*, which I shall set down, as having never seen it transcribed.

Hic, ubi haec Area patens est,

Surgebat olim Tonstrina

Jo' Jacobi Morae:

Qui factâ cum Gulielmo Platea publ. Sanit. Commissario

Et cum aliis Conspiratione,

Dum pestis atrox saeviret,

Lethiferis

*Lethiferis unguentis huc et illuc aspersis
 Plures ad diram mortem compulit.
 Hos igitur ambos, hostes patriae judicatos,
 Excelso in Plaustro
 Candenti prius vellicatos forcipe
 Et dexterâ mulctatos manu
 Rotâ infringi
 Rotaeque intextos post horas sex jugulari,
 Comburi deinde,
 Ac, ne quid tam Scelestorum hominum reliqui sit,
 Publicatis bonis
 Cineres in flumen projici
 Senatus jussit:
 Cujus rei memoria aeterna ut sit,
 Hanc domum, Sceleris officinam,
 Solo aequari,
 Ac nunquam in posterum refici,
 Et erigi Columnam,
 Quae vocatur Infamis,
 Idem ordo mandavit.
 Procul hinc procul ergo
 Boni Cives,
 Ne Vos Infelix Infame solum
 Commaculet!*

M. D. C. xxx. Kal. Augusti.

*Praefide Pub. Sanitatis M. Antonio Montio Senatore R. Justitiae Cap. Jo. Baptistâ
 Vicecomit.*

The citadel of *Milan* is thought a strong fort in *Italy*, and has held out formerly after the conquest of the rest of the dutchy. The governor of it is independent on the governor of *Milan*; as the *Persians* used to make the rulers of provinces and fortresses of different conditions and interests, to prevent conspiracies.

At two miles distance from *Milan* there stands a building, that would have been a master-piece in its kind, had the architect designed it for an artificial echo. We discharged a pistol, and had the sound returned upon us above fifty six times, though the air was very foggy. The first repetitions follow one another very thick, but are heard more distinctly in proportion as they decay: There are two parallel walls which beat the sound back on each other, 'till the undulation is quite worn out, like the several re-
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verberations of the same image from two opposite looking-glasses. Father *Kircher* has taken notice of this particular echo, as Father *Bartolin* has done since in his ingenious discourse on sounds. The state of *Milan* is like a vast garden, surrounded by a noble mound-work of rocks and mountains: Indeed if a man considers the face of *Italy* in general, one would think that nature had laid it out into such a variety of states and governments as one finds in it. For as the *Alps* at one end, and the long range of *Apennines*, that passes through the body of it, branch out on all sides into several different divisions; they serve as so many natural boundaries and fortifications to the little territories that lie among them. Accordingly we find the whole country cut into a multitude of particular kingdoms and commonwealths in the oldest accounts we have of it; 'till the power of the *Romans*, like a torrent that overflows its banks, bore down all before it, and spread itself into the remotest corners of the nation. But as this exorbitant power became unable to support itself, we find the government of *Italy* again broke into such a variety of sub-divisions, as naturally suits with its situation.

In the court of *Milan*, as in several others in *Italy*, there are many who fall in with the dress and carriage of the *French*. One may however observe a kind of awkwardness in the *Italians*, which easily discovers the airs they give themselves not to be natural. It is indeed very strange there should be such a diversity of manners, where there is so small a difference in the air and climate. The *French* are always open, familiar and talkative: The *Italians*, on the contrary, are stiff, ceremonious and reserved. In *France* every one aims at a gaiety and sprightliness of behavior, and thinks it an accomplishment to be brisk and lively: The *Italians*, notwithstanding their natural fierceness of temper, affect always to appear sober and sedate; infomuch that one sometimes meets young men walking the streets with spectacles on their noses, that they may be thought to have impaired their sight by much study, and seem more grave and judicious than their neighbours. This difference of manners proceeds chiefly from difference of education: In *France* it is usual to bring their children into company, and to cherish in them, from their infancy, a kind of forwardness and assurance: Besides, that the *French* apply themselves more universally to their exercises than any other nation in the world, so that one seldom sees a young gentleman in *France* that does not fence, dance, and ride in some tolerable perfection. These agitations of the body do not only give them a free and easy carriage, but have a kind of mechanical operation on the mind, by keeping the animal spirits always awake and in motion. But what contributes most to this light airy humor of the *French*, is the free
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conversation that is allowed them with their women, which does not only communicate to them a certain vivacity of temper, but makes them endeavor after such a behavior as is most taking with the sex.

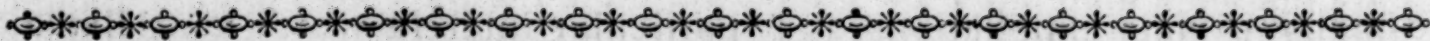
The *Italians*, on the contrary, who are excluded from making their court this way, are for recommending themselves to those they converse with by their gravity and wisdom. In *Spain* therefore, where there are fewer liberties of this nature allowed, there is still something more serious and composed in the manner of the inhabitants. But as Mirth is more apt to make proselytes than Melancholy, it is observed that the *Italians* have many of them for these late years given very far into the modes and freedoms of the *French*; which prevail more or less in the courts of *Italy*, as they ly at a smaller or greater distance from *France*. It may be here worth while to consider how it comes to pass, that the common people of *Italy* have in general so very great an aversion to the *French*, which every traveller cannot but be sensible of, that has passed through the country. The most obvious reason is certainly the great difference that there is in the humors and manners of the two nations, which always works more in the meaner sort, who are not able to vanquish the prejudices of education, than with the nobility. Besides, that the *French* humor, in regard of the liberties they take in female conversations, and their great ambition to excel in all companies, is in a more particular manner very shocking to the *Italians*, who are naturally jealous, and value themselves upon their great wisdom. At the same time the common people of *Italy*, who run more into news and politics than those of other countries, have all of them something to exasperate them against the King of *France*. The *Savoyards*, notwithstanding the present inclinations of their court, cannot forbear resenting the infinite mischiefs he did them in the last war. The *Milanese* and *Neapolitans* remember the many insults he has offer'd to the house of *Austria*, and particularly to their deceased King, for whom they still retain a natural kind of honor and affection. The *Genoese* cannot forget his treatment of their Doge, and his bombarding their city. The *Venetians* will tell you of his leagues with the *Turks*; and the *Romans*, of his threats to Pope *Innocent* the eleventh, whose memory they adore. It is true, that interest of state, and change of circumstances, may have sweetned these reflections to the politer sort, but impressions are not so easily worn out of the minds of the vulgar. That however, which I take to be the principle motive among most of the *Italians*, for their favoring the *Germans* above the *French*, is this, that they are entirely persuaded it is for the interest of *Italy*, to have *Milan* and *Naples* rather in the hands of the first than of the other. One may generally observe, that the body of a people has juster views for the public good, and pur-

fues them with greater uprightness than the nobility and gentry, who have so many private expectations and particular interests which hang like a false bias upon their judgments, and may possibly dispose them to sacrifice the good of their country to the advancement of their own fortunes; whereas the gross of the people can have no other prospect in changes and revolutions, than of public blessings, that are to diffuse themselves through the whole state in general.

To return to *Milan*: I shall here set down the description *Aufonius* has given of it, among the rest of his great cities.

*Et Mediolani mira omnia, copia rerum:
Innumerae cultæque domus sacunda virorum
Ingenia, et mores læti. Tum duplici muro
Amplificata loci species, populique voluptas
Circus, et inclusi moles cuneata theatri:
Templa, Palatinæque arces, opulensque Moneta,
Et regio Herculei celebris ab honore lavacri,
Cunctaque marmoreis ornata peristyla signis,
Omnia quæ magnis operum velut æmula formis
Excellunt; nec juncta premit vicinia Romæ.*

Milan with plenty and with wealth o'er-flows,
And num'rous streets and cleanly dwellings shows;
The people, blest'd with nature's happy force,
Are eloquent and chearful in discourse;
A *Circus* and a theatre invites
Th' unruly mob to races and to fights.
Moneta consecrated buildings grace,
And the whole town redoubled walls embrace:
Here spacious baths and palaces are seen,
And intermingled temples rise between;
Here circling colonnades the ground enclose,
And here the marble statues breathe in rows:
Profusely graced the happy town appears,
Nor *Rome* itself, her beauteous neighbour fears.



BRESCIA, VERONA, PADUA.

FROM *Milan* we travelled through a very pleasant country, to *Brescia*, and by the way crossed the river *Adda*, that falls into the *Lago di Como*, which *Virgil* calls the lake *Larius*, and running out at the other end loses itself at last in the *Po*, which is the great receptacle of all the rivers of this country. The town and province of *Brescia* have freer access to the Senate of *Venice*, and a quicker redress of injuries, than any other part of their dominions. They have always a mild and prudent governor, and live much more happily than their fellow-subjects: for as they were once a part of the *Milaneſe*, and are now on their frontiers, the *Venetians* dare not exasperate them, by the loads they lay on other Provinces, for fear of a revolt; and are forced to treat them with much more indulgence than the *Spaniards* do their neighbours, that they may have no temptation to it. *Brescia* is famous for its iron-works. A small days journey more brought us to *Verona*. We ſaw the lake *Benacus* in our way, which the *Italians* now call *Lago di Garda*: It was ſo rough with tempeſts when we paſſed by it, that it brought into my mind *Virgil's* noble deſcription of it.

*Adde lacus tantos, te Lari maxime, teque
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino.*

Here vex'd by winter storms *Benacus* raves,
 Confus'd with working sands and rolling waves;
 Rough and tumultuous like a sea it lies,
 So loud the tempest roars, so high the billows rise.

This lake perfectly resembles a sea, when it is worked up by storms. It is thirty five miles in length, and twelve in breadth. At the lower end of it we crossed the *Mincio*.

— *Tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat*
Mincius, et tenerâ prætexit arundine ripas. Virg. Georg. iii. v. 14.

Where the flow *Mincius* through the valley strays:
Where cooling streams invite the flocks to drink,
And reeds defend the winding waters brink.

Dryden.
The

The river *Adige* runs through *Verona*; so much is the situation of the Town changed from what it was in *Silius Italicus* his time.

—*Verona Athesi circumflua.* Lib. 8.

Verona by the circling *Adige* bound.

This is the only great river in *Lombardy* that does not fall into the *Po*; which it must have done, had it run but a little further before its entering the *Adriatic*. The rivers are all of them mentioned by *Claudian*.

—*Venetosque erectior amnes*
Magnâ voce ciet. Frondentibus humida ripis
Colla levant, pulcher Ticinus, et Addua visu
Cæruleus, et velox Athesis, tardusque meatu
Mincius, inque novem confurgens ora Timavus. Sexto Conf. Hon.

Venetia's rivers, summon'd all around,
 Hear the loud call, and answer to the found:
 Her dropping locks the silver *Tessin* rears,
 The blue transparent *Adda* next appears,
 The rapid *Adige* then erects her head,
 And *Mincio* rising slowly from his bed,
 And last *Timavus* that with eager force
 From nine wide mouths comes gushing to his course.

His *Larius* is doubtless an imitation of *Virgil's Benacus*.

—*Umbrosâ vestit qua littus olivâ*
Larius, et dulci mentitur Nerea fluctu. De Bel. Get.

The *Larius* here, with groves of olives crown'd,
 An ocean of fresh water spreads around.

I saw at *Verona* the famous Amphitheatre, that with a few modern reparations has all the seats entire. There is something very noble in it, though the high wall and corridors that went round it are almost entirely ruined, and the Area is quite filled up to the lower seat, which was formerly deep enough to let the spectators see in safety the combats of the wild beasts and gladiators. Since I have *Claudian* before me, I cannot forbear setting down the beautiful description he has made of a wild beast newly brought from the woods, and making its first appearance in a full Amphitheatre.

Ut fera quæ nuper montes amisit avitos,
Altorumque exul nemorum, damnatur arenæ

*Muneribus, commota ruit; vir murmure contra
Hortatur, nixusque genu venabula tendit;
Illa pavet strepitus, cuneosque erecta Theatri
Despicit, et tanti miratur sibila vulgi.*

In. Ruf. L. 2

So rushes on his foe the grisly Bear,
That, banish'd from the hills and bushy brakes,
His old hereditary haunts forsakes.
Condemn'd the cruel rabble to delight,
His angry keeper goads him to the fight.
Bent on his knee, the savage glares around;
Scar'd with the mighty croud's promiscuous sound;
Then rearing on his hinder paws retires,
And the vast hissing multitude admires.

There are some other antiquities in *Verona*, of which the principal is the ruin of a triumphal arch erected to *Flaminius*, where one sees old *Doric* Pillars without any pedestal or basis, as *Vitruvius* has described them. I have not yet seen any gardens in *Italy* worth taking notice of. The *Italians* fall as far short of the *French* in this particular, as they excel them in their palaces. It must however be said, to the honor of the *Italians*, that the *French* took from them the first plans of their gardens, as well as of their water-works; so that their surpassing of them at present is to be attributed rather to the greatness of their riches, than the excellence of their taste. I saw the terrace-garden of *Verona*, that travellers generally mention. Among the churches of *Verona*, that of *St. George* is the handsomest: Its chief ornament is the martyrdom of the Saint, done by *Paul Veronese*; as there are many other pictures about the town by the same hand. A stranger is always shewn the Tomb of *Pope Lucius*, who lies buried in the dome. I saw in the same church a monument erected by the public to one of their Bishops: The inscription says, that there was between him and his maker, *Summa Necessitudo, Summa Similitudo*. The *Italian* epitaphs are often more extravagant than those of other countries, as the nation is more given to compliment and hyperbole. From *Verona* to *Padua* we travelled through a very pleasant country: it is planted thick with rows of white Mulberry-trees, that furnish food for great quantities of Silk-worms with their leaves, as the Swine and Poultry consume the fruit. The trees themselves serve, at the same time, as so many stays for their Vines, which hang all along like garlands from tree to tree. Between the several ranges lie fields of corn, which in these warm countries ripens much better among the mulberry shades, than if it were exposed to the open sun. This was one reason why the inhabitants of this country,

try, when I passed through it, were extremely apprehensive of seeing *Lombardy* the seat of war, which must have made miserable havoc among their plantations; for it is not here as in the corn fields of *Flanders*, where the whole product of the place rises from year to year. We arrived so late at *Vicenza*, that we had not time to take a full sight of the place. The next day brought us to *Padua*. St. *Anthony*, who lived above five hundred years ago, is the great Saint to whom they here pay their devotions. He lies buried in the church that is dedicated to him at present, though it was formerly consecrated to the blessed Virgin. It is extremely magnificent, and very richly adorned. There are narrow clefts in the monument that stands over him, where good Catholics rub their beads, and smell his bones, which they say have in them a natural perfume, though very like apoplectic balsom; and what would make one suspect that they rub the marble with it, it is observed that the scent is stronger in the morning than at night. There are abundance of inscriptions and pictures hung up by his Votaries in several parts of the church: for it is the way of those that are in any single danger to implore his aid, and if they come off safe they call their deliverance a miracle, and perhaps hang up the picture or description of it in the church. This custom spoils the beauty of several *Roman* Catholic churches, and often covers the walls with wretched daubings, impertinent inscriptions, hands, legs, and arms of wax, with a thousand idle offerings of the same nature.

They sell at *Padua* the life of St. *Anthony*, which is read with great devotion: the most remarkable part of it is his discourse to an assembly of fish. As the audience and sermon are both very extraordinary, I will set down the whole passage at length.

Non curando gli Heretici il suo parlare, egli si come era alla riva del mare, dove sbocca il fiume Marecchia, chiamò da parte di Dio li pesci, che venissero à sentir la sua santa parola. Et ecco che di subito sopra l' acque nuotando gran moltitudine di varii, et diversi pesci, e del mare, e del fiume, si unirono tutti, secondo le specie loro, e con bell ordine, quasi che di ragion capaci stati fossero, attenti, e cheti con gratioso spettacolo s' accomodaro per sentir la parola di Dio. Ciò veduto il santo entro al cuor suo di dolcezza stillandosi, et per altrettanta maraviglia inarcando le ciglia, della obedientia di queste irragionevoli creature così cominciò loro à parlare. Se bene in tutte le cose create (cari, et amati pesci) si scuopere la potenza, et provvidenza infinita di Dio, come nel Cielo, nel Sole, nella Luna, nelle Stelle, in questo mondo inferiore, nel huomo, e nelle altre creature perfette, nondimeno in Voi particolarmente lampeggia e risplendè la bontà dellà maestà divina; perche se bene siete chiamati Rettili, mezzi frà pietre, e bruti, confinati nelli profondi abissi delle ondeggianti acque: agitati sempre da flutti: mossi sempre da procelle; sordi al' udire, mutoli al parlare, et
horridi

horridi al vedere; con tutto ciò in Voi maravigliosamente si scorge la Divina grandezza; e da voi si cavano li maggiori misterii della bontà di Dio, ne mai si parla di voi nella scrittura sacra, che non vi sia ascoso qualche profondo Sacramento; Credete voi, che sia senza grandissimo misterio, che il primo dono fatto dall' onnipotente Iddio all' huomo fosse di voi Pesci? Credete, voi che non sia misterio in questo, che di tutte le creature, e di tutti gl' animali si sien fatti sacrificii, eccetto, che di voi Pesci? Credete, che non vi sia qualche secreto in questo, che Christo nostro salvatore dall' agnelo pasquale in poi, si compiacque tanto del cibo di voi pesci? Credete, che sia à caso questo, che dovendo il Redentor del mondo, pagar, come huomo, il censo à Cesare la volesse trovare nella bocca di un pesce? Tutti, tutti sono misteri e Sacramenti: perciò siete particolarmente obligati a lodare il vostro Creatore: amati pesci di Dio havete ricevuto l' essere, la vita, il moto, e'l senso; per stanza vi hà dato il liquido elemento dell' Acqua, secondo che alla vostra naturale inclinatione conviene: ivi hà fatti amplissimi alberghi, stanze, caverne, grotte, e secreti luogi à voi più che sale Regie, e regal Palazzi, cari, e grati; et per propria sede havete l' acqua, elemento diafano, trasparente, e sempre lucido quasi cristallo, e verro; et dalle più basse, e profonde vostre stanze scorgete ciò che sopra acqua ò si fa, ò nuota; havete gli occhi quasi di Lince, ò di Argo, et da causa non errante guidati, seguite ciò che vi giova, et aggrada; et fuggite ciò che vi nuoce, havete natural desio di conservarvi secondo le specie vostre, fase, oprate et caminate ove natura vi detta senza contrasto alcuno; nè albor d'inverno, nè calor di state vi offende, ò nuoce; siasi per sereno, ò turbato il cielo, che alli vostri humidi alberghi nè frutto, nè danno appor- ta; siasi pure abbondevole de suoi tesori, ò scarsa de suoi frutti la terra, che a voi nul- la giova; piova, tuoni, saetti, lampaggi, è subissi il mondo, che a voi ciò poco im- porta; verdeggi primavera, scaldi la state, fruttifichi l' Autunno, et affideri li inver- no, questo non vi rileva punto: ne trappassar del' hore nè correr de giorni, nè volar de mesi, nè fuggir d' anni, ne mutar de tempi, ne cangiar de stagioni vi dan pen- siero alcuno, ma sempre sicura, et tranquilla vita lietamente vivere: O quanto, o quanto grande la Maestà di Dio in voi si scuopre, O quanto mirabile la potenza sua; O quanto stupenda, et maravigliosa sua providenza; poi che frà tutte le creature dell' universo voi solo non sentisti il diluvio universale dell' acque; nè provasti i danni, che egli face al monde; e tutto questo ch' io ho detto dovrebbe muovervi à lodar Dio, à ringraziare sua divina maestà di tanti e così singolari beneficii, che vi ha fatti di tante gratie, che vi ha conferite, di tanti favori, di che vi ha fatti degna; per tanto, se non potete snodar la lingua à ringraziar il vostro Benefattore, et non sapete con parole esprimer le sue lodi, fatele segno di riverenza almeno; chinatevi al suo nome; mostrate nel modo che potete, sembante di gratitudine; rendetevi benevoli alla bontà sua, in quel miglior modo che potete; O sapete, non siate sconoscenti de' suoi beneficii, et non siate ingrati de' suoi favori. A questo dire, O maraviglia grande, come si quelli pesci havessero havuto humano intelletto, e discorso, con gesti di profonda

Humiltà,

Humiltà, con riverenti sembianti di religione, chinaron la testa, blandiro co'l corpo quasi approvando ciò che detto havea il benedetto padre S. Antonio.

“ When the heretics would not regard his preaching, he betook himself
“ to the sea-shore, where the river *Marecchia* disembogues itself into the Adri-
“ atic. He here called the fish together in the name of God, that they might
“ hear his holy word. The fish came swimming towards him in such vast
“ shoals, both from the sea and from the river, that the surface of the wa-
“ ter was quite covered with their multitudes. They quickly ranged them-
“ selves, according to their several species, into a very beautiful congrega-
“ tion, and, like so many rational creatures, presented themselves be-
“ fore him to hear the word of God. St. *Antonio* was so struck with the
“ miraculous obedience and submission of these poor animals, that he found
“ a secret sweetness distilling upon his soul, and at last addressed himself
“ to them in the following words.

“ Altho' the infinite power and providence of God (my dearly beloved
“ Fish) discovers itself in all the works of his creation, as in the Heavens,
“ in the Sun, in the Moon, and in the Stars, in this lower world, in man,
“ and in other perfect creatures; nevertheless the goodness of the divine
“ Majesty shines out in you more eminently, and appears after a more par-
“ ticular manner, than in any other created Beings. For notwithstanding
“ you are comprehended under the name of *Reptiles*, partaking of a middle
“ nature between stones and beasts, and imprisoned in the deep abyfs of
“ waters; notwithstanding you are tost among billows, thrown up and down
“ by tempests, deaf to hearing, dumb to speech, and terrible to behold:
“ notwithstanding, I say, these natural disadvantages, the Divine Greatness
“ shews itself in you after a very wonderful manner. In you are seen the
“ mighty mysteries of an infinite goodness. The holy Scripture has always
“ made use of you, as the types and shadows of some profound Sacrament.

“ Do you think that, without a mystery, the first Present that God Al-
“ mighty made to Man, was of you, O ye Fishes? Do you think that with-
“ out a mystery, among all creatures and animals which were appointed
“ for sacrifices, you only were excepted, O ye Fishes? Do you think there
“ was nothing meant by our Saviour Christ, that next to the Paschal Lamb
“ he took much pleasure in the food of you, O ye Fishes? Do you think it
“ was by mere chance, that when the Redeemer of the world was to pay
“ a tribute to *Cæsar*, he thought fit to find it in the mouth of a Fish? These
“ are all of them so many Mysteries and Sacraments, that oblige you in a
“ more particular manner to the praises of your Creator.

“ It is from God, my beloved Fish, that you have received being, life, mo-
“ tion, and sense. It is he that has given you, in compliance with your
“ natural

“ natural inclinations, the whole world of waters for your habitation. It is
 “ he that has furnished it with lodgings, chambers, caverns, grottos, and
 “ such magnificent retirements as are not to be met with in the seats of
 “ Kings, or in the palaces of Princes: you have the water for your dwell-
 “ ing, a clear transparent element, brighter than chrystal; you can see
 “ from its deepest bottom every thing that passes on its surface; you have
 “ the eyes of a *Lynx*, or of an *Argus*; you are guided by a secret and uner-
 “ ring principle, delighting in every thing that may be beneficial to you,
 “ and avoiding every thing that may be hurtful; you are carried on by a
 “ hidden instinct to preserve yourselves, and to propagate your species;
 “ you obey, in all your actions, works and motions, the dictates and sug-
 “ gestions of nature, without the least repugnancy or contradiction.

“ The colds of winter, and the heats of summer, are equally incapable
 “ of molesting you. A serene or a clouded sky are indifferent to you. Let
 “ the earth abound in fruits, or be cursed with scarcity, it has no influence
 “ on your welfare. You live secure in rains and thunders, lightnings and
 “ earthquakes; you have no concern in the blossoms of spring, or in the
 “ glowings of summer, in the fruits of autumn, or in the frosts of winter.
 “ You are not solicitous about hours or days, months or years; the varia-
 “ bleness of the weather, or the change of seasons.

“ In what dreadful majesty, in what wonderful power, in what amazing
 “ providence did God Almighty distinguish you among all the species of
 “ creatures that perished in the universal deluge? You only were insensible
 “ of the mischief that had laid waste the whole world.

“ All this, as I have already told you, ought to inspire you with grati-
 “ tude and praise towards the Divine Majesty, that has done so great things
 “ for you, granted you such particular graces and privileges, and heaped
 “ upon you so many distinguishing favors. And since for all this you can-
 “ not employ your tongues in the praises of your Benefactor, and are not
 “ provided with words to express your gratitude; make at least some sign
 “ of reverence; bow yourselves at his name; give some shew of gratitude,
 “ according to the best of your capacities; express your thanks in the most
 “ becoming manner that you are able, and be not unmindful of all the be-
 “ nefits he has bestowed upon you.

“ He had no sooner done speaking, but behold a Miracle? The Fish, as
 “ though they had been endued with reason, bowed down their heads with
 “ all the marks of a profound humility and devotion, moving their bodies
 “ up and down with a kind of fondness, as approving what had been spo-
 “ ken by the blessed Father St. *Antonio*.

The Legend adds, that after many Heretics, who were present at the Miracle, had been converted by it, the Saint gave his benediction to the fish, and dismissed them.

Several other the like stories of St. *Antony* are represented about his monument in a very fine *Basso Relievo*.

I could not forbear setting down the titles given to St. *Antony* in one of the tables that hangs up to him, as a token of gratitude from a poor Peasant, who fancied the Saint had saved him from breaking his neck.

Sacratissimi pusionis Bethlehemitici
Lilio condidiori delicio,
Seraphidum soli fulgidissimo,
Celsissimo sacrae sapientiae tholo,
Prodigiorum patratori potentissimo,
Mortis, erroris, calamitatis, Leprae, Daemonis,
Dispensatori, correctori, liberatori, curatori, fugatori,
Sancto, sapienti, pio, potenti, tremendo,
AEgrotorum et naufragantium salvatori
Praesentissimo, tutissimo.
Membrorum restitutori, vinculorum confractori,
Rerum perditarum inventori stupendo,
Periculorum omnium profligatori
Magno, Mirabili,
Ter Sancto,
Antonio Paduano,
Pientissimo post Deum ejusque Virgineam matrem
Protectori et Sospitatori suo. &c.

The custom of hanging up limbs in wax, as well as pictures, is certainly derived from the old heathens, who used, upon their recovery, to make an offering in wood, metal or clay, of the part that had been afflicted with a distemper, to the Deity that delivered them. I have seen, I believe, every limb of a human body figured in iron or clay, which were formerly made on this occasion, among the several collections of antiquities that have been shown me in *Italy*. The church of St. *Justina*, designed by *Palladio*, is the most handsome, luminous, disencumber'd building in the inside that I have ever seen, and is esteemed by many artists one of the finest works in *Italy*. The long Nef consists of a row of five cupola's, the cross-one has on each side a single cupola deeper and broader than the others. The martyrdom of St. *Justina* hangs over the Altar, and is a piece of *Paul Veronese*.

Veronese. In the great town-hall of *Padua* stands a stone superscribed *Lapis Vituperii*. Any debtor that will swear himself not worth five pound, and is set by the Bailifs thrice with his bare buttocks on this stone in a full hall, clears himself of any farther prosecution from his creditors; but this is a punishment that no body has submitted to, these four and twenty years. The university of *Padua* is of late much more regular than it was formerly, though it is not yet safe walking the streets after sun-set. There is at *Padua* a manufacture of cloth, which has brought very great revenues into the republic. At present the *English* have not only gained upon the *Venetians* in the *Levant*, which used chiefly to be supplied from this manufacture, but have great quantities of their cloth in *Venice* itself; few of the nobility wearing any other sort, notwithstanding the magistrate of the pomps is obliged by his office to see that no body wears the cloth of a foreign country. Our merchants indeed are forced to make use of some artifice to get these prohibited goods into port. What they here show for the ashes of *Livy* and *Antenor* is disregarded by the best of their own antiquaries.

The pretended tomb of *Antenor* put me in mind of the latter part of *Virgil's* description, which gives us the original of *Padua*.

*Antenor potuit mediis elapsus Achivis
 Illyricos penetrare sinus, atque intima tutus
 Regna Liburnorum, et fontem superare Timavi:
 Unde per ora novem vasto cum murmure montis
 It mare praeruptum, et pelago premit arva sonanti;
 Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi, sedesque locavit
 Teucrorum, et genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit
 Troia: nunc placidâ compositus pace quiescit.*

AEn. I.

Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,
 Could pass secure; and pierce th' *Illyrian* coasts,
 Where rolling down the steep *Timavus* raves,
 And through nine channels disembogues his waves.
 At length he founded *Padua's* happy seat,
 And gave his *Trojans* a secure retreat:
 There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their names;
 And there in quiet lies.—

From *Padua* I went down the river *Brent* in the ordinary ferry, which brought me in a day's time to *Venice*.

VENICE.

V E N I C E.

HAVING often heard *Venice* represented as one of the most defensible cities in the world, I took care to inform myself of the particulars in which its strength consists. And these I find are chiefly owing to its advantageous situation; for it has neither rocks nor fortifications near it, and yet is, perhaps, the most impregnable town in *Europe*. It stands at least four miles from any part of the *Terra Firma*, nor are the shallows that lie about it ever frozen hard enough to bring over an army from the land-side; the constant flux and reflux of the sea, or the natural mildness of the climate, hindering the ice from gathering to any thickness; which is an advantage the *Hollanders* want, when they have laid all their country under water. On the side that is exposed to the Adriatic, the entrance is so difficult to hit, that they have marked it out with several stakes driven into the ground, which they would not fail to cut upon the first approach of an enemy's fleet. For this reason they have not fortified the little Islands, that lie at the entrance, to the best advantage, which might otherwise very easily command all the passes that lead to the city from the Adriatic. Nor could an ordinary fleet, with bomb-vessels, hope to succeed against a place that has always in its arsenal a considerable number of gallies and men of war ready to put to sea on a very short warning. If we could therefore suppose them blocked up on all sides, by a power too strong for them, both by sea and land, they would be able to defend themselves against every thing but famine; and this would not be a little mitigated by the great quantities of fish that their seas abound with, and that may be taken up in the midst of their very streets, which is such a natural magazine as few other places can boast of.

Our voyage-writers will needs have this city in great danger of being left, within an age or two, on the *Terra Firma*; and represent it in such a manner, as if the sea was insensibly shrinking from it, and retiring into its channel. I asked several, and among the rest Father *Coronelli*, the State's Geographer, of the truth of this particular, and they all assured me that the sea rises as high as ever, though the great heaps of dirt it brings along with it are apt to choke up the shallows, but that they are in no danger of losing the benefit of their situation, so long as they are at the charge of removing these banks of mud and sand. One may see abundance of them above the surface of the water, scattered up and down like so many little Islands, when the tide is low; and they are these that make the entrance for ships difficult to such as are not used to them, for the deep canals

nals run between them, which the *Venetians* are at a great expence to keep free and open.

This city stands very convenient for commerce. It has several navigable rivers that run up into the body of *Italy*, by which they might supply a great many countries with fish and other commodities; not to mention their opportunities for the *Levant*, and each side of the Adriatic. But, notwithstanding these conveniences, their trade is far from being in a flourishing condition for many reasons. The duties are great that are laid on merchandizes. Their Nobles think it below their quality to engage in traffic. The Merchants who are grown rich, and able to manage great dealings, buy their nobility, and generally give over trade. Their manufactures of cloth, glass and silk, formerly the best in *Europe*, are now excelled by those of other countries. They are tenacious of old laws and customs to their great prejudice, whereas a trading nation must be still for new changes and expedients, as different junctures and emergencies arise. The state is at present very sensible of this decay in their trade, and as a noble *Venetian*, who is still a merchant, told me, they will speedily find out some method to redress it; possibly by making a Free port, for they look with an evil eye upon *Leghorne*, which draws to it most of the vessels bound for *Italy*. They have hitherto been so negligent in this particular, that many think the Great Duke's gold has had no small influence in their councils.

Venice has several particulars which are not to be found in other cities, and is therefore very entertaining to a traveller. It looks, at a distance, like a great town half floted by a deluge. There are canals every where crossing it, so that one may go to most houses either by land or water. This is a very great convenience to the inhabitants; for a *Gondola* with two oars at *Venice*, is as magnificent as a coach and six horses, with a large equipage, in another country; besides that it makes all carriages extremely cheap. The streets are generally paved with brick or free-stone, and always kept very neat, for there is no carriage, not so much as a chair, that passes through them. There is an innumerable multitude of very handsome bridges, all of a single arch, and without any fence on either side, which would be a great inconvenience to a city less sober than *Venice*. One would indeed wonder that drinking is so little in vogue among the *Venetians*, who are in a moist air and a moderate climate, and have no such diversions as bowling, hunting, walking, riding and the like exercises to employ them without doors. But as the nobles are not to converse too much with strangers, they are in no danger of learning it; and they are generally too distrustful of one another for the freedoms that are used in
such

such kind of conversations. There are many noble palaces in *Venice*. Their furniture is not commonly very rich, if we except the pictures, which are here in greater plenty than in any other place in *Europe*, from the hands of the best masters of the *Lombard* school; as *Titian*, *Paul Veronese*, and *Tintoret*. The last of these is in greater esteem at *Venice* than in other parts of *Italy*. The rooms are generally hung with gilt leather, which they cover on extraordinary occasions with tapestry, and hangings of greater value. The flooring is a kind of red plaister made of brick ground to powder, and afterwards work'd into mortar. It is rubbed with oil, and makes a smooth, shining and beautiful surface. These particularities are chiefly owing to the moisture of the air, which would have an ill effect on other kinds of furniture, as it shows itself too visibly in many of their finest pictures. Though the *Venetians* are extremely jealous of any great fame or merit in a living member of their common-wealth, they never fail of giving a man his due praises, when they are in no danger of suffering from his ambition. For this reason, though there are a great many monuments erected to such as have been benefactors to the Republic, they are generally put up after their deaths. Among the many Elogiums that are given to the Doge *Pisauro*, who had been Ambassador in *England*, his epitaph says, *In Angliâ Jacobi Regis obitum mirâ calliditate celatum mirâ sagacitate rimatus priscam benevolentiam firmavit*. The particular palaces, churches, and pictures of *Venice* are enumerated in several little books that may be bought on the place, and have been faithfully transcribed by many voyage-writers. When I was at *Venice*, they were putting out very curious stamps of the several edifices which are most famous for their beauty or magnificence. The *Arsenal* of *Venice* is an Island of about three miles round. It contains all the stores and provisions for war, that are not actually employed. There are docks for their gallies and men of war, most of them full, as well as work-houses for all land and naval preparations. That part of it where the arms are laid, makes a great show, and was indeed very extraordinary about a hundred years ago, but at present a great part of its furniture is grown useless. There seem to be almost as many suits of armour as there are guns. The swords are old-fashion'd and unwieldy in a very great number, and the fire-arms fitted with locks of little convenience in comparison of those that are now in use. The *Venetians* pretend they could set out, in case of great necessity, thirty men of war, a hundred gallies, and ten galeasses, though I cannot conceive how they could man a fleet of half the number. It was certainly a mighty error in this State to affect so many conquests on the *Terra Firma*, which has only served to raise the jealousy of the christian Princes, and about three hundred years ago had like to have ended in the utter extirpation

pation of the common-wealth; whereas, had they applyed themselves with the same politics and industry to the increase of their strength by sea, they might perhaps have had all the Islands of the *Archipelago* in their hands, and by consequence, the greatest fleet, and the most seamen of any other State in *Europe*. Besides, that this would have given no jealousy to the Princes their neighbours, who would have enjoyed their own dominions in peace, and have been very well contented to have seen so strong a bulwark against all the forces and invasions of the *Ottoman* Empire.

This Republic has been much more powerful than it is at present, as it is still likelier to sink than increase in its dominions. It is not impossible but the *Spaniard* may, some time or other, demand of them *Crete*, *Brescia*, and *Bergame*, which have been torn from the *Milaneses*; and in case a war should arise upon it, and the *Venetians* lose a single battle, they might be beaten off the Continent in a single summer, for their fortifications are very inconsiderable. On the other side, the *Venetians* are in continual apprehensions from the *Turk*, who will certainly endeavor at the recovery of the *Morea*, as soon as the *Ottoman* Empire has recruited a little of its ancient strength. They are very sensible that they had better have pushed their conquests on the other side of the Adriatic into *Albania*, for then their territories would have lain together, and have been nearer the fountain-head to have received succors on occasion; but the *Venetians* are under articles with the Emperor, to resign into his hands whatever they conquer of the *Turkish* dominions, that has been formerly dismembered from the Empire. And having already very much dissatisfied him in the *Frioul* and *Dalmatia*, they dare not think of exasperating him further. The Pope disputes with them their pretensions to the *Polesin*, as the Duke of *Savoy* lays an equal clame to the Kingdom of *Cyprus*. 'Tis surprizing to consider with what heats these two powers have contested their title to a Kingdom that is in the hands of the *Turk*.

Among all these difficulties the Republic will still maintain itself, if policy can prevail upon force; for it is certain the *Venetian* Senate is one of the wisest councils in the world, though at the same time, if we believe the reports of several that have been well versed in their constitution, a great part of their politics is founded on maxims which others do not think consistent with their honor to put in practice. The preservation of the Republic is that to which all other considerations submit. To encourage idleness and luxury in the Nobility, to cherish ignorance and licentiousness in the Clergy, to keep alive a continual faction in the common people, to connive at the viciousness and debauchery of convents, to breed dissensions among the Nobles of the *Terra Firma*, to treat a brave man with scorn and in-

infamy; in short, to stick at nothing for the public interest, are represented as the refined parts of the *Venetian* wisdom.

Among all the instances of their politics, there is none more admirable than the great secrecy that reigns in their public councils. The Senate is generally as numerous as our House of Commons, if we only reckon the fitting Members, and yet carries its resolution so privately, that they are seldom known 'till they discover themselves in the execution. It is not many years since they had before them a great debate concerning the punishment of one of their Admirals, which lasted a month together, and concluded in his condemnation; yet was there none of his friends, nor of those who had engaged warmly in his defence, that gave him the least intimation of what was passing against him, 'till he was actually seized, and in the hands of justice.

The Noble *Venetians* think themselves equal at least to the Electors of the Empire, and but one degree below Kings; for which reason they seldom travel into foreign countries, where they must undergo the mortification of being treated like private gentlemen: Yet it is observed of them, that they discharge themselves with a great deal of dexterity in such embassies and treaties as are laid on them by the Republic; for their whole lives are employed in intrigues of state, and they naturally give themselves airs of Kings and Princes, of which the Ministers of other nations are only the Representatives. Monsieur *Amelot* reckons in his time, two thousand five hundred Nobles that had Voices in the great Council, but at present, I am told, there are not at most fifteen hundred, notwithstanding the addition of many new families since that time. It is very strange, that with this advantage they are not able to keep up their number, considering that the Nobility spreads equally through all the brothers, and that so very few of them are destroyed by the wars of the Republic. Whether this may be imputed to the luxury of the *Venetians*, or to the ordinary celibacy of the younger brothers, or to the last plague which swept away many of them, I know not. They generally thrust the females of their families into convents, the better to preserve their estates. This makes the *Venetian* Nuns famous for the liberties they allow themselves. They have Opera's within their own walls, and often go out of their bounds to meet their admirers, or they are very much misrepresented. They have many of them their lovers, that converse with them daily at the grate, and are very free to admit a visit from a stranger. There is indeed one of the *Cornara's*, that not long ago refused to see any under a Prince.

The Carnival of *Venice* is every where talked of. The great diversion of the place at that time, as well as on all other high occasions, is Masking.
The

The *Venetians*, who are naturally grave, love to give into the follies and entertainments of such seasons, when disguised in a false personage. They are indeed under a necessity of finding out diversions that may agree with the nature of the place, and make some amends for the loss of several pleasures which may be met with on the Continent. These disguises give occasion to abundance of love-adventures; for there is something more intriguing in the amours of *Venice*, than in those of other countries, and I question not but the secret history of a Carnival would make a collection of very diverting Novels. Opera's are another great entertainment of this season. The Poetry of them is generally as exquisitely ill, as the Music is good. The arguments are often taken from some celebrated action of the ancient *Greeks* or *Romans*, which sometimes looks ridiculous enough; for who can endure to hear one of the rough old *Romans* squeaking through the mouth of a Eunuch, especially when they may chuse a subject out of courts where Eunuchs are really Actors, or represent by them any of the soft *Asiatic* Monarchs? The Opera that was most in vogue, during my stay at *Venice*, was built on the following subject. *Caesar* and *Scipio* are rival's for *Cato's* daughter. *Caesar's* first words bid his soldiers fly, for the enemies are upon them. *Si leva Cesare, e dice a Soldati. A la fugga. A' lo Scampo.* The daughter gives the preference to *Caesar*, which is made the occasion of *Cato's* death. Before he kills himself, you see him withdrawn into his Library, where, among his Books, I observed the titles of *Plutarch* and *Tasso*. After a short soliloquy he strikes himself with the dagger that he holds in his hand, but, being interrupted by one of his friends, he slaps him for his pains, and by the violence of the blow unluckily breaks the dagger on one of his ribs, so that he is forced to dispatch himself, by tearing up his first wound. This last circumstance puts me in mind of a contrivance in the Opera of *St. Angelo*, that was acted at the same time. The King of the play endeavors at a rape, but the Poet being resolved to save the Heroine's honor, has so ordered it, that the King always acts with a great case-knife stuck in his girdle, which the Lady snatches from him in the struggle, and so defends herself.

The *Italian* Poets, besides the celebrated smoothness of their tongue, have a particular advantage, above the writers of other nations, in the difference of their Poetical and Prose language. There are indeed sets of phrases that in all countries are peculiar to the poets, but among the *Italians* there are not only sentences, but a multitude of particular words that never enter into common discourse. They have such a different turn and polishing for poetical use, that they drop several of their letters, and appear in another form, when they come to be ranged in verse. For this reason the *Italian* Opera seldom

dom sinks into a poorness of language, but, amidst all the meanness and familiarity of the thoughts, has something beautiful and sonorous in the expression. Without this natural advantage of the tongue, their present poetry would appear wretchedly low and vulgar, notwithstanding the many strained allegories that are so much in use among the writers of this nation. The *English* and *French*, who always use the same words in verse as in ordinary conversation, are forced to raise their language with metaphors and figures, or, by the pompousness of the whole phrase, to wear off any littleness that appears in the particular parts that compose it. This makes our blank verse, where there is no rhyme to support the expression, extremely difficult to such as are not masters in the tongue, especially when they write on low subjects: And 'tis probably for this reason that *Milton* has made use of such frequent transpositions, latinisms, antiquated words and phrases, that he might the better deviate from vulgar and ordinary expressions.

The Comedies that I saw at *Venice*, or indeed in any other part of *Italy*, are very indifferent, and more lewd than those of other countries. Their Poets have no notion of genteel Comedy, and fall into the most filthy double-meanings imaginable, when they have a mind to make their audience merry. There is no part generally so wretched as that of the fine Gentleman, especially when he converses with his Mistress; for then the whole dialogue is an insipid mixture of pedantry and romance. But 'tis no wonder that the Poets of so jealous and reserved a nation fail in such conversations on the stage, as they have no patterns of in nature. There are four standing characters which enter into every piece that comes upon the stage, the *Doctor*, *Harlequin*, *Pantalone*, and *Coviello*. The *Doctor*'s character comprehends the whole extent of a Pedant, that with a deep voice, and a magisterial air breaks in upon conversation, and drives down all before him: Every thing he says is backed with quotations out of *Galen*, *Hippocrates*, *Plato*, *Virgil*, or any Author that rises uppermost, and all answers from his companion are looked upon as impertinencies or interruptions. *Harlequin*'s part is made up with blunders and absurdities; he is to mistake one name for another, to forget his errands, to stumble over Queens, and to run his head against every post that stands in his way. This is all attended with something so comical in the voice and gestures, that a man, who is sensible of the folly of the part, can hardly forbear being pleased with it. *Pantalone* is generally an old Cully, and *Coviello* a Sharper.

I have seen a translation of the *Cid* acted at *Bolonia*, which would never have taken, had they not found a place in it for these Buffoons. All four of them appear in masks that are made like the old *Roman Personae*, as I

shall have occasion to observe in another place. The *French* and *Italians* have probably derived this custom of shewing some of their characters in masks, from the *Greek* and *Roman* theatre. The old *Vatican Terence* has at the head of every scene the figures of all the persons that are concerned in it, with the particular disguises in which they acted; and I remember to have seen in the *Villa Mattheio* an antique statue masked, which was perhaps designed for *Gnatho* in the *Eunuch*, for it agrees exactly with the figure he makes in the *Vatican* manuscript. One would wonder indeed how so polite a people as the ancient *Romans* and *Athenians*, should not look on these borrowed faces as unnatural. They might do very well for a *Cyclops*, or a *Satyr* that can have no resemblance in human features; but for a *Flatterer*, a *Miser*, or the like characters, which abound in our own species, nothing is more ridiculous than to represent their looks by a painted vizard. In persons of this nature the turns and motions of the face are often as agreeable as any part of the action. Could we suppose that a mask represented never so naturally the general humour of a character, it can never suit with the variety of passions that are incident to every single persons in the whole course of a play. The grimace may be proper on some occasions, but is too steady to agree with all. The rabble indeed are generally pleased at the first entry of a disguise, but the jest grows cold even with them too when it comes on the stage in a second scene.

Since I am on this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a custom at *Venice*, which they tell me is particular to the common people of this country, of singing Stanza's out of *Taffo*. They are set to a pretty solemn tune, and when one begins in any part of the Poet, it is odds but he will be answered by some body else that over-hears him: So that sometimes you have ten or a dozen in the neighbourhood of one another, taking verse after verse, and running on with the Poem as far as their memories will carry them.

On *Holy-Thursday*, among the several shows that are yearly exhibited, I saw one that is odd enough, and particular to the *Venetians*. There is a set of Artisans, who by the help of several poles, which they lay across each others shoulders, build themselves up into a kind of Pyramid; so that you see a pile of men in the air of four or five rows rising one above another. The weight is so equally distributed, that every man is very well able to bear his part of it, the stories, if I may so call them, growing less and less as they advance higher and higher. A little boy represents the point of the Pyramid, who, after a short space, leaps off, with a great deal of dexterity, into the arms of one that catches him at the bottom. In the
same

same manner the whole building falls to pieces. I have been the more particular on this, because it explains the following verses of *Claudian*, which show that the *Venetians* are not the inventors of this trick.

*Vel qui more avium sese jaculantur in auras,
Corporaque aedificant, celeri crescentia nexu,
Quorum compositam puer augmentatus in arcem
Emicat, et vinculus plantae, vel cruribus haerens,
Pendula librato figit vestigia saltu.* Claud. de Pr. et Olyb. Conf.

Men, pil'd on men, with active leaps arise,
And build the breathing fabric to the skies;
A sprightly youth above the topmost row
Points the tall pyramid, and crowns the show.

Though we meet with the *Veneti* in the old poets, the city of *Venice* is too modern to find a place among them. *Sannazarius's* Epigram is too well known to be inserted. The same Poet has celebrated this city in two other places of his Poems.

— *Quis Venetae miracula proferat urbis,
Una instar magni quae simul Orbis habet?
Salve Italum Regina, altae pulcherrima Romae
AEmula, quae terris, quae dominaris aquis!
Tu tibi vel Reges cives facis; O Decus, O Lux
Ausoniae, per quam libera turba sumus,
Per quam Barbaries nobis non imperat, et Sol
Exoriens nostro clarius orbe nitet!*

L. 3. El. 1.

Venetia stands with endless beauties crown'd,
And as a word within herself is found.
Hail, Queen of *Italy!* for years to come
The mighty rival of immortal *Rome!*
Nations and Seas are in thy states enroll'd,
And Kings among thy citizens are told.
Ausonia's brightest ornament! by thee
She fits a Sov'reign, unenslav'd, and free;
By thee, the rude Barbarian chas'd away,
The rising sun cheers with a purer ray
Our western world, and doubly gilds the day.

}

36 FERRARA, RAVENNA, RIMINI.

*Ne tu semper eris, quæ septem amplecteris arces,
Ne Tu, quæ mediis æmula surgis aquis.*

L. 2. El. 1.

Thou too shalt fall by time or barb'rous foes,
Whose circling walls the sev'n fam'd hills inclose;
And thou, whose rival tow'rs invade the skies,
And, from amidst the waves, with equal glory rise.

FERRARA, RAVENNA, RIMINI.

AT Venice I took a bark for Ferrara, and in my way thither saw several mouths of the Po, by which it empties itself into the Adriatic,

—*Quo non alius per pingua culta
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.*

Virg. G. 4.

which is true, if understood only of the rivers of Italy.

Lucan's description of the Po would have been very beautiful, had he known when to have given over.

*Quoque magis nullum tellus se solvit in amnem
Eridanus, fractasque evolvit in æquora sylvas,
Hesperiamque exhaurit aquis: hunc fabula primum
Populeâ fluvium ripas umbrâsse coronâ:
Cumque diem pronum transverso limite ducens
Succendit Phaëton flagrantibus æthera loris;
Gurgitibus raptis, penitus tellure perustâ,
Hunc habuisse pares Phæbeis ignibus undas.*

L. 2.

The Po, that rushing with uncommon force,
O'er-sets whole woods in its tumultuous course,
And rising from Hesperia's watry veins,
Th' exhausted land of all its moisture drains.
The Po, as sings the fable, first convey'd
Its wond'ring current through a poplar shade:
For when young Phaeton mistook his way,
Lost and confounded in the blaze of day,
This river, with surviving streams supply'd,
When all the rest of the whole earth were dry'd,
And nature's self lay ready to expire,
Quench'd the dire flame that set the world on fire.

The

The Poet's reflections follow.

*Non minor hic Nilo, si non per plana jacentis
AEgypti Libycas Nilus stagnaret arenas.
Non minor hic Istro, nisi quod dum permeat orbem
Ister, casuros in quaelibet aequora fontes
Accipit, et Scythicas exit non solus in undas.*

Id.

Nor would the Nile more watry stores contain,
But that he stagnates on his Libyan plain:
Nor would the Danube run with greater force,
But that he gathers in his tedious course
Ten thousand streams, and swelling as he flows,
In Scythian seas the glut of rivers throws.

That is, says Scaliger, the Eridanus would be bigger than the Nile and Danube, if the Nile and Danube were not bigger than the Eridanus. What makes the Poet's remark the more improper, the very reason why the Danube is greater than the Po, as he assigns it, is that which really makes the Po as great as it is; for before its fall into the Gulf, it receives into its channel the most considerable Rivers of Piemont, Milan, and the rest of Lombardy.

From Venice to Ancona the tide comes in very sensibly at its stated periods, but rises more or less in proportion as it advances nearer the head of the Gulf. Lucan has run out of his way to describe the Phenomenon, which is indeed very extraordinary to those who lie out of the neighbourhood of the great Ocean, and, according to his usual custom, lets his Poem stand still that he may give way to his own reflections.

*Quàque jacet littus dubium, quod terra fretumque
Vendicat alternis vicibus, cum funditur ingens
Oceanus, vel cum refugis se fluctibus aufert.
Ventus ab extremo pelagus sic axe volutet
Destituatque ferens: an sidere mota secundo
Tethyos unda vagae lunaribus aestuat horis:
Flammiger an Titan, ut alentes hauriat undas,
Erigat oceanum fluctusque ad sidera tollat,
Quaerite quos agitat mundi labor: at mihi semper
Tu quaecunque moves tam crebros causa meatus,
Ut superi voluere, late.—*

Lib. i.
Wash'd

38 FERRARA, RAVENNA, RIMINI.

Wash'd with successive seas, the doubtful strand
 By turns is ocean, and by turns is land:
 Whether the winds in distant regions blow,
 Moving the world of waters to and fro;
 Or waning Moons their settled periods keep
 To swell the billows, and ferment the deep;
 Or the tir'd Sun, his vigor to supply,
 Raises the floating mountains to the Sky,
 And flakes his thirst within the mighty tide,
 Do you who study nature's works decide:
 Whilst I the dark mysterious cause admire,
 Nor, into what the Gods conceal, presumptuously enquire.

At *Ferrara* I met nothing extraordinary. The town is very large, but extremely thin of people. It has a Citadel, and something like a fortification running round it, but so large that it requires more Soldiers to defend it, than the Pope has in his whole dominions. The streets are as beautiful as any I have seen, in their length, breadth, and regularity. The *Benedictines* have the finest Convent of the place. They showed us in the church *Ariosto's* Monument: His Epitaph says, he was *Nobilitate generis atque animi clarus, in rebus publicis administrandis, in regendis populis, in gravissimis et summis Pontificis legationibus prudentiâ, consilio, eloquentiâ præstantissimus.*

I came down a branch of the *Po*, as far as *Alberto*, within ten miles of *Ravenna*. All this space lies miserably uncultivated 'till you come near *Ravenna*, where the soil is made extremely fruitful, and shows what much of the rest might be, were there hands enough to manage it to the best advantage. It is now on both sides the road very marshy, and generally overgrown with rushes, which made me fancy it was once floted by the Sea, that lies within four miles of it. Nor could I in the least doubt it when I saw *Ravenna*, that is now almost at the same distance from the Adriatic, though it was formerly the most famous of all the *Roman* ports.

One may guess at its ancient situation from *Martial's*

Meliusque Ranae garriant Ravennates.

Lib. 3.

Ravenna's Frogs in better music croak.

and the description that *Silius Italicus* has given us of it.

Quaque gravi remo limosis segniter undis

Lenta

Lenta paludosae perscindunt stagna Ravennae.

L. 8.

Encumber'd in the mud, their oars divide
With heavy strokes the thick unwieldy tide.

Accordingly the old Geographers represent it as situated among marshes and shallows. The place which is shown for the Haven, is on a level with the town, and has probably been stopped up by the great heaps of dirt that the sea has thrown into it; for all the soil on that side of *Ravenna* has been left there insensibly by the sea's discharging itself upon it for so many ages. The ground must have been formerly much lower, for otherwise the town would have lain under water. The remains of the *Pharos*, that stand about three miles from the sea, and two from the town, have their foundations covered with earth for some yards, as they told me, which notwithstanding are upon a level with the fields that lie about them, though 'tis probable they took the advantage of a rising ground to set it upon. It was a square Tower of about twelve yards in breadth, as appears by that part of it which yet remains entire, so that its height must have been very considerable to have preserved a proportion. It is made in the form of the *Venetian Campanello*, and is probably the high Tower mentioned by *Pliny*, *Lib. 36. Cap. 12.*

On the side of the town, where the sea is supposed to have lain formerly, there is now a little Church called the *Rotonda*. At the entrance of it are two stones, the one with an inscription in *Gothic* characters, that has nothing in it remarkable; the other is a square piece of marble, that by the inscription appears ancient, and by the ornaments about it shows itself to have been a little Pagan monument of two persons who were shipwreck'd perhaps in the place where now their monument stands. The first line and a half, that tells their names and families in prose, is not legible; the rest runs thus,

——*Raniae domus hos produxit alumnos,
Libertatis opus contulit una dies.
Naufraga mors pariter rapuit quos junxerat antè,
Et duplices luctus mors periniqua dedit.*

Both with the same indulgent Master blest'd,
On the same day their liberty possess'd:
A shipwreck flew whom it had join'd before,
And left their common friends their fun'rals to deplore.

There

There is a turn in the third verse that we lose, by not knowing the circumstances of their story. It was the *Naufraga mors* which destroyed them, as it had formerly united them; what this union was is expressed in the preceding verse, by their both having been made Free-men on the same day. If therefore we suppose they had been formerly shipwreck'd with their Master, and that he made them free at the same time, the *Epigram* is unriddled. Nor is this interpretation perhaps so forced as it may seem at first sight, since it was the custom of the Masters, a little before their death, to give their slaves their freedom, if they had deserved it at their hands; and it is natural enough to suppose one involved in a common shipwreck, would give such of his slaves their liberty, as should have the good luck to save themselves. The Chancel of this church is vaulted with a single stone of four foot in thickness, and a hundred and fourteen in circumference. There stood on the outside of this little Cupola a great tomb of *Porphyry*, and the Statues of the twelve Apostles; but in the war that *Louis* the twelfth made on *Italy*, the Tomb was broken in pieces by a cannon-ball. It was perhaps the same blow that made the flaw in the Cupola, though the inhabitants say it was crack'd by Thunder, that destroyed a son of one of their *Gothic* Princes who had taken shelter under it, as having been foretold what kind of death he was to die. I asked an Abbot that was in the church, what was the name of this *Gothic* Prince, who, after a little recollection, answered me, "That he could not tell precisely, " but that he thought it was one *Julius Caesar*." There is a Convent of *Theatins*, where they show a little window in the church, through which the Holy Ghost is said to have entered in the shape of a Dove, and to have settled on one of the Candidates for the Bishopric. The Dove is represented in the window, and in several places of the church, and is in great reputation all over *Italy*. I should not indeed think it impossible for a pigeon to fly in accidentally through the roof, where they still keep the hole open, and by its fluttering over such a particular place, to give so superstitious an assembly an occasion of favoring a competitor, especially if he had many friends among the Electors that would make a politic use of such an accident: But they pretend the miracle has happened more than once. Among the pictures of several famous men of their order, there is one with this inscription. *P. D. Thomas Gouldvellus Ep. As. Trid. concilio contra Hæreticos, et in Anglia contra Elisabet. Fidei Confessor conspicuus.* The statue of *Alexander* the seventh stands in the large square of the Town; it is cast in brass, and has the posture that is always given the figure of a Pope; an arm extended, and blessing the people. In another square on a high pillar is set the statue of the blessed Virgin, arrayed like a Queen with a scepter in

her hand, and a crown upon her head; for having delivered the town from a raging pestilence. The custom of crowning the holy Virgin is so much in vogue among the *Italians*, that one often sees in their churches a little tinsel crown, or perhaps a circle of stars glewed to the canvas over the head of the figure, which sometimes spoils a good picture. In the convent of *Benedictines* I saw three huge Chests of Marble, with no inscription on them that I could find, though they are said to contain the ashes of *Valentinian*, *Honorius*, and his sister *Placidia*. From *Ravenna* I came to *Rimini*, having passed the *Rubicon* by the way. This river is not so very contemptible as it is generally represented, and was much increased by the melting of the snows when *Caesar* passed it, according to *Lucan*.

*Fonte cadit modico parvisque impellitur undis
Puniceus Rubicon, cum fervida canduit aestas:
Perque imas serpit valles, et Gallica certus
Limes ab Ausoniis disternat arva colonis:
Tunc vires praebebat hyems, atque auxerat undas
Tertia jam gravido pluvialis Cynthia cornu,
Et madidis Euri resolutae flatibus Alpes.*

L. I.

While summer lasts, the streams of *Rubicon*
From their spent source in a small current run,
Hid in the winding vales they gently glide,
And *Italy* from neighb'ring *Gaul* divide;
But now, with winter storms encreas'd, they rose,
By wat'ry moons produc'd, and *Alpine* snows,
That melting on the hoary mountains lay,
And in warm eastern winds dissolv'd away.

This river is now called *Pisatello*.

Rimini has nothing modern to boast of. Its antiquities are as follow: A marble Bridge of five arches, built by *Augustus* and *Tiberius*, for the inscription is still legible, though not rightly transcribed by *Gruter*. A triumphal Arch raised by *Augustus*, which makes a noble gate to the town, though part of it is ruined. The ruins of an Amphitheatre. The *Suggestum*, on which it is said that *Julius Caesar* harangued his army after having passed the *Rubicon*. I must confess I can by no means look on this last as authentic: It is built of hewn stone, like the pedestal of a pillar, but something higher than ordinary, and is but just broad enough for one man to stand upon it. On the contrary, the ancient *Suggestums*, as I have often observed on Medals,

as well as on *Constantine's* Arch, were made of wood like a little kind of Stage, for the heads of the nails are sometimes represented, that are supposed to have fastened the boards together. We often see on them the Emperor, and two or three general Officers, sometimes sitting and sometimes standing, as they made Speeches, or distributed a Congiary to the soldiers or people. They were probably always in readiness, and carried among the baggage of the army, whereas this at *Rimini* must have been built on the place, and required some time before it could be finished.

If the observation I have here made is just, it may serve as a confirmation to the learned *Frabetti's* conjecture on *Trajan's* Pillar; who supposes, I think, with a great deal of reason, that the Camps, Intrenchments, and other works of the same nature, which are cut out as if they had been made of brick or hewn stone, were in reality only of Earth, Turf, or the like materials; for there are on the Pillar some of these *Suggestums* which are figured like those on Medals, with only this difference, that they seem built of brick or free-stone. At twelve miles distance from *Rimini* stands the little Republic of *St. Marino*, which I could not forbear visiting, though it lies out of the common tour of travellers, and has excessively bad ways to it. I shall here give a particular account of it, because I know of no body else that has done it. One may, at least, have the pleasure of seeing in it something more singular than can be found in great Governments, and form from it an Idea of *Venice* in its first beginnings, when it had only a few heaps of earth for its dominions, or of *Rome* itself, when it had as yet covered but one of its seven hills.

The REPUBLIC



The town and republic of... and craggy mountains... under snow when a few... country about... in the whole dominion... tress and reservoirs of... sides of their mountains... any limit with the cold... their cities, which have... and extremely cold in the... there are many... there constantly issues a... summer time, that a... the bottom of it is the... they call, three miles... about five thousand souls... as the historians... coast of the... and by the... upon the... as this... which is... been long here... in... own... Republic which... of... having been at first an... resort of persons... churches is dedicated to the... over the high Altar, with the figure of a mountain in its hands, crowned with three castles, which is likewise the arms of the... They



...the bottom of it is the... they call, three miles... about five thousand souls... as the historians... coast of the... and by the... upon the... as this... which is... been long here... in... own... Republic which... of... having been at first an... resort of persons... churches is dedicated to the... over the high Altar, with the figure of a mountain in its hands, crowned with three castles, which is likewise the arms of the... They



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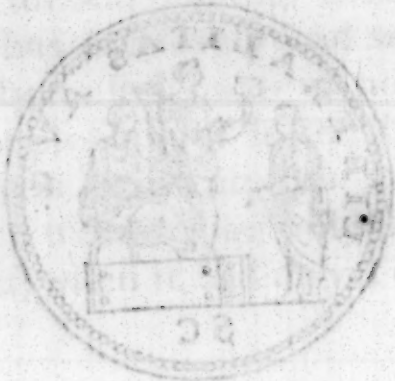
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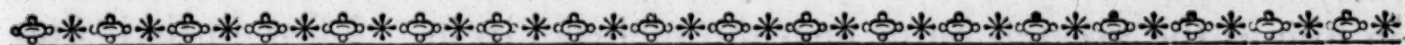


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B L



The REPUBLIC of St. MARINO.

THE town and republic of St. *Marino* stands on the top of a very high and craggy mountain. It is generally hid among the clouds, and lay under snow when I saw it, though it was clear and warm weather in all the country about it. There is not a spring or fountain, that I could hear of, in the whole dominions, but they are always well provided with huge cisterns and reservoirs of rain and snow-water. The wine that grows on the sides of their mountain is extraordinary good, and I think much better than any I met with on the cold side of the *Apennines*. This puts me in mind of their cellars, which have most of them a natural advantage that renders them extremely cool in the hottest seasons, for they have generally in the sides of them deep holes that run into the hollows of the hill, from whence there constantly issues a breathing kind of vapor, so very chilling in the summer time, that a man can scarce suffer his hand in the wind of it.

This mountain, and a few neighbouring hillocks that lie scattered about the bottom of it, is the whole circuit of these dominions. They have, what they call, three castles, three convents and five churches, and can reckon about five thousand souls in their community. The inhabitants as well as the historians, who mention this little republic, give the following account of its original. St. *Marino* was its founder, a *Dalmatian* by birth, and by trade a Mason. He was employed above thirteen hundred years ago in the reparation of *Rimini*, and, after he had finished his work, retired to this solitary mountain, as finding it very proper for the life of a Hermit, which he led in the greatest rigors and austerities of religion. He had not been long here before he wrought a reputed miracle, which, joined with his extraordinary sanctity, gain'd him so great an esteem, that the Princess of the country made him a present of the mountain to dispose of it at his own discretion. His reputation quickly peopled it, and gave rise to the Republic which calls itself after his name. So that the Common-wealth of *Marino* may boast at least of a nobler original than that of *Rome*, the one having been at first an *Asylum* for robbers and murderers, and the other a resort of persons eminent for their piety and devotion. The best of their churches is dedicated to the Saint, and holds his ashes. His statue stands over the high Altar, with the figure of a mountain in its hands, crowned with three castles, which is likewise the arms of the Common-wealth.

They attribute to his protection the long duration of their State, and look on him as the greatest Saint next the Blessed Virgin. I saw in their Statute-book a law against such as speak disrespectfully of him, who are to be punished in the same manner as those who are convicted of blasphemy.

This petty Republic has now lasted thirteen hundred years, while all the other States of *Italy* have several times changed their masters and forms of government. Their whole history is comprised in two purchases, which they made of a neighbouring Prince, and in a war in which they assisted the Pope against a Lord of *Rimini*. In the year 1100 they bought a castle in the neighbourhood, as they did another in the year 1170. The papers of the conditions are preserved in their Archives, were 'tis very remarkable that the name of the agent for the Common-wealth, of the seller, of the notary, and the witnesses, are the same in both the instruments, though drawn up at seventy years distance from each other. Nor can it be any mistake in the date, because the Popes and Emperors names, with the year of their respective reigns, are both punctually set down. About 290 years after this they assisted Pope *Pius* the second against one of the *Malatesta*'s, who was then Lord of *Rimini*; and when they had helped to conquer him, received from the Pope, as a reward for their assistance, four little castles. This they represent as the flourishing time of the Common-wealth, when their dominions reached half way up a neighbouring hill; but at present they are reduced to their old extent. They would probably sell their liberty as dear as they could to any that attacked them; for there is but one road by which to climb up to them, and they have a very severe law against any of their own body that enters the town by another path, lest any new one should be worn on the sides of their mountain. All that are capable of bearing arms are exercised, and ready at a moment's call.

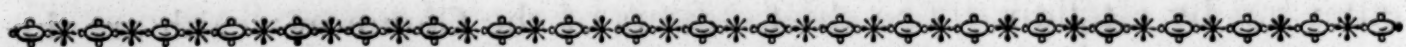
The sovereign power of the Republic was lodged originally in what they call the *Arengo*, a great Council in which every house had its representative. But because they found too much confusion in such a multitude of Statesmen, they devolved their whole authority into the hands of the Council of sixty. The *Arengo* however is still called together in cases of extraordinary importance; and if, after due summons, any member absents himself, he is to be fin'd to the value of about a penny *English*, which the statute says he shall pay, *sine aliquâ diminutione aut gratiâ*. In the ordinary course of government, the Council of sixty (which, notwithstanding the name, consists but of forty persons) has in its hands the administration of affairs, and is made up half out of the Noble Families, and half out of the *Plebeian*. They decide all by balloting, are not admitted 'till five and twenty years old, and chuse the Officers of the Common-wealth.

Thus

Thus far they agree with the great Council of *Venice*, but their power is much more extended; for no sentence can stand that is not confirmed by two thirds of this Council. Besides, that no Son can be admitted into it during the life of his Father, nor two be in it of the same family, nor any enter but by election. The chief Officers of the Common-wealth are the two *Capitaneos*, who have such a power as the old *Roman* Consuls had, but are chosen every six months. I talked with some that had been *Capitaneos* six or seven times, though the Office is never to be continued to the same persons twice successively. The third Officer is the Commissary, who judges in all civil and criminal matters. But because the many alliances, friendships, and intermarriages, as well as the personal feuds and animosities that happen among so small a people might obstruct the course of justice, if one of their own number had the distribution of it; they have always a foreigner for this employ, whom they chuse for three years, and maintain out of the public stock. He must be a Doctor of Law, and a man of known integrity. He is joined in commission with the *Capitaneos*; and acts something like the Recorder of *London* under the Lord Mayor. The Common-wealth of *Genoa* was forced to make use of a foreign Judge for many years, whilst the Republic was torn into the divisions of *Guelphs* and *Gibelines*. The fourth man in the state is the Physician, who must likewise be a stranger, and is maintained by a public salary. He is obliged to keep a horse to visit the sick, and to inspect all Drugs that are imported. He must be at least thirty five years old, a Doctor of the Faculty, and eminent for his religion and honesty; that his rashness or ignorance may not unpeople the Common-wealth. And that they may not suffer long under any bad choice, he is elected only for three years. The present Physician is a very understanding man, and well read in our countrymen, *Harvey*, *Willis*, *Sydenham*, &c. He has been continued for some time among them, and they say the Common-wealth thrives under his hands. Another person who makes no ordinary figure in the Republic, is the School-master. I scarce met with any in the place that had not some tincture of learning. I had the perusal of a *Latin* book in *Folio*, entitled, *Statuta Illustrissimæ Reipublicæ Sancti Marini*, printed at *Rimini* by order of the Common-wealth. The Chapter on the public Ministers says, that when an Ambassador is dispatched from the Republic to any foreign state he shall be allowed, out of the Treasury, to the value of a Shilling a day. The people are esteemed very honest and rigorous in the execution of justice, and seem to live more happy and contented among their rocks and snows, than others of the *Italians* do in the pleasantest vallies of the world. Nothing indeed can be a greater instance of the natural love that mankind has for liberty, and of their
aversion

46 PESARO, FANO, SENIGALLIA, &c.

aversion to an arbitrary government, than such a savage mountain covered with people, and the *Campania* of *Rome*, which lies in the same country, almost destitute of inhabitants.

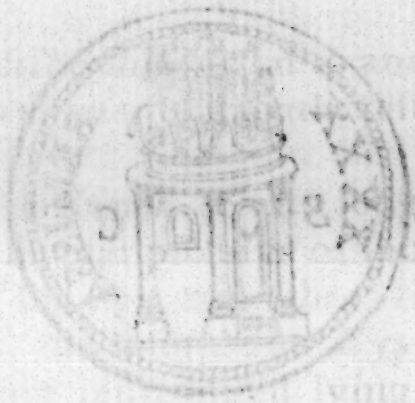


PESARO, FANO, SENIGALLIA, ANCONA, LORETTO, &c. to ROME.

FROM *Rimini* to *Loretto* the towns of note are *Pesaro*, *Fano*, *Senigallia* and *Ancona*. *Fano* received its name from the Fane or Temple of Fortune that stood in it. One may still see the triumphal Arch erected there to *Augustus*: It is indeed very much defaced by time; but the plan of it as it stood entire with all its inscriptions, is neatly cut upon the wall of a neighbouring building. In each of these towns is a beautiful marble Fountain, where the water runs continually through several little spouts, which looks very refreshing in these hot countries, and gives a great coolness to the air about them. That of *Pesaro* is handsomely designed. *Ancona* is much the most considerable of these towns. It stands on a Promontory, and looks more beautiful at a distance than when you are in it. The Port was made by *Trajan*, for which he has a triumphal Arch erected to him by the sea-side. The marble of this Arch looks very white and fresh, as being exposed to the winds and salt sea-vapors, that by continually fretting it preserves itself from that mouldy color, which others of the same materials have contracted. Though the *Italians* and voyage-writers call these of *Rimini*, *Fano*, and *Ancona* Triumphal arches, there was probably some distinction made among the *Romans* between such Honorary arches erected to Emperors, and those that were raised to them on the account of victory, which are properly Triumphal arches. This at *Ancona* was an instance of gratitude to *Trajan* for the Port he had made there, as the two others I have mentioned were probably for some reason of the same nature. One may however observe the wisdom of the ancient *Romans*, who to encourage their Emperors in their inclination of doing good to their country, gave the same honors to the great actions of peace, which turned to the advantage of the public, as to those of war. This is very remarkable in the Medals that are stamped on the same occasions. I remember to have seen one of *Galba*'s with a triumphal Arch on the reverse, that was made by the Senate's order for his having remitted a tax. R. XXXX. REMISSA. S. C. The Medal which was
made

INCONA LORETO, &c. to ROME.

made for the convenience of his grace to Rome is very convenient. The vessel is a ship with a deck running across it, and the deck is covered with a tarp, and the ship is very comfortable.



At Loreto I remained for some days, and on the 1st of August I departed for Rome. The journey was very comfortable, and I arrived in Rome on the 10th of August. I was very well received by the authorities, and I was allowed to stay in a very comfortable house. I was very much pleased with the journey, and I was very much pleased with the reception I received in Rome.



B L

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PIRELLA GÖTTSCHE LOWE

PIRELLA GÖTTSCHE LOWE



ANCONA, LORETTO, &c. to ROME. 47

made for *Trajan* in remembrance of his beneficence to *Ancona* is very common. The reverse has on it a Port with a chain running a-crofs it, and betwixt them both a Boat, with this inscription, S. P. Q. R. OPTIMO PRINCIP I. S. C.

I know *Fabretti* would fain ascribe this Medal to another occasion, but *Bellorio*, in his additions to *Angeloni*, has sufficiently refuted all he says on that subject.

At *Loretto* I enquired for the *English* Jesuits lodgings, and on the staircase that leads to them, I saw several pictures of such as had been executed in *England*, as the two *Garnets*, *Old-corn*, and others to the number of thirty. Whatever were their Crimes, the inscription says they suffered for their religion, and some of them are represented lying under such tortures as are not in use among us. The martyrs of 1679 are set by themselves, with a knife stuck in the bosom of each figure, to signify that they were quartered.

The riches in the Holy House and Treasury are surprizingly great, and as much surpassed my expectation, as other sights have generally fallen short of it. Silver can scarce find an admission, and Gold itself looks but poorly among such an incredible number of precious stones. There will be, in a few ages more, the Jewels of the greatest value in *Europe*, if the devotion of its Princes continues in its present fervor. The last Offering was made by the Queen Dowager of *Poland*, and cost her 18000 crowns. Some have wondered that the *Turk* never attacks this Treasury, since it lies so near the sea-shore, and is so weakly guarded. But besides that he has attempted it formerly with no success, it is certain the *Venetians* keep too watchful an eye over his motions at present, and would never suffer him to enter the *Adriatic*. It would indeed be an easy thing for a Christian Prince to surprize it, who has ships still passing to and fro without suspicion, especially if he had a party in the town, disguised like Pilgrims, to secure a gate for him; for there have been sometimes to the number of 100000 in a day's time, as it is generally reported. But 'tis probable the veneration for the Holy House, and the horror of an action that would be re-sented by all the Catholic Princes of *Europe*, will be as great a security to the place as the strongest fortification. It is indeed an amazing thing to see such a prodigious quantity of riches lie dead, and untouched in the midst of so much poverty and misery, as reign on all sides of them. There is no question, however, but the Pope would make use of these treasures in case of any great calamity that should endanger the Holy See; as an unfortunate war with the *Turk*, or a powerful league among the Protestants. For I cannot but look on those vast heaps of wealth, that are amassed

massed together, in so many religious places of *Italy*, as the hidden reserves and magazines of the Church, that she would open on any pressing occasion for her last defence and preservation. If these riches were all turned into current coin, and employed in commerce, they would make *Italy* the most flourishing country in *Europe*. The Case of the Holy House is nobly designed, and executed by the great masters of *Italy*, that flourished about a hundred years ago. The Statues of the *Sibyls* are very finely wrought, each of them in a different air and posture, as are likewise those of the Prophets underneath them. The roof of the treasury is painted with the same kind of device. There stands at the upper end of it a large Crucifix very much esteemed; the figure of our Saviour represents him in his last agonies of death, and amidst all the ghastliness of the visage has something in it very amiable. The gates of the church are said to be of *Corinthian* brass, with many scripture stories rising on them in *Basso Relievo*. The Pope's statue, and the fountain by it, would make a noble show in a place less beautified with so many other productions of art. The spicery, the cellar and its furniture, the great revenues of the convent, with the story of the Holy House, are too well known to be here insisted upon.

Whoever were the first inventors of this Imposture, they seem to have taken the hint of it from the veneration that the old *Romans* paid to the cottage of *Romulus*, which stood on mount *Capitol*, and was repaired from time to time as it fell to decay. *Virgil* has given a pretty image of this little thatched palace, that represents it standing in *Manlius's* time, 327 years after the death of *Romulus*.

In summo custos Tarpeiae Manlius arcis

Stabat pro templo, et capitolia celsa tenebat:

Romuleoque recens horrebat Regia culmo.

AEn. L. 8.

High on a rock heroic *Manlius* stood

To guard the temple, and the temple's god:

Then *Rome* was poor, and there you might behold

The palace thatch'd with straw.

Dryden.

From

From *Loretto*, in my way to *Rome*, I passed through *Recanati*, *Macerata*, *Tolentino*, and *Foligni*. In the last there is a convent of Nuns called *la Contessa*, that has in the church an incomparable *Madonna* of *Raphael*. At *Spoletto*, the next town on the road, are some antiquities. The most remarkable is an *Aquæduct* of a *Gothic* structure, that conveys the water from mount *St. Francis* to *Spoletto*, which is not to be equalled for its height by any other in *Europe*. They reckon from the foundation of the lowest arch to the top of it 230 yards. In my way hence to *Terni* I saw the river *Clitumnus*, celebrated by so many of the Poets for a particular quality in its waters of making cattle white that drink of it. The Inhabitants of that country have still the same opinion of it, as I found upon enquiry, and have a great many oxen of a whitish color to confirm them in it. It is probable this breed was first settled in the country, and continuing still the same species, has made the inhabitants impute it to a wrong cause; though they may as well fancy their hogs turn black for some reason of the same nature, because there are none in *Italy* of any other breed. The river *Clitumnus*, and *Mevania* that flood on the banks of it, are famous for the herds of victims with which they furnished all *Italy*.

Qua formosa suo Clitumnus flumina luco

Integit, et niveos abluit unda boves.

Prop. L. 2.

Hinc Albi Clitumne greges, et maxima taurus

Victima, sæpe tuo perfusi flumine sacro

Romanos ad templa Deum duxere triumphos.

Geor. 2. Virg.

There flows *Clitumnus* through the flow'ry plain;
Whose waves, for triumphs after prosp'rous war,
The victim ox, and snowy sheep prepare.

——*Patulis Clitumnus in arvis*

Candentes gelido profundit flumine tauros.

Sil. Ital. L. 2.

——*Tauriferis ubi se Mevania campis*

Explicat—————

Luc. L. 1.

——*Atque ubi latis*

Projecta in campis nebulas exhalat inertes,

Et sedet ingentem pascens Mevania taurum,

Dona Jovi—————

Id. L. 6.

Nec

—*Nec si vacuet Mevania valles,
Aut præstent niveos Clitumna novalia tauros,
Sufficiam*—

Stat. Syl. L. 1.

*Pinguior Hispullâ traheretur taurus et ipsâ
Mole piger, non finitimâ nutritus in herbâ,
Læta sed ostendens Clitumni pascua sanguis
Iret, et à grandi cervix ferienda ministro.*

Juv. Sat. 12.

A Bull high fed should fall the sacrifice,
One of *Hispulla's* huge prodigious size:
Not one of those our neighb'ring pastures feed,
But of *Clitumnus* whitest sacred breed:
The lively tincture of whose gushing blood
Should clearly prove the richness of his food;
A neck so strong, so large, as would command
The speeding blow of some uncommon hand.

Mr. Congreve.

I shall afterwards have occasion to quote *Claudian*.

Terni is the next town in course, formerly called *Interamna*, for the same reason that a part of *Asia* was named *Mesopotamia*. We enter at the gate of the three monuments, so called, because there stood near it a monument erected to *Tacitus* the historian, with two others to the Emperors *Tacitus* and *Florianus*, all of them natives of the place. These were a few years ago demolished by thunder, and the fragments of them are in the hands of some Gentlemen of the town. Near the dome I was shown a square marble, inserted in the wall, with the following Inscription.

*Saluti perpetuæ Augustæ
Libertatique Publicæ Populi Romani
Genio municipi Anno post
Interamnam Conditam.
D. CC. IV.*

Ad Cnejum Domitium Ahenobarbum. _____ *Coff.*
*providentiæ Ti. Cæsaris Augusti nati ad AEternitatem Romani nominis sublato hoste
perniciossimo P. R. Faustus Titius Liberalis VI. vir iterum. P. S. F. C. that is,
pecunia sua feri curavit.*

This stone was probably set up on occasion of the fall of *Sejanus*. After the name of *Ahenobarbus* there is a little furrow in the marble, but so smooth and well polished, that I should not have taken notice of it had not I seen *Coff.* at the end of it, by which it is plain there was once the name
of

of another consul, which has been industriously razed out. *Lucius Aruncius Camillus Scribonianus* was consul under the reign of * *Tiberius*, and was afterwards put to death for a conspiracy that he had formed against the Emperor *Claudius*; at which time it was ordered that his name and consulate should be effaced out of all public registers and inscriptions. It is not therefore improbable, that it was this long name which filled up the gap I am now mentioning. There are near this monument the ruins of an ancient Theatre, with some of the caves entire. I saw among the ruins an old heathen altar, with this particularity in it, that it is hallowed, like a dish, at one end; but it was not this end on which the sacrifice was laid, as one may guess from the make of the festoon, that runs round the altar, and is inverted when the hollow stands uppermost. In the same yard, among the rubbish of the Theatre, lie two pillars, the one of granite, and the other of a very beautiful marble. I went out of my way to see the famous Cascade about three miles from *Terni*. It is formed by the fall of the river *Velino*, which *Virgil* mentions in the seventh *Æneid*—*Rosæ rura Velini*.

The channel of this River lies very high, and is shaded on all sides by a green forest, made up of several kinds of trees that preserve their verdure all the year. The neighbouring mountains are covered with them, and, by reason of their height, are more exposed to the dews and drizzling rains than any of the adjacent parts, which gives occasion to *Virgil's Rosæ rura*, (dewy countries.) The river runs extremely rapid before its fall, and rushes down a precipice of a hundred yards high. It throws itself into the hollow of a rock, which has probably been worn by such a constant fall of water. It is impossible to see the bottom on which it breaks, for the thickness of the mist that rises from it, which looks at a distance like clouds of smoke ascending from some vast furnace, and distils in perpetual rains on all the places that lie near it. I think there is something more astonishing in this Cascade, than in all the water-works of *Versailles*, and could not but wonder when I first saw it, that I had never met with it in any of the old Poets, especially in *Claudian*, who makes his Emperor *Honorius* go out of his way to see the river *Nar* which runs just below it, and yet does not mention what would have been so great an embellishment to his Poem. But at present I do not in the least question, notwithstanding the opinion of some learned men to the contrary, that this is the gulf through which *Virgil's Alecto* shoots herself into Hell: For the very place, the great reputation of it, the fall of waters, the woods that encompass it, with the smoke and noise that arise from it, are all pointed at in the description. Perhaps he would

* Vid. Fast. Consul. Sicul.

not mention the name of the river, because he has done it in the verses that precede. We may add to this, that the *Cascade* is not far off that part of *Italy*, which has been call'd *Italiae Meditullium*.

*Est locus Italiae medio, sub montibus altis,
Nobilis, et famâ multis memoratus in oris,
Amsancti valles, densis hunc frondibus atrum
Urget utrinque latus nemoris, medioque fragosus
Dat sonitum saxi et torto vortice torrens:
Hic specus horrendum, et saevi spiracula Ditis
Monstrantur, ruptoque ingens Acheronte vorago
Pestiferas aperit fauces, queis condita Erinnys
Invisum numen terras cælumque levabat.*

AEn. 7.

In midst of *Italy*, well known to fame,
There lies a vale, *Amsanctus* is the name,
Below the lofty mounts: On either side
Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide:
Full in the centre of the sacred wood
An arm ariseth of the *Stygian* flood;
Which falling from on high, with bellowing sound
Whirls the black waves and ratling stones around.
Here *Pluto* pants for breath from out his cell,
And opens wide the grinning jaws of Hell.
To this infernal gate the Fury flies,
Here hides her hated head, and frees the lab'ring skies. *Dryden*.

It was indeed the most proper place in the world for a Fury to make her *Exit*, after she had filled a nation with distractions and alarms; and I believe every reader's imagination is pleased, when he sees the angry Goddess thus sinking, as it were, in a tempest, and plunging herself into Hell, amidst such a scene of horror and confusion.

The river *Velino*, after having found its way out from among the rocks where it falls, runs into the *Nera*. The channel of this last river is white with rocks, and the surface of it, for a long space, covered with froth and bubbles; for it runs all along upon the fret, and is still breaking against the stones that oppose its passage: So that for these reasons, as well as for the mixture of sulphur in its waters, it is very well described by *Virgil*, in that verse which mentions these two rivers in their old *Roman* names.

Tartaream

*Tartaream intendit vocem, quâ protinus omne
Contremuit nemus, et sylvæ intonuere profundæ,
Audiit et longè Triviæ lacus, audiit amnis
Sulfuræâ Nar albus aquâ, fontesque Velini.*

AEn. 7.

The sacred lake of *Trivia* from afar,
The *Veline* fountains, and sulphureous *Nar*,
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war.

Dryden. }

He makes the sound of the Fury's trumpet run up the *Nera* to the very sources of *Velino*, which agrees extremely well with the situation of these rivers. When *Virgil* has marked any particular quality in a river, the other Poets seldom fail of copying after him.

——Sulphureus *Nar*.

Auson.

——*Narque albescentibus undis*

In Tibrim properans——

Sil. It. L. 8.

——*Et Nar vitiatus odoro*

Sulfure——

Claud. de Pr. et Olyb. Conf.

——The hoary *Nar*

Corrupted with the stench of sulphur flows,
And into *Tiber's* streams th' infected current throws.

From this river our next town on the road receives the name of *Narni*. I saw hereabouts nothing remarkable except *Augustus's* bridge, that stands half a mile from the town, and is one of the stateliest ruins in *Italy*. It has no cement, and looks as firm as one entire stone. There is an arch of it unbroken, the broadest that I have ever seen, though by reason of its great height it does not appear so. The middle one was still much broader. They join together two mountains, and belonged, without doubt, to the bridge that *Martial* mentions, though Mr. *Ray* takes them to be the remains of an *Aquæduct*.

*Sed jam parce mihi, nec abutere Narnia quinto,
Perpetuo liceat sic tibi ponte frui!*

L. 7.

Preserve my better part, and spare my friend;
So, *Narni*, may thy bridge for ever stand.

From *Narni* I went to *Otricoli*, a very mean little village, that stands where the castle of *Ocriculum* did formerly. I turned about half a mile out of the road to see the ruins of the old *Ocriculum*, that lie near the banks of the *Tiber*. There are still scatter'd pillars and pedestals, huge pieces of marble half buried in the earth, fragments of towers, subterraneous vaults, bathing places, and the like marks of its ancient magnificence.

In

In my way to *Rome*, seeing a high hill standing by itself in the *Campania*, I did not question but it had a *Classic* name, and upon enquiry found it to be mount *Soraeste*. The *Italians* at present call it, because its name begins with an S, St. *Oreste*.

The fatigue of our crossing the *Apennines*, and of our whole journey from *Loretto* to *Rome*, was very agreeably relieved by the variety of scenes we passed through. For not to mention the rude prospect of rocks rising one above another, of the gutters deep worn in the sides of them by torrents of rain and snow-water, or the long channels of sand winding about their bottoms, that are sometimes filled with so many rivers: we saw, in six days travelling, the several seasons of the year in their beauty and perfection. We were sometimes shivering on the top of a bleak mountain, and a little while after basking in a warm valley, covered with violets and almond-trees in blossom, the Bees already swarming over them, though but in the month of *February*. Sometimes our road led us through groves of Olives, or by gardens of Oranges, or into several hollow apartments among the rocks and mountains, that look like so many natural green-houses; as being always shaded with a great variety of trees and shrubs that never lose their verdure.

I shall say nothing of the *Via Flaminia*, which has been spoken of by most of the voyage-writers that have passed it, but shall set down *Claudian's* account of the journey that *Honorius* made from *Ravenna* to *Rome*, which lies most of it in the same road that I have been describing.

—*Antiquae muros egressa Ravennae*
Signa movet, jamque ora Padi portusque relinquit
Flumineos, certis ubi legibus advena Nereus
Aestuatur, et pronas puppes nunc amne secundo
Nunc redeunte vehit, nudataque littora fluctu
Deferit, oceani lunaribus aemula damnis;
Laetior hinc fano recipit Fortuna vetusto,
Despiciturque vagus praerupta valle Metaurus,
 * *Quà mons arte patens vivo se perforat arcu,*
Admisitque viam seclae per viscera rupis,
Exuperans delubra Jovis, saxoque minantes
Apenninigeris cultas pastoribus aras:
Quin et Clitumni sacras victoribus undas,
Candida quae latius praebent armenta triumphis
Visere cura fuit. Nec te miracula fontis †

* An Highway made by *Vespasian*, like the *Grotto Obscuro* near *Naples*.

† This fountain not known.

*Praetereunt: tacito passu quem si quis adiret,
Lentus erat: si voce gradum majore citasset,
Commistis fervebat aquis cumque omnibus una
Sit natura vadis, similes ut corporis umbras
Ostendant: haec sola novam jaetantia sortem
Humanos properant imitari flumina mores.
Celsa dehinc patulum prospectans Narnia campum
Regali calcatur equo, rarique coloris
Non procul amnis adest, urbi qui nominis auctor
Ilice sub densâ sylvis arctatus opacis
Inter utrumque jugum tortis anfractibus albet.
Inde salutato libatis Tibride nymphis,
Excipiunt arcus, operosaeque semita, vastis
Molibus, et quicquid tantae praemittitur urbi.*

De 6. Conf. Hon.

They leave *Ravenna*, and the mouths of *Po*,
That all the borders of the town o'erflow;
And spreading round in one continu'd lake,
A spacious hospitable harbor make.
Hither the seas at stated times resort,
And shove the loaden vessels into port:
Then with a gentle ebb retire again,
And render back their cargo to the main.
So the pale moon the restless ocean guides,
Driv'n to and fro by such submissive tides.
Fair Fortune next, with looks serene and kind,
Receives 'em in her ancient fane enshrin'd;
Then the high hills they cross, and from below
In distant murmurs hear *Metaurus* flow;
'Till to *Clitumno's* sacred streams they come,
That send white victims to almighty *Rome*;
When her triumphant sons in war succeed,
And slaughter'd hecatombs around 'em bleed.
At *Narni's* lofty seats arriv'd, from far
They view the windings of the hoary *Nar*;
Through rocks and woods impetuously he glides,
While froth and foam the fretting surface hides.
And now the royal guest, all dangers pass'd,
Old *Tiber* and his Nymphs salutes at last;
The long laborious pavement here he treads,
That to proud *Rome* th' admiring nations leads:

While

While stately vaults and tow'ring piles appear,
And show the world's Metropolis is near.

Silius Italicus, who has taken more pains on the Geography of *Italy* than any other of the *Latin Poets*, has given a catalogue of most of the rivers that I saw in *Umbria*, or in the borders of it. He has avoided a fault (if it be really such) which *Macrobius* has objected to *Virgil*, of passing from one place to another, without regarding their regular and natural situation, in which *Homer's* catalogues are observed to be much more methodical and exact than *Virgil's*.

——Cavis venientes montibus Umbri,
Hos AEsis Sapisque lavant, rapidasque sonanti
Vortice contorquens undas per saxa Metaurus,
Et lavat ingentem perfundens flumine sacro
Clitumnus taurum, Narque albescentibus undis
In Tibrim properans, Tineaeque inglorius humor,
Et Clanis, et Rubico, et Senonum de nomine Senon.
Sed pater ingenti medios illabitur amne
Albula, et immotâ perstringit maenia ripâ,
His urbes arva, et latis Mevania pratis,
Hispellum, et duro monti per saxa recumbens
Narnia, &c.——

Sil. It. L. 8.

Since I am got among the Poets, I shall end this chapter with two or three passages out of them, that I have omitted inserting in their proper places.

Sit cisterna mihi quam vinea malo Ravennae,
Cum possim multo vendere pluris aquam.

Mar. L. 5.

Lodg'd at Ravenna, (water sells so dear)
A cistern to a vineyard I prefer.

Callidus imposuit nuper mihi caupo Ravennae;
Cum peterem mixtum, vendidit ille merum.

Id.

By a Ravenna vintner once betray'd,
So much for wine and water mix'd I paid;
But when I thought the purchas'd liquor mine,
The rascal fobb'd me off with only wine.
Stat fucare colus nec Sidone vilior Ancon,
Murice nec Tyrio.——

Sil. It. L. 8.

The wool when shaded with Ancona's dye,
May with the proudest Tyrian purple vie.

Fountain water is still very scarce at Ravenna, and was probably much more so, when the sea was within its neighbourhood. From

From R O M E to N A P L E S.

UPON my arrival at *Rome* I took a view of *St. Peter's*, and the *Rotunda*, leaving the rest 'till my return from *Naples*, when I should have time and leisure enough to consider what I saw. *St. Peter's* seldom answers expectation at first entering it, but enlarges itself on all sides insensibly, and mends upon the eye every moment. The proportions are so very well observed, that nothing appears to an advantage, or distinguishes itself above the rest. It seems neither extremely high, nor long, or broad, because it is all of them in a just equality. As on the contrary in our *Gothic* cathedrals, the narrowness of the arch makes it rise in height, or run out in length; the lowness often opens it in breadth, or the defectiveness of some other particular makes any single part appear in great perfection. Though every thing in this Church is admirable, the most astonishing part of it is the Cupola. Upon my going to the top of it, I was surpris'd to find that the Dome, which we see in the church, is not the same that one looks upon without doors, the last of them being a kind of case to the other, and the stairs lying betwixt them both, by which one ascends into the ball. Had there been only the outward dome, it would not have shewn itself to an advantage to those that are in the church; or had there only been the inward one, it would scarce have been seen by those that are without; had they both been one solid dome of so great a thickness, the pillars would have been too weak to have supported it. After having survey'd this dome, I went to see the *Rotunda*, which is generally said to have been the model of it. This church is at present so much changed from the ancient *Pantheon*, as *Pliny* has described it, that some have been inclined to think it is not the same temple; but the *Cavalier Fontana* has abundantly satisfied the world in this particular, and shewn how the ancient figure, and ornaments of the *Pantheon*, have been changed into what they are at present. This Author, who is now esteemed the best of the *Roman* Architects, has lately written a treatise on *Vespasian's* Amphitheatre, which is not yet printed.

After having seen these two master-pieces of modern and ancient architecture, I have often considered with myself whether the ordinary figure of the heathen, or that of the christian temples be the most beautiful, and the most capable of magnificence, and cannot forbear thinking the cross figure more proper for such spacious buildings than the *Rotund*. I must confess the

eye is better filled at first entering the *Rotund*, and takes in the whole beauty and magnificence of the temple at one view. But such as are built in the form of a cross, give us a greater variety of noble prospects. Nor is it easy to conceive a more glorious show in Architecture, than what a man meets with in St. *Peter's*, when he stands under the dome. If he looks upward he is astonished at the spacious hollow of the cupola, and has a vault on every side of him, that makes one of the beautifullest *Vista's* that the eye can possibly pass through. I know that such as are professed admirers of the ancients, will find abundance of chimerical beauties the Architects themselves never thought of, as one of the most famous of the moderns in that art tells us, the hole in the roof of the *Rotunda* is so admirably contrived, that it makes those who are in the Temple look like Angels, by diffusing the light equally on all sides of them.

In all the old high-ways, that lead from *Rome*, one sees several little ruins on each side of them, that were formerly so many sepulchres; for the ancient *Romans* generally bury'd their dead near the great roads.

Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latina.

Juv. S. 1.

None, but some few of a very extraordinary quality, having been interred within the walls of the city.

Our christian epitaphs that are to be seen only in churches, or churchyards, begin often with a *Siste Viator*. *Viator precare salutem*, &c. probably in imitation of the old *Roman* inscriptions, that generally addressed themselves to the travellers; as it was impossible for them to enter the city, or to go out of it without passing through one of these melancholy roads, which for a great length was nothing else but a street of funeral monuments.

In my way from *Rome* to *Naples* I found nothing so remarkable as the beauty of the country, and the extreme poverty of its inhabitants. It is indeed an amazing thing to see the present desolation of *Italy*, when one considers what incredible multitudes of people it abounded with during the reigns of the *Roman* Emperors: and notwithstanding the removal of the Imperial seat, the irruptions of the barbarous nations, the civil wars of this country, with the hardships of its several governments, one can scarce imagine how so plentiful a soil should become so miserably un-peopled in comparison of what it once was. We may reckon, by a very moderate computation, more inhabitants in the *Campania* of old *Rome*, than are now in all *Italy*. And if we could number up those prodigious swarms that had settled themselves in every part of this delightful country, I question not but that they would amount to more than can be found, at present, in any
fix

fix parts of *Europe* of the same extent. This desolation appears no where greater than in the Pope's territories, and yet there are several reasons would make a man expect to see these dominions the best regulated, and most flourishing of any other in *Europe*. Their Prince is generally a man of learning and virtue, mature in years and experience, who has seldom any vanity or pleasure to gratify at his people's expence, and is neither encumbered with wife, children or mistresses; not to mention the supposed sanctity of his character, which obliges him in a more particular manner to consult the good and happiness of mankind. The direction of church and state are lodged entirely in his own hands, so that his government is naturally free from those principles of faction and division which are mixed in the very composition of most others. His subjects are always ready to fall in with his designs, and are more at his disposal than any others of the most absolute government, as they have a greater veneration for his person, and not only court his favor but his blessing. His country is extremely fruitful, and has good havens both for the Adriatic and Mediterranean, which is an advantage peculiar to himself and the *Neapolitans* above the rest of the *Italians*. There is still a benefit the Pope enjoys above all other sovereigns, in drawing great sums out of *Spain*, *Germany*, and other countries that belong to foreign Princes, which one would fancy might be no small ease to his own subjects. We may here add, that there is no place in *Europe* so much frequented by strangers, whether they are such as come out of curiosity, or such who are obliged to attend the court of *Rome* on several occasions, as are many of the Cardinals and Prelates, that bring considerable sums into the Pope's dominions. But notwithstanding all these promising circumstances, and the long peace that has reigned so many years in *Italy*, there is not a more miserable people in *Europe* than the Pope's subjects. His state is thin of inhabitants, and a great part of his soil uncultivated. His subjects are wretchedly poor and idle, and have neither sufficient manufactures, nor traffic to employ them. These ill effects may arise, in a great measure, out of the arbitrariness of the government, but I think they are chiefly to be ascribed to the very genius of the *Roman* catholic religion, which here shews itself in its perfection. It is not strange to find a country half unpeopled, where so great a proportion of the inhabitants of both sexes is tied under such vows of chastity, and where at the same time an inquisition forbids all recruits out of any other religion. Nor is it less easy to account for the great poverty and want that are to be met with in a country which invites into it such swarms of vagabonds, under the title of Pilgrims, and shuts up in cloisters such an incredible multitude of young and lusty beggars, who instead of increasing the common stock by their la-

bor and industry, lie as a dead weight on their fellow-subjects, and consume the charity that ought to support the sickly, old and decrepid. The many hospitals, that are every where erected, serve rather to encourage idleness in the people, than to set them at work; not to mention the great riches which lie uselefs in churches and religious houses, with the multitude of festivals that must never be violated by trade or business. To speak truly, they are here so wholly taken up with mens souls, that they neglect the good of their bodies; and when, to these natural evils in the government and religion, there arises among them an avaritious Pope, who is for making a family, it is no wonder if the people sink under such a complication of distempers. Yet it is to this humor of Nepotism that *Rome* owes its present splendor and magnificence; for it would have been impossible to have furnished out so many glorious palaces with such a profusion of pictures, statues, and the like ornaments, had not the riches of the people at several times fallen into the hands of many different families, and of particular persons; as we may observe, though the bulk of the *Roman* People was more rich and happy in the times of the Common-wealth, the city of *Rome* received all its beauties and embellishments under the Emperors. It is probable the *Campania* of *Rome*, as well as other parts of the Pope's territories, would be cultivated much better than it is, were there not such an exorbitant tax on corn, which makes them plow up only such spots of ground as turn to the most advantage: Whereas were the money to be raised on lands, with an exception to some of the more barren parts, that might be tax-free for a certain term of years, every one would turn his ground to the best account, and in a little time perhaps bring more money into the Pope's treasury.

The greatest pleasure I took in my journey from *Rome* to *Naples* was in seeing the fields, towns and rivers that have been described by so many *Classic* Authors, and have been the Scenes of so many great actions; for this whole road is extremely barren of curiosities. It is worth while to have an eye on *Horace's* voyage to *Brundisi*, when one passes this way; for by comparing his several stages, and the road he took, with those that are observed at present, we may have some idea of the changes that have been made in the face of this country since his time. If we may guess at the common travelling of persons of Quality, among the ancient *Romans*, from this Poet's description of his voyage, we may conclude they seldom went above fourteen miles a day over the *Appian* way, which was more used by the Noble *Romans* than any other in *Italy*, as it led to *Naples*, *Baïa*, and the most delightful parts of the nation. It is indeed very disagreeable to be carried in haste over this pavement.

Minüs

Minus est gravis Appia tardis.

Hor.

Lucan has described the very road from *Anxur* to *Rome*, that *Horace* took from *Rome* to *Anxur*. It is not indeed the ordinary way at present, nor is it marked out by the same places in both Poets.

*Jamque et præcípites superaverat Anxuris arces,
Et quæ * Pontinas via dividit uda paludes,
Quæ sublime nemus, Scythicæ quæ regna Dianæ;
Quæque iter est Latiis ad summam fascibus Albam.
Excelsâ de rupe procul jam conspicit urbem.*

L. 3.

He now had conquer'd *Anxur*'s steep ascent,
And to *Pontina*'s watry marshes went,
A long canal the muddy fenn divides,
And with a clear unfully'd current glides;
Diana's woody realms he next invades,
And crossing through the consecrated shades
Ascends high *Alba*, whence with new delight
He sees the city rising to his sight.

In my way to *Naples* I crossed the two most considerable rivers of the *Campania Felice*, that were formerly called the *Liris* and *Vulturnus*, and are at present the *Garigliano* and *Vulturno*. The first of these rivers has been deservedly celebrated by the *Latin* Poets for the gentleness of its course, as the other for its rapidity and noise.

———*Rura quæ Liris quietâ
Mordet aquâ, taciturnus amnis.*

H. L. 1. Od. 30.

Liris———*qui fonte quieto
Dissimulat cursum, et nullo mutabilis imbre
Perstringit tacitas gemmanti gurgite ripas.*

Sil. It. L. 4.

———*Miscentem flumina Lirim
Sulfureum, tacitisque vadis ad littora lapsum
Accolit Arpinas*———

Id. L. 8.

Where the smooth streams of *Liris* stray,
And steal insensibly away,
The warlike *Arpine* borders on the sides
Of the slow *Liris*, that in silence glides,
And in its tainted stream the working sulphur hides.

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* A Canal, the marks of it still seen.

Vultur-

Vulturūſque rapax————

Cl. de Pr. et Ol. Con.

Vulturūſque celer————

Luc. L. 2. 28.

———*Fluctuque ſonorum**Vulturū*————

Sil. It. L. 8.

The rough *Vulturū*, furious in its courſe,
With rapid ſtreams divides the fruitful grounds,
And from afar in hollow murmurs ſounds.

The ruins of *Anxur* and old *Capua* mark out the pleaſant ſituation in which thoſe towns formerly ſtood. The firſt of them was planted on the mountain, where we now ſee *Terracina*, and by reaſon of the breezes that came off the Sea, and the height of its ſituation, was one of the ſummer retirements of the ancient *Romans*.

*O nemus, O fontes! ſolidumque madentis arenæ
Littus, et æquoreis ſplendidus Anxur aquis!*

Mar. L. 10.

Ye warbling fountains, and ye ſhady trees,
Where *Anxur* feels the cool refreshing breeze
Blown off the ſea, and all the dewy ſtrand
Lies cover'd with a ſmooth unfinking ſand!

*Anxuris æquorei placidos frontine reſſus
Et propius Baias littoreamque domum,
Et quod inhumanæ Cancro fervente Cicadæ
Non novere, nemus, flumineoque lacus
Dum colui, &c.——*

Id.

On the cool ſhore, near *Baja*'s gentle ſeats,
I lay retir'd in *Anxur*'s ſoft retreats.
Where ſilver lakes, with verdant ſhadows crown'd,
Diſperſe a grateful chilneſs all around;
The Graſshopper avoids th' untainted air,
Nor in the miſt of ſummer ventures there.

*Impoſitum ſaxis latè candentibus Anxur.
Monte procelloſo Murranum miſerat Anxur.
——Scopuloſi verticis Anxur.
Capuæ Luxum vide apud*

Hor. S. 5. L. 1.

Sil. It. L. 4.

Sil. It. L. 4.

Sil. It. L. 11.

Murranus

Murranus came from *Anxur's* show'ry height,
 With ragged rocks, and stony quarries white;
 Seated on hills—————

I don't know whether it be worth while to take notice that the figures, which are cut in the rock near *Terracina*, encrease still in a decimal proportion as they come nearer the bottom. If one of our voyage-writers, who passed this way more than once, had observed the situation of these figures, he would not have troubled himself with the dissertation that he has made upon them. *Silius Italicus* has given us the names of several towns and rivers in the *Campania Felice*.

*Jam verò quos dives opum, quos dives avorum,
 Et toto dabat ad bellum Campania tractu;
 Duëtorum adventum vicinis sedibus Osci
 Servabant; Sinuessæ tepens, fluctuque sonorum
 Vulturnum, quasque evertere silentia, Amyclæ,
 Fundique et regnata Lamo Cajeta, domusque
 Antiphatæ compressa freto, stagnisque palustre
 Linternum, et quondam fatorum conscia Cuma,
 Illic Nuceriæ, et Gaurus navalibus apta,
 Prole Dicharchæâ multo cum milite Graja
 Illic Parthenope, et Pæno non pervia Nola.
 Alliphe, & Clanio contemtæ semper Acerræ.
 Sarraßtes etiam populos totasque videres
 Sarni mitis opes: illic quos Sulphure pingues
 Phlegræi legere sinus, Misenus et ardens
 Ore gigantæo sedes Ithacesia, Bajæ,
 Non Prochite, non ardentem sortita Tiphæa
 Inarime, non antiqui saxosa Telonis
 Insula, nec parvis aberat Calatia muris,
 Surrentum, et pauper fulci Cerealis Avella,
 In primis Capua, heu rebus servare Secundis
 Inconsulta modum, et pravo peritura tumore.*

L. 8.

N A P L E S.

Vulturnusque rapax————

Cl. de Pr. et Ol. Con.

Vulturnusque celer————

Luc. L. 2. 28.

———*Fluctuque sonorum**Vulturnum*————

Sil. It. L. 8.

The rough *Vulturnus*, furious in its course,
 With rapid streams divides the fruitful grounds,
 And from afar in hollow murmurs sounds.

The ruins of *Anxur* and old *Capua* mark out the pleasant situation in which those towns formerly stood. The first of them was planted on the mountain, where we now see *Terracina*, and by reason of the breezes that came off the Sea, and the height of its situation, was one of the summer retirements of the ancient *Romans*.

*O nemus, O fontes! solidumque madentis arenæ
 Littus, et æquoreis splendidus Anxur aquis!*

Mar. L. 10.

Ye warbling fountains, and ye shady trees,
 Where *Anxur* feels the cool refreshing breeze
 Blown off the sea, and all the dewy strand
 Lies cover'd with a smooth unsinking sand!

*Anxuris æquorei placidos frontine recessus
 Et propius Baias littoreamque domum,
 Et quod inhumanæ Cancro fervente Cicâdæ
 Non novere, nemus, flumineosque lacus
 Dum colui, &c.——*

Id.

On the cool shore, near *Baja's* gentle seats,
 I lay retir'd in *Anxur's* soft retreats.
 Where silver lakes, with verdant shadows crown'd,
 Disperse a grateful chillness all around;
 The Grasshopper avoids th' untainted air,
 Nor in the midst of summer ventures there.

*Impositum saxi latè candentibus Anxur.
 Monte procelloso Murranum miserat Anxur.
 ——Scopulosi verticis Anxur.
 Capuæ Luxum vide apud*

Hor. S. 5. L. 1.

Sil. It. L. 4.

Sil. It. L. 4.

Sil. It. L. 11.

Murranus

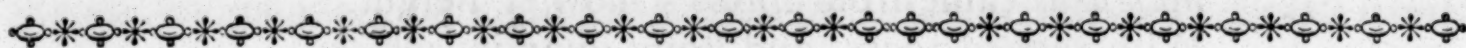
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 With ragged rocks, and stony quarries white;
 Seated on hills—————

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 Insula, nec parvis aberat Calatia muris,
 Surrentum, et pauper sulci Cerealis Avella,
 In primis Capua, heu rebus servare Secundis
 Inconsulta modum, et pravo peritura tumore.*

L. 8.

N A P L E S.



N A P L E S.

MY first days at *Naples* were taken up with the sight of processions, which are always very magnificent in the Holy-Week. It would be tedious to give an account of the several representations of our Saviour's death and resurrection, of the figures of himself, the Blessed Virgin, and the Apostles, which are carried up and down on this occasion, with the cruel penances that several inflict on themselves, and the multitude of ceremonies that attend these solemnities. I saw, at the same time, a very splendid procession for the accession of the Duke of *Anjou* to the crown of *Spain*, in which the Vice-roy bore his part at the left-hand of Cardinal *Cantelmi*. To grace the parade, they exposed, at the same time, the blood of St. *Januarius*, which liquefied at the approach of the Saint's head, though, as they say, it was hard congealed before. I had twice an opportunity of seeing the operation of this pretended miracle, and must confess I think it so far from being a real miracle, that I look upon it as one of the most bungling tricks that I ever saw: yet it is this that makes as great a noise as any in the *Roman Church*, and that Monsieur *Paschal* has hinted at among the rest, in his marks of the true religion. The modern *Neapolitans* seem to have copied it out from one, which was shown in a town of the Kingdom of *Naples*, as long ago as in *Horace's* time.

—Dehinc Gnatia lymphis
Iratis extructa dedit risusque jocosque,
Dum flammâ sine thura liquefcere limine Sacro
Persuadere cupit: credat Judæus apella,
Non ego—————

Sat. 5. L. 1.

At *Gnatia* next arriv'd, we laugh'd to see
 The superstitious croud's simplicity,
 That in the sacred temple needs would try
 Without a fire th' unheated gums to fry;
 Believe who will the solemn sham, not I.

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One may see at least that the heathen Priesthood had the same kind of secret among them, of which the *Roman Catholics* are now masters.

I must confess, though I had lived above a year in a *Roman Catholic* country, I was surprized to see many ceremonies and superstitions in *Naples*, that are not so much as thought of in *France*. But as it is certain there has been

been a kind of secret reformation made, though not publicly owned, in the *Roman Catholic* church, since the spreading of the *Protestant* religion, so we find the several nations are recovered out of their ignorance, in proportion as they converse more or less with those of the reformed churches. For this reason the *French* are much more enlightened than the *Spaniards* or *Italians*, on occasion of their frequent controversies with the *Huguenots*; and we find many of the *Roman Catholic* Gentlemen of our own country, who will not sicken to laugh at the superstitions they sometimes meet with in other nations. I shall not be particular in describing the grandeur of the city of *Naples*, the beauty of its pavement, the regularity of its buildings, the magnificence of its churches and convents, the multitude of its inhabitants, or the delightfulness of its situation, which so many others have done with a great deal of leisure and exactness. If a war should break out, the town has reason to apprehend the exacting of a large contribution, or a bombardment. It has but seven galleys, a mole, and two little castles, which are capable of hindering an enemy's approaches. Besides that, the sea which lies near it is not subject to storms, has no sensible flux or reflux, and is so deep, that a vessel of burden may come up to the very mole. The houses are flat-roof'd to walk upon, so that every bomb that fell on them would take effect.

Pictures, statues, and pieces of antiquity are not so common at *Naples*, as one might expect in so great and ancient a city of *Italy*; for the Vice-Roys take care to send into *Spain* every thing that is valuable of this nature. Two of their finest modern statues are those of *Apollo* and *Minerva*, placed on each side of *Sannazarius's* tomb. On the face of this monument, which is all of marble, and very neatly wrought, is represented, in *Bas relief*, *Neptune* among the Satyrs, to show that this Poet was the inventor of piscatory Eclogues. I remember *Hugo Grotius* describes himself in one of his Poems, as the first that brought the Muses to the sea-side, but he must be understood only of the Poets of his own country. I here saw the temple that *Sannazarius* mentions in his invocation of the Blessed Virgin, at the beginning of his *De partu Virginis*, which was all raised at his own expence.

———*Niveis tibi si solennia templis*
Serta damus; si mansuras tibi ponimus aras
Exciso in scopulo, fluctus unde aurea canos
Despiciens celso de culmine Mergilline
Attollit, nautisque procul venientibus offert.
Tu vatem ignarumque viæ insuetumque labori
Diva mone—————

L. 1.

Thou bright celestial Goddess, if to thee
 An acceptable temple I erect,
 With fairest flow'rs and freshest garlands deck'd,
 On tow'ring rocks, whence *Margelline* spies
 The ruffled deep in storms and tempests rise;
 Guide thou the pious Poet, nor refuse
 Thine own propitious aid to his unpractis'd Muse.

There are several very delightful prospects about *Naples*, especially from some of the religious houses; for one seldom finds in *Italy* a spot of ground more agreeable than ordinary, that is not covered with a convent. The Cupola's of this city, though there are many of them, do not appear to the best advantage when one surveys them at a distance, as being generally too high and narrow. The Marquis of *Medina Cidonia*, in his Vice-Royalty, made the shell of a house, which he had not time to finish, that commands a view of the whole bay, and would have been a very noble building had he brought it to perfection.

It stands so on the side of a mountain that it would have had a garden to every story, by the help of a bridge which was to have been laid over each garden.

The bay of *Naples* is the most delightful one that I ever saw. It lies in almost a round figure of about thirty miles in the diameter. Three parts of it are sheltered with a noble circuit of woods and mountains. The high promontory of *Surrentum* divides it from the bay of *Salernum*. Between the utmost point of this promontory, and the Isle of *Caprea*, the sea enters by a strait of about three miles wide. This Island stands as a vast Mole, which seems to have been planted there on purpose to break the violence of the waves that run into the bay. It lies long-ways, almost in a parallel line to *Naples*. The excessive height of its rocks secures a great part of the bay from winds and waves, which enter again between the other end of this Island and the Promontory of *Miseno*. The bay of *Naples* is called the *Crater* by the old Geographers, probably from this its resemblance to a round bowl half filled with liquor. Perhaps *Virgil*, who composed here a great part of his *Æneids*, took from hence the plan of that beautiful harbor, which he has made in his first book; for the *Libyan* port is but the *Neapolitan* bay in little.

*Est in secessu longo locus. Insula portum
 Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
 Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos:*

Hinc

*Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes geminique minantur
In cœlum scopuli, quorum sub vertice latè
Æquora tuta silent, tum Silvis scena coruscis
Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbrâ.*

AEn. 1.

Within a long recess there lies a Bay,
An island shades it from the rolling sea,
And forms a port secure for ships to ride,
Broke by the jetting land on either side,
In double streams the briny waters glide,
Between two rows of rocks: a *Sylvan* scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green.

Dryden.

Naples stands in the bosom of this bay, and has the pleasantest situation in the world, though by reason of its western mountains, it wants an advantage *Vitruvius* would have to the front of his Palace, of seeing the setting Sun.

One would wonder how the *Spaniards*, who have but very few forces in the kingdom of *Naples*, should be able to keep a people from revolting, that has been famous for its mutinies and seditions in former ages. But they have so well contrived it, that though the subjects are miserably harrassed and oppressed, the greatest of their oppressors are those of their own body. I shall not mention any thing of the Clergy, who are sufficiently reproached in most Itineraries for the universal poverty that one meets with in this noble and plentiful kingdom. A great part of the people is in a state of vassalage to the Barons, who are the hardest tyrants in the world to those that are under them. The vassals indeed are allowed, and invited to bring in their complaints and appeals to the Vice-Roy, who to foment divisions, and gain the hearts of the populace, does not stick at imprisoning and chastising their masters very severely on occasion. The subjects of the Crown are notwithstanding much more rich and happy than the vassals of the Barons. Infomuch that when the King has been upon the point of selling a town to one of his Barons, the inhabitants have raised the sum upon themselves, and presented it to the King, that they might keep out of so insupportable a slavery. Another way the *Spaniards* have taken to grind the *Neapolitans*, and yet to take off the *Oodium* from themselves, has been by erecting several Courts of Justice, with a very small pension for such as sit at the head of them, so that they are tempted to take bribes, keep causes undecided, encourage law-suits, and do all they can to fleece the people, that they may have wherewithal to support their own dignity. It is incredible how

great a multitude of retainers to the Law there are at *Naples*. It is commonly said, that when *Innocent* the eleventh had desired the Marquis of *Carpio* to furnish him with thirty thousand head of Swine, the Marquis answered him, that for his Swine he could not spare them, but if his Holiness had occasion for thirty thousand Lawyers he had them at his service. These Gentlemen find a continual employ for the fiery temper of the *Neapolitans*, and hinder them from uniting in such common friendships and alliances as might endanger the safety of the government. There are very few persons of consideration who have not a cause depending: for when a *Neapolitan* Cavalier has nothing else to do, he gravely shuts himself up in his closet, and falls a tumbling over his papers to see if he can start a law-suit, and plague any of his neighbours. So much is the Genius of this people changed since *Statius's* time.

Nulla foro rabies, aut stricta jurgia legis;
Morum jura viris solum et sine fascibus æquum. Sil. L. 3.

By love of right and native justice led,
 In the straight paths of equity they tread;
 Nor know the bar, nor fear the Judge's frown,
 Unpractis'd in the wranglings of the gown.

There is another circumstance which makes the *Neapolitans*, in a very particular manner the oppressors of each other. The Gabels of *Naples* are very high on oil, wine, tobacco, and indeed on almost every thing that can be eaten, drank or worn. There would have been one on fruit, had not *Masaniello's* rebellion abolish'd it, as it has probably put a stop to many others. What makes these imposts more intolerable to the poorer sort, they are laid on all butchers meat, while at the same time the fowl and gibbier are tax-free. Besides, all meat being taxed equally by the pound, it happens that the duty lies heaviest on the coarser sorts, which are most likely to fall to the share of the common people, so that beef perhaps pays a third, and veal a tenth of its price to the government, a pound of either sort having the same tax fixed on it. These gabels are most of them at present in the hands of private men; for as the King of *Spain* has had occasion for money he has borrowed it of the rich *Neapolitans*, on condition that they should receive the interest out of such or such gabels 'till he could repay them the principal.

This he has repeated so often that at present there is scarce a single gabel unmortgaged; so that there is no place in *Europe* which pays greater taxes,

taxes, and at the same time no Prince who draws less advantage from them. In other countries the people have the satisfaction of seeing the money they give spent in the necessities, defence, or ornament of their State, or at least in the vanity or pleasures of their Prince: but here most of it goes to the enriching of their fellow-subjects. If there was not so great a plenty of every thing in *Naples* the people could not bear it. The *Spaniard* however reaps this advantage from the present posture of affairs, that the murmurs of the people are turned upon their own countrymen, and what is more considerable, that almost all the persons, of the greatest wealth and power in *Naples*, are engaged by their own interests to pay these impositions cheerfully, and to support the government which has laid them on. For this reason, though the poorer sort are for the Emperor, few of the persons of consequence can endure to think of a change in their present establishment; though there is no question but the king of *Spain* will reform most of these abuses, by breaking or retrenching the power of the Barons, by cancelling several unnecessary employs, or by ransoming or taking the gabels into his own hands. I have been told too, there is a law of *Charles* the fifth something like our statute of Mortmain, which has lain dormant ever since his time, and will probably have new life put into it under the reign of an active Prince. The inhabitants of *Naples* have been always very notorious for leading a life of laziness and pleasure, which I take to arise partly out of the wonderful plenty of their country, that does not make labor so necessary to them, and partly out of the temper of the climate, that relaxes the fibres of their bodies, and disposes the people to such an idle indolent humor. Whatever it proceeds from, we find they were formerly as famous for it as they are at present.

This was perhaps the reason that the ancients tell us one of the *Sirens* was buried in this city, which thence received the name of *Parthenope*.

—*Improba Siren*

Desidia—

Hor. Sa. 3. L. 2.

Sloth, the deluding *Siren* of the mind.

—*Et in otia natam*

Parthenopen—

Ov. Met. L. 15.

—*Otiosa Neapolis.*

Hor. Ep. 5.

Parthenope, for idle hours design'd,
To luxury and ease unbends the mind.

Parthenope

*Parthenope non dives opum, non spreta vigoris,
 Nam molles urbi ritus atque hospita Musis
 Otia, et exemptum curis gravioribus ævum:
 Sirenium dedit una suum et memorabile nomen
 Parthenope muris Acheloïas, æquore cujus
 Regnavere diu cantus, cum dulce per undas
 Exitium miseris caneret non prospera nautis.*

Sil. It. L. 12.

Here wanton *Naples* crowns the happy shore,
 Nor vainly rich, nor despicably poor,
 The town in soft solemnities delights,
 And gentle Poets to her arms invites;
 The people free from cares, serene and gay,
 Pass all their mild untroubled hours away.
Parthenope the rising city nam'd,
 A Siren, for her songs and beauty fam'd,
 That oft had drown'd among the neighb'ring seas
 The list'ning wretch, and made destruction please.

*Has ego te sedes (nam nec mihi barbara Thrace
 Nec Libye natale solum) transferre laboro:
 Quas te mollis hyems et frigida temperat æstas,
 Quas imbelles fretum, torpentibus alluit undis:
 Pax secunda locis, et desidis otia vitæ,
 Et nunquam turbata quies, somnique peracti:
 Nulla foro rabies, &c.*

Stat. Sil. L. 3.

These are the gentle seats that I propose;
 For not cold *Scythia's* undissolving snows,
 Nor the parch'd *Libyan* sands thy husband bore,
 But mild *Parthenope's* delightful shore,
 Where hush'd in calms the bord'ring ocean laves
 Her silent coast, and rolls in languid waves;
 Refreshing winds the summer's heats assuage,
 And kindly warmth disarms the winter's rage;
 Remov'd from noise and the tumultuous war,
 Soft sleep and downy ease inhabit there,
 And dreams unbroken with intruding care.

The

If a man would form to himself a just idea of this place, he must fancy a vast rock undermined from one end to the other, and a highway running through it, near as long and as broad as the Mall in St. James's park. This subterraneous passage is much mended since *Seneca* gave so bad a character of it. The entry at both ends is higher than the middle parts of it, and sinks by degrees, to fling in more light upon the rest. Towards the middle are two large funnels, bored through the roof of the grotto, to let in light and fresh air.

I remember when I was at *Chateaudun* in *France* I met with a very curious person, a member of one of the *German* Universities. He had stayed a day or two in the town longer than ordinary, to take the measures of several empty spaces that had been cut in the sides of a neighbouring mountain. Some of them were supported with pillars formed out of the rock, some were made in the fashion of galleries, and some not unlike amphitheatres. The Gentleman had made to himself several ingenious hypotheses concerning the use of these subterraneous apartments, and from thence collected the

the vast magnificence and luxury of the ancient *Chateaudunois*. But upon communicating his thoughts upon this subject to one of the most learned of the place, he was not a little surprized to hear that these stupendous works of art were only so many quarries of free-stone, that had been wrought into different figures, according as the veins of it directed the workmen.

About five miles from the grotto of *Paufilypo* lie the remains of *Puteoli* and *Baja*, in a soft air and a delicious situation.

The country about them, by reason of its vast caverns and subterraneous fires, has been miserably torn in pieces by earthquakes, so that the whole face of it is quite changed from what it was formerly. The sea has overwhelmed a multitude of palaces, which may be seen at the bottom of the water in a calm day.

The *Lucrine* lake is but a puddle in comparifon of what it once was, its springs having been funk in an earthquake, or stopped up by mountains that have fallen upon them. The lake of *Avernus*, formerly so famous for its streams of poison, is now plentifully stocked with fish and fowl. Mount *Gaurus*, from one of the fruitfuleft parts in *Italy*, is become one of the most barren. Several fields, which were laid out in beautiful groves and gardens, are now naked plains smoking with sulphur, or encumber'd with hills that have been thrown up by eruptions of fire. The works of art lie in no less disorder than those of nature, for that which was once the most beautiful spot of *Italy*, covered with temples and palaces, adorned by the greatest of the *Roman* Common-wealth, embellished by many of the *Roman* Emperors, and celebrated by the best of their Poets, has now nothing to show but the ruins of its ancient splendor, and a great magnificence in confusion.

The mole of *Puteoli* has been mistaken by several Authors for *Caligula's* bridge. They have all been led into this error from the make of it, because it stands on arches. But to pass over the many arguments that may be brought against this opinion, I shall here take away the foundation of it, by setting down an inscription mentioned by *Julius Capitolinus* in the life of *Antoninus Pius*, who was the repairer of this Mole. *Imp. Cæsari. Divi. Hadriani. filio. Divi. Trajani. Parthici. Nepoti. Divi. Nervæ. pronepoti. T. Aët. Hadriano. Antonino. Aug. Pio. &c. quod super cætera beneficia ad hujus etiam tutelam portûs, Pilarum viginti molem cum sumptu fornicum reliquæ ex AErario suo largitus est.*

It would have been very difficult to have made such a mole as this of *Puteoli*, in a place where they had not so natural a commodity as the earth of *Puzzuola*, which immediately hardens in the water, and after a little lying in it looks rather like stone than mortar. It was this that gave the ancient
Romans



B^{CL}



Romans an opportunity of making so many encroachments on the sea; and of laying the foundations of their villas and palaces within the very borders of it, as * *Horace* has elegantly described it more than once.

About four years ago they dug up a great piece of marble near *Puzzuola*, with several figures and letters engraven round it, which have given occasion to some disputes among the antiquaries. † But they all agree that it is the pedestal of a statue erected to *Tiberius* by the fourteen cities of *Asia*, which were flung down by an earthquake; the same that, according to the opinion of many learned men, happened at our Saviour's Crucifixion. They have found in the letters, which are still legible, the names of the several cities, and discover in each figure something particular to the city, of which it represents the Genius. There are two Medals of *Tiberius* stamped on the same occasion, with this inscription to one of them, *Civitatibus Asiæ Restitutis*. The Emperor is represented in both sitting, with a *Patera* in one hand, and a spear in the other.

It is probable this might have been the posture of the statue, which in all likelihood does not lie far from the place where they took up the pedestal; for they say there were other great pieces of marble near it, and several of them inscribed, but that nobody would be at the charges of bringing them to light. The pedestal itself lay neglected in an open field when I saw it. I shall not be particular on the ruins of the Amphitheatre, the ancient reservoirs of water, the *Sibyl's* grotto, the *Centum Camerae*, the sepulchre of *Agrippina*, *Nero's* mother, with several other antiquities of less note, that lie in the neighbourhood of this bay, and have been often described by many others. I must confess, after having surveyed the antiquities about *Naples* and *Rome* I cannot but think that our admiration of them does not so much arise out of their greatness as uncommonness.

There are indeed many extraordinary ruins, but I believe a traveller would not be so much astonished at them, did he find any works of the same kind in his own country. Amphitheatres, triumphal arches, baths, grottos, catacombs, rotundas, highways paved for so great a length, bridges of such an amazing height, subterraneous buildings for the reception of rain and snow-water, are most of them at present out of fashion, and only to be met with among the antiquities of *Italy*. We are therefore immediately surpris- ed when we see any considerable sums laid out in any thing of this nature,

* Lib. 2. Od. 18. Lib. 3. Od. 1. Lib. 3. Od. 24. Epist. L. 1.

† Vid. Gronovium, Fabretti, Bulifon, &c.

though at the same time there is many a *Gothic* cathedral in *England*, that has cost more pains and money than several of these celebrated works. Among the ruins of the old heathen temples they shewed me what they call the Chamber of *Venus*, which stands a little behind her temple. It is wholly dark, and has several figures on the ceiling wrought in *Stucco*, that seem to represent lust and strength by the emblems of naked *Jupiters* and *Gladiators*, *Tritons* and *Centaurs*, &c. so that one would guess it has formerly been the scene of many lewd mysteries. On the other side of *Naples* are the Catacombs. These must have been full of stench and loathsomeness, if the dead bodies that lay in them were left to rot in open Niches, as an eminent Author of our own country imagines. But upon examining them, I find they were each of them stopped up: without doubt, as soon as the corpse was laid in it. For at the mouth of the Niche one always finds the rock cut into little channels, to fasten the board or marble that was to close it up, and I think I did not see one which had not still some mortar sticking in it. In some I found pieces of tiles that exactly tallied with the channel, and in others a little wall of bricks, that sometimes stopped up above a quarter of the Niche, the rest having been broken down. St. *Proculus*'s sepulchre seems to have a kind of Mosaic work on its covering, for I observed at one end of it several little pieces of marble ranged together after that manner. 'Tis probable they were adorned, more or less, according to the quality of the dead. One would indeed wonder to find such a multitude of Niches unstopped, and I cannot imagine any body should take the pains to do it, who was not in quest of some supposed treasure.

Bajæ was the winter retreat of the old *Romans*, that being the proper season to enjoy the *Bajani Soles*, and the *Mollis Lucrinus*; as on the contrary, *Tibur*, *Tusculum*, *Preneſte*, *Alba*, *Cajetta*, *Mons Circeius*, *Anxur*, and the like airy mountains and promontories, were their retirements during the heats of summer.

*Dum nos blanda tenent jucundi stagna Lucrini,
Et quæ pumiceis fontibus antra calent,
Tu colis Argivi regnum Faustine colini *
Quo te bis decimus ducit ab urbe lapis.
Horrida sed fervent Nemeæi pectora monstri:
Nec satis est Bajæ igne calere suo.*

* Vide Hor. Lib. 2. Od. 6.

*Ergo sacri fontes, et littora sacra valete,
Nympharum pariter, Nereidumque domus
Herculeos colles gelidâ vos vincite brumâ,
Nunc Tiburtinis cedit frigore frigus.*

Mar. L. 1. Ep. 116.

While near the *Lucrine* lake consum'd to death,
I draw the sultry air, and gasp for breath,
Where steams of Sulphur raise a stifling heat,
And through the pores of the warm pumice sweat;
You taste the cooling breeze, where nearer home
The twentieth pillar marks the mile from *Rome*:
And now the Sun to the bright Lion turns,
And *Baja* with redoubled fury burns;
Then briny seas and tasteful springs farewell,
Where fountain-nymphs confus'd with *Nereids* dwell,
In winter you may all the world despise,
But now 'tis *Tivoli* that bears the prize.

The natural curiosities about *Naples* are as numerous and extraordinary as the artificial. I shall set them down, as I have done the other, without any regard to their situation. The grotto *del Cani* is famous for the poisonous steams which float within a foot of its surface. The sides of the grotto are marked green, as high as the malignity of the vapor reaches. The common experiments are as follow: a Dog, that has his nose held in the vapor, loses all signs of life in a very little time; but if carried into the open air, or thrown into a neighbouring lake, he immediately recovers, if he is not quite gone. A Torch, snuff and all, goes out in a moment when dipped into the vapor. A pistol cannot take fire in it. I split a reed, and laid in the channel of it a train of gun-powder, so that one end of the reed was above the vapor, and the other at the bottom of it; and I found, though the steam was strong enough to hinder a pistol from taking fire in it, and to quench a lighted torch, that it could not intercept the train of fire when it had once begun flashing, nor hinder it from running to the very end. This experiment I repeated twice or thrice, to see if I could quite dissipate the vapor, which I did in so great a measure, that one might easily let off a pistol in it. I observed how long a Dog was in expiring the first time, and after his recovery, and found no sensible difference. A Viper bore it nine minutes the

first time we put it in, and ten the second. When we brought it out after the first trial, it took such a vast quantity of air into its lungs, that it swelled almost twice as big as before; and it was perhaps on this stock of air that it lived a minute longer the second time. Dr. *Connor* made a discourse in one of the Academies at *Rome* upon the subject of this Grotto, which he has since printed in *England*. He attributes the death of Animals, and the extinction of Lights, to a great rarefaction of the air, caused by the heat and eruption of the steams. But how is it possible for these steams, though in never so great quantity, to resist the pressure of the whole Atmosphere? And as for the heat, it is but very inconsiderable. However, to satisfy myself, I placed a thin vial, well stopped up with wax, within the smoke of the vapor, which would certainly have burst in an air rarefied enough to kill a dog, or quench a torch, but nothing followed upon it. However, to take away all further doubt, I borrowed a Weatherglass, and so fixed it in the Grotto, that the *Stagnum* was wholly covered with the vapor, but I could not perceive the Quicksilver sunk after half an hour's standing in it. This vapor is generally supposed to be sulphureous, though I can see no reason for such a supposition. He that dips his hand in it finds no smell that it leaves upon it; and though I put a whole bundle of lighted brimstone matches to the smoke they all went out in an instant, as if immersed in water. Whatever is the composition of the vapor, let it have but one quality of being very glewy or viscous, and I believe it will mechanically solve all the *Phænomena* of the Grotto. Its unctuousness will make it heavy, and unfit for mounting higher than it does, unless the heat of the earth, which is just strong enough to agitate, and bear it up at a little distance from the surface, were much greater than it is to rarefy and scatter it. It will be too gross and thick to keep the lungs in play for any time, so that Animals will die in it sooner or later, as their blood circulates slower or faster. Fire will live in it no longer than in Water, because it wraps itself in the same manner about the flame, and by its continuity hinders any quantity of air or nitre from coming to its succor. The parts of it however are not so compact as those of liquors, nor therefore tenacious enough to intercept the fire that has once caught a train of Gunpowder, for which reason they may be quite broken and dispersed by the repetition of this experiment. There is an unctuous clammy vapor that arises from the stem of Grapes, when they lie mashed together in the vat, which puts out a light when dipped into it, and perhaps would take away the breath of weaker animals, were it put to the trial.

It would be endless to reckon up the different Baths, to be met with in a country that so much abounds in sulphur. There is scarce a disease which
has

has not one adapted to it. A stranger is generally led into that they call *Cicero's* bath, and several voyage-writers pretend there is a cold vapor arising from the bottom of it, which refreshes those who stoop into it. 'Tis true the heat is much more supportable to one that stoops, than to one that stands upright, because the steams of sulphur gather in the hollow of the Arch about a man's head, and are therefore much thicker and warmer in that part than at the bottom. The three lakes of *Agnano*, *Avernus*, and the *Lucrin*, have now nothing in them particular. The *Monte Novo* was thrown out by an eruption of fire, that happened in the place where now the mountain stands. The *Sulfatara* is very surprising to one who has not seen mount *Vesuvio*. But there is nothing about *Naples*, nor indeed in any part of *Italy*, which deserves our admiration so much as this mountain. I must confess the Idea I had of it, did not answer the real image of the place when I came to see it; I shall therefore give the description of it as it then lay.

This mountain stands at about six *English* miles distance from *Naples*, though by reason of its height, it seems much nearer to those who survey it from the town. In our way to it we passed by what was one of those rivers of burning matter, that ran from it in a late eruption. This looks at a distance like a new plowed land, but as you come near it, you see nothing but a long heap of heavy disjointed clods lying one upon another. There are innumerable Cavities and Interstices among the several pieces, so that the surface is all broken and irregular. Sometimes a great fragment stands like a rock above the rest, sometimes the whole heap lies in a kind of channel, and in other places has nothing like banks to confine it, but rises four or five foot high in the open air, without spreading abroad on either side. This, I think, is a plain demonstration that these rivers were not, as they are usually represented, so many streams of running matter; for how could a liquid, that lay hardening by degrees, settle in such a furrowed uncompact surface? Were the river a confusion of never so many different bodies, if they had been all actually dissolved, they would at least have formed one continued crust, as we see the *Scorium* of metals always gathers into a solid piece, let it be compounded of a thousand heterogeneous parts. I am apt to think therefore, that these huge unwieldy lumps that now lie one upon another, as if thrown together by accident, remained in the melted matter rigid and unliquified, floating in it like cakes of ice in a river, and that, as the fire and ferment gradually abated, they adjusted themselves together as well as their irregular figures would permit, and by this means fell into such an interrupted disorderly heap, as we now find it. What was the melt-

ed matter lies at the bottom out of sight. After having quitted the side of this long heap, which was once a stream of fire, we came to the roots of the mountain, and had a very troublesome march to gain the top of it. It is covered on all sides with a kind of burnt earth, very dry, and crumbled into powder, as if it had been artificially sifted. It is very hot under the feet, and mixed with several burnt stones and cakes of cinders, which have been thrown out at different times. A man sinks almost a foot in the earth and generally loses half a step by sliding backwards. When we had climbed this mountain we discovered the top of it to be a wide naked plain, smoking with sulphur in several places, and probably undermined with fire, for we concluded it to be hollow by the sound it made under our feet. In the midst of this plain stands a high hill in the shape of a Sugar-loaf, so very steep that there would be no mounting or descending it, were it not made up of such a loose crumbled earth as I have before described. The air of this place must be very much impregnated with Saltpetre, as appears by the specks of it on the sides of the mountain, where one can scarce find a stone that has not the top white with it. After we had, with much ado, conquered this hill, we saw in the midst of it the present mouth of *Vesuvio*, that goes shelving down on all sides 'till above a hundred yards deep, as near as we could guess, and has about three or four hundred in the diameter, for it seems a perfect Round. This vast hollow is generally filled with smoke, but, by the advantage of a wind that blew for us, we had a very clear and distinct sight of it. The sides appear all over stained with mixtures of white, green, red and yellow, and have several rocks standing out of them that look like pure brimstone. The bottom was entirely covered, and though we looked very narrowly we could see nothing like a hole in it; the smoke breaking through several imperceptible cracks in many places. The very middle was firm ground when we saw it, as we concluded from the stones we flung upon it, and I question not but one might then have crossed the bottom, and have gone up on the other side of it with very little danger, unless from some accidental breath of wind. In the late eruptions this great hollow was like a vast caldron filled with glowing and melted matter, which, as it boiled over in any part, ran down the sides of the mountain, and made five such rivers as that before mentioned. In proportion as the heat slackened, this burning matter must have subsided within the bowels of the mountain, and as it sunk very leisurely had time to cake together, and form the bottom which covers the mouth of that dreadful vault that lies underneath it. The next eruption or earthquake will probably break in pieces this false bottom, and quite change the present face of things.

This

This whole mountain, shaped like a sugar-loaf, has been made at several times, by the prodigious quantities of earth and cinders, which have been flung up out of the mouth that lies in the midst of them, so that it encreases in bulk at every eruption, the ashes still falling down the sides of it, like the sand in an hourglass. A Gentleman of *Naples* told me, that in his memory it had gained twenty foot in thickness, and I question not but in length of time it will cover the whole plain, and make one mountain with that on which it now stands.

In those parts of the sea, that are not far from the roots of this mountain, they find sometimes a very fragrant oil, which is sold dear and makes a rich perfume. The surface of the sea is, for a little space, covered with its bubbles during the time that it rises, which they skim off in their boats, and afterwards set a separating in pots and jars. They say its sources never run but in calm warm weather. The agitations of the water perhaps hinder them from discovering it at other times.

Among the natural curiosities of *Naples*, I cannot forbear mentioning their manner of furnishing the town with Snow, which they here use instead of Ice, because, as they say, it cools or congeals any liquor sooner. There is a great quantity of it consumed yearly, for they drink very few liquors, not so much as water, that have not lain in *Fresco*, and every body from the highest to the lowest, makes use of it; insomuch that a scarcity of Snow would raise a mutiny at *Naples*, as much as a dearth of Corn or Provisions in another country. To prevent this the King has sold the monopoly of it to certain persons, who are obliged to furnish the city with it all the year at so much the pound. They have a high mountain at about eighteen miles from the town, which has several pits dug into it. Here they employ many poor people at such a season of the year to roll in vast balls of snow, which they ram together, and cover from the sunshine. Out of these reservoirs of snow they cut several lumps, as they have occasion for them, and send them on asses to the sea-side, where they are carried off in boats, and distributed to several shops at a settled price, that from time to time supply the whole city of *Naples*. While the *Banditti* continued their Disorders in this kingdom, they often put the snow-merchants under contribution, and threatened them, if they appeared tardy in their payments, to destroy their magazines, which they say might easily have been effected by the infusion of some barrels of Oil.

It would have been tedious to have put down the many descriptions that the *Latin* Poets have made of several of the places mentioned in this chapter: I shall therefore conclude it with the general map which *Silius Italicus*

Italicus has given us of this great bay of *Naples*. Most of the places he mentions lie within the same prospect, and if I have passed over any of them, it is because I shall take them in my way by sea, from *Naples* to *Rome*.

*Stagna inter celebrem nunc mitia monstrat Avernum:
Tum tristi nemore atque umbris nigrantibus horrens,
Et formidatus volucris, lethale vomebat
Suffuso virus cælo, Stygiâque per urbes
Relligione sacer, sævum retinebat honorem.
Hinc vicina palus, fama est Acherontis ad undas
Pandere iter, cæcas stagnante voragine fauces
Laxat & horrendos aperit telluris hiatus,
Interdumque novo perturbat lumine manes.
Juxta caligante situ longumque per ævum
Infernis pressas nebulis, pallente sub umbrâ
Cymmerias jacuisse domos, noctemque profundam
Tartareæ narrant urbis: tum sulphure et igni
Semper anhelantes, coëtoque bitumine campos
Ostentant; tellus atro exundante vapore
Suspirans, ustisque diu calefacta medullis
Æstuat et Stygios exhalat in aëra flatus:
Parturit, et tremulis metuendum exhibilat antris,
Interdumque cavas luctatus rumpere sedes,
Aut exire foras, sonitu lugubre minaci
Mulciber immugit, lacerataque viscera terræ
Mandit, & exesos labefactat murmure montes.
Tradunt Herculeâ prostratos mole Gigantes
Tellurem injectam quatere, & spiramine anhelos
Torreri late campos, quotiesque minatur
Rumpere compagem impositam, expallescere cælum.
Apparet procul Inarime, quæ turbine nigro
Fumantem premit Iapetum, flammæque rebelles
Ore ejectantem, et siquando evadere detur
Bella Jovi rursus superisque iterare volentem.
Monstrantur Veseva juga, atque in vertice summo
Depasti flammis scopuli, fractusque ruinâ
Mons circum, atque Aetnæ fati certantia saxa.
Nec non Misenum servantem Idæa sepulcro
Nomina, et Herculeos videt ipso littore Baulos.*

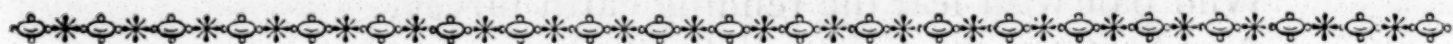
Lib. 12.

Averno

Averno next he show'd his wond'ring guest,
Averno now with milder virtues blest'd;
 Black with furrounding forests then it stood,
 That hung above, and darken'd all the flood:
 Clouds of unwholesome vapors, rais'd on high,
 The flutt'ring bird entangled in the sky,
 Whilst all around the gloomy prospect spread
 An awful horror, and religious dread.
 Hence to the borders of the marsh they go,
 That mingles with the baleful streams below,
 And sometimes with a mighty yawn, 'tis said,
 Opens a dismal passage to the Dead,
 Who pale with fear the rending earth survey,
 And startle at the sudden flash of day.
 The dark *Cimmerian* grotto then he paints,
 Describing all its old Inhabitants,
 That in the deep infernal city dwell'd,
 And lay in everlasting night conceal'd.
 Advancing still, the spacious fields he show'd,
 That with the smother'd heat of brimstone glow'd;
 Through frequent cracks the steaming sulphur broke,
 And cover'd all the blasted plain with smoke:
 Imprison'd fires, in the close dungeons pent,
 Roar to get loose, and struggle for a vent,
 Eating their way, and undermining all,
 'Till with a mighty burst whole mountains fall.
 Here, as 'tis said, the rebel Giants lie,
 And, when to move th'incumbent load they try,
 Ascending vapors on the day prevail,
 The sun looks sickly, and the skies grow pale.
 Next to the distant Isle his sight he turns,
 That o'er the thunderstruck *Tiphæus* burns:
 Enrag'd, his wide-extended jaws expire,
 In angry whirlwinds, blasphemies and fire,
 Threat'ning, if loosen'd from his dire abodes,
 Again to challenge *Jove*, and fight the Gods.
 On mount *Vesuvio* next he fixt his eyes,
 And saw the smoking tops confus'dly rise;

(A hideous ruin!) that with earthquakes rent
 A second *AEtna* to the view present.
Miseno's cape and *Bauli* last he view'd,
 That on the sea's extremest borders stood.

Silius Italicus here takes notice, that the poisonous vapors which arose from the lake *Averno* in *Hannibal's* time, were quite dispersed at the time when he wrote his Poem; because *Agrippa*, who lived between *Hannibal* and *Silius*, had cut down the woods that enclosed the lake, and hindered these noxious steams from dissipating, which were immediately scattered as soon as the winds and fresh air were let in among them.



The I S L E of C A P R E A.

HAVING staid longer at *Naples* than I at first designed, I could not dispense with myself from making a little voyage to the Isle of *Caprea*, as being very desirous to see a place which had been the retirement of *Augustus* for some time, and the residence of *Tiberius* for several years. The Island lies four miles in length from east to west, and about one in breadth. The western part, for about two miles in length, is a continued rock vastly high, and inaccessible on the sea side. it has however the greatest town in the Island, that goes under the name of *Ano-Caprea*, and is in several places covered with a very fruitful soil. The eastern end of the Isle rises up in Precipices very near as high, though not quite so long, as the western. Between these eastern and western mountains lies a slip of lower ground, which runs across the Island, and is one of the pleafantest spots I have seen. It is hid with Vines, Figs, Oranges, Almonds, Olives, Myrtles, and fields of Corn, which look extremely fresh and beautiful, and make up the most delightful little Landskip imaginable, when they are surveyed from the tops of the neighbouring mountains. Here stands the town of *Caprea*, the Bishop's Palace, and two or three Convents. In the midst of this fruitful tract of land rises a hill, that was probably covered with buildings in *Tiberius's* time. There are still several ruins on the sides of it, and about the top are found two or three dark galleries, low built, and covered with mason's work, though at present they appear over-grown with grafs. I entered one of them that is a hundred paces in length. I observed, as some of the countrymen were

were digging into the sides of this mountain, that what I took for solid earth: was only heaps of brick, stone, and other rubbish, skinned over with a covering of vegetables. But the most considerable ruin is that which stands on the very extremity of the eastern promontory, where are still some apartments left, very high and arched at top: I have not indeed seen the remains of any ancient *Roman* buildings, that have not been roofed with either vaults or arches. The rooms I am mentioning stand deep in the earth, and have nothing like windows or chimneys, which makes me think they were formerly either bathing places or reservoirs of water. An old Hermit lives at present among the ruins of this Palace, who lost his companion a few years ago by a fall from the precipice. He told me they had often found Medals and Pipes of lead, as they dug among the rubbish, and that not many years ago they discovered a paved road running under ground, from the top of the mountain to the sea side, which was afterwards confirmed to me by a Gentleman of the island. There is a very noble prospect from this place. On the one side lies a vast extent of seas, that runs abroad further than the eye can reach. Just opposite stands the green promontory of *Surrentum*, and on the other side the whole circuit of the bay of *Naples*. This prospect, according to *Tacitus*, was more agreeable before the burning of *Vesuvio*; that mountain probably, which after the first eruption looked like a great pile of ashes, was in *Tiberius's* time shaded with woods and vineyards; for I think *Martial's* Epigram may here serve as a comment to *Tacitus*.

*Hic est pampineis viridis Vesuvius umbris,
 Presserat hic madidos nobilis uva lacus.
 Hæc juga quàm Nisæ colles plus Bacchus amavit:
 Hoc nuper Satyri monte dedere choros.
 Hæc Veneris sedes, Lacedæmone gratior illi;
 Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat.
 Cuncta jacent flammis et tristi mersa favillâ:
 Nec superi vellent hoc licuisse sibi.*

L. 2. Ep. 105.

Vesuvio, cover'd with the fruitful vine,
 Here flourish'd once, and ran with floods of wine,
 Here *Bacchus* oft to the cool shades retir'd,
 And his own native *Nisa* less admir'd;
 Oft to the mountain's airy tops advanc'd,
 The frisking Satyrs on the summets danc'd;
Alcides here, here *Venus* grac'd the shore,
 Nor lov'd her fav'rite *Lacedæmon* more.

M 2

Now

Now piles of ashes, spreading all around,
 In undistinguish'd heaps deform the ground,
 The Gods themselves the ruin'd seats bemoan,
 And blame the mischiefs that themselves have done.

This view must still have been more pleasant, when the whole bay was encompassed with so long a range of buildings, that it appeared to those, who looked on it at a distance, but as one continued city. On both the shores of that fruitful bottom, which I have before mentioned, are still to be seen the marks of ancient edifices; particularly on that which looks towards the south there is a little kind of Mole, which seems to have been the foundation of a Palace; unless we may suppose that the *Pharos* of *Caprea* stood there, which *Statius* takes notice of in his Poem that invites his wife to *Naples*, and is, I think, the most natural among the *Silvæ*.

*Nec defunt variæ circum oblectamina vitæ,
 Sive vaporiferas, blandissima littora, Bajas,
 Enthea fatidicæ seu visere tecta Sibyllæ,
 Dulce sit, iliacoque jugum memorabile remo:
 Seu tibi Bacchei vineta madentia Gauri,
 Telebounque domos, trepidis ubi dulcia nautis
 Lumina noctivagæ tollit Pharos æmula lunæ,
 Caraque non molli juga Surrentina Lyæo.*

L. 3.

The blisful seats with endless pleasures flow,
 Whether to *Baja's* sunny shores you go,
 And view the sulphur to the baths convey'd,
 Or the dark Grotte of the prophetic maid,
 Or steep *Miseno* from the *Trojan* nam'd,
 Or *Gaurus* for its flowing vintage fam'd,
 Or *Caprea*, where the lanthorn fix'd on high
 Shines like a moon through the benighted sky,
 While by its beams the wary sailor fleers,
 Or where *Surrentum*, clad in vines, appears.

They found in *Ano-Caprea*, some years ago, a statue and a rich pavement under ground, as they had occasion to turn up the earth that lay upon them. One still sees, on the bendings of these mountains, the marks of several ancient scales of stairs, by which they used to ascend them. The whole Island is so unequal that there were but few diversions to be found in it without doors, but what recommended it most to *Tiberius* was its wholesome air, which is warm in winter and cool in summer, and its inaccessible coasts, which

which are generally so very steep, that a handful of men might defend them against a powerful army.

We need not doubt but *Tiberius* had his different residences, according as the seasons of the year, and his different sets of pleasure required. *Suetonius* says, *Duodecim Villas totidem nominibus ornavit*. The whole Island was probably cut into several easy ascents, planted with variety of palaces, and adorned with as great a multitude of groves and gardens as the situation of the place would suffer. The works under ground were however more extraordinary than those above it; for the rocks were all undermined with highways, grottos, galleries, bagnios, and several subterraneous retirements, that suited with the brutal pleasures of the Emperor. One would indeed very much wonder to see such small appearances of the many works of art, that were formerly to be met with in this Island, were we not told that the *Romans*, after the death of *Tiberius*, sent hither an army of Pioneers on purpose to demolish the buildings, and deface the beauties of the Island.

In sailing round *Caprea* we were entertained with many rude prospects of rocks and precipices, that rise in several places half a mile high in perpendicular. At the bottom of them are caves and grottos, formed by the continual breaking of the waves upon them, I entered one which the inhabitants call *Grotto Obscuro*, and after the light of the sun was a little worn off my Eyes, could see all the parts of it distinctly, by a glimmering reflection that played upon them from the surface of the water. The mouth is low and narrow, but, after having entered pretty far in, the Grotto opens itself on both sides in an oval figure of an hundred yards from one extremity to the other, as we were told, for it would not have been safe measuring of it. The roof is vaulted, and distils fresh water from every part of it, which fell upon us as fast as the first droppings of a shower. The inhabitants and *Neapolitans* who have heard of *Tiberius's* Grottos, will have this to be one of them, but there are several reasons that show it to be natural. For besides the little use we can conceive of such a dark cavern of salt waters, there are no where any marks of the chissel; the sides are of a soft mouldering stone, and one sees many of the like hollow spaces worn in the bottoms of the rocks, as they are more or less able to resist the impressions of the water that beats against them.

Not far from this Grotto lie the *Sirenum Scopuli*, which *Virgil* and *Ovid* mention in *Aeneas's* voyage; they are two or three sharp rocks that stand about a stone's throw from the south-side of the Island, and are generally beaten by waves and tempests, which are much more violent on the south than on the north of *Caprea*.

*Jamque adeo scopulos Sirenum advecta subibat
Difficiles quondam, multorumque ossibus albos,
Tum rauca assiduo longè sale saxa sonabant.*

AEn. 5.

Glides by the Syren's cliffs, a shelfy coast,
Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,
And white with bones: th' impetuous ocean roars,
And rocks rebellow from the founding shores.

Dryden.

I have before said that they often find Medals in this Island. Many of those they call the *Spintriae*, which *Aretin* has copied, have been dug up here. I know none of the Antiquaries that have written on this subject, and find nothing satisfactory of it where I thought it most likely to be met with, in *Patin's* edition of *Suetonius* illustrated by Medals. Those I have conversed with about it, are of opinion they were made to ridicule the brutality of *Tiberius*, though I cannot but believe they were stamped by his order. They are unquestionably antique, and no bigger than Medals of the third magnitude. They bear on one side some lewd invention of that hellish society which *Suetonius* calls *Monstrorū concubitūs repertores*, and on the other the number of the Medal. I have seen of them as high as to twenty. I cannot think they were made as a jest on the Emperor, because Raillery on coins is of a modern date. I know but two in the Upper Empire, besides the *Spintriae*, that lie under any suspicion of it. The first is one of *Marcus Aurelius*, where, in compliment to the Emperor and Empress, they have stamped on the reverse the figure of *Venus* caressing *Mars*, and endeavoring to detain him from the wars.

—Quoniam belli fera mænera Mavors
Armipotens regit, in gremium qui sæpe tuum se
Rejicit, æterno devinctus vulnere amoris.

Lucr. L. 1.

The *Venus* has *Faustina's* face, her lover is a naked figure with a helmet on his head, and a shield on his arm.

*Tu scabie frueris mali quod in aggere rodit,
Qui tegitur, parmâ & galeâ—*

Juv. Sat. 5.
This



B L

This unluckily brings to mind *Faustina's* fondness for the Gladiator, and is therefore interpreted by many as a hidden piece of Satire. But besides, that such a thought was inconsistent with the gravity of a Senate, how can one imagine that the Fathers would have dar'd to affront the Wife of *Aurelius*, and the mother of *Commodus*, or that they could think of giving offence to an Empress whom they afterwards Deified, and to an Emperor that was the darling of the army and people?

The other Medal is a golden one of *Gallienus* preserved in the French King's cabinet; it is inscribed *Gallienæ Augustæ, Pax Ubique*, and was stamped at a time when the Emperor's Father was in bondage, and the Empire torn in pieces by several pretenders to it. Yet, if one considers the strange stupidity of this Emperor, with the senseless security which appears in several of his sayings that are still left on record, one may very well believe this coin was of his own invention. We may be sure, if raillery had once entered the old *Roman* coins, we should have been over-stocked with Medals of this nature; if we consider there were often rival emperors proclaimed at the same time, who endeavored at the lessening of each other's character, and that most of them were succeeded by such as were enemies to their predecessor. These Medals of *Tiberius* were never current money, but rather of the nature of Medalions, which seem to have been made on purpose to perpetuate the discoveries of that infamous society. *Suetonius* tells us, that their monstrous inventions were registered several ways, and preserved in the Emperor's private apartments. *Cubicula plurifariam disposita tabellis ac sigillis lascivissimarum picturarum et figurarum adornavit, librisque Elephantidis instruxit: ne cui in Operâ edendâ exemplar impetratæ Schemæ deesset.* The *Elephantis* here mentioned is probably the same *Martial* takes notice of for her book of postures.

In Sabellum.

*Facundos mihi de libidinosis
Legisti nimium Sabellæ versus,
Quales nec Didymi sciunt puellæ,
Nec molles Elephantidos libelli.
Sunt illic Veneris novæ figuræ:
Quales, &c.*

Lib. 12. Ep. 43.

Ovid mentions the same kind of pictures that found a place even in *Augustus's* cabinet.

Scilicet

88 From NAPLES to ROME by Sea.

*Scilicet in domibus vestris, ut prisca virorum
Artifici fulgent corpora picta manu;
Sic quæ concubitus varios Venerisque figuras
Exprimat, est aliquo parva tabella loco.*

De Trist. Lib. 2.

There are several of the *Sigilla*, or Seals, *Suetonius* speaks of, to be met with in collections of ancient *Intaglios*.

But, I think, what puts it beyond all doubt that these Coins were rather made by the Emperor's order, than as a Satire on him, is because they are now found in the very place that was the scene of these his unnatural lusts.

———*Quem rupes Caprearum tetra latebit
Incesto possessa seni?*———

Cl. de 4to Conf. Hon.

Who has not heard of *Caprea's* guilty shore,
Polluted by the rank old Emperor?



From NAPLES to ROME, by Sea.

I Took a Felucca at *Naples* to carry me to *Rome*, that I might not be forced to run over the same fights a second time, and might have an opportunity of seeing many things in a road which our voyage-writers have not so particularly described. As in my Journey from *Rome* to *Naples* I had *Horace* for my guide, so I had the pleasure of seeing my voyage, from *Naples* to *Rome*, described by *Virgil*. It is indeed much easier to trace out the way *Æneas* took, than that of *Horace*, because *Virgil* has marked it out by Capes, Islands, and other parts of nature, which are not so subject to change or decay as are towns, cities, and the works of art. Mount *Pausilypo* makes a beautiful prospect to those who pass by it: at a small distance from it lies the little Island of *Nisida*, adorned with a great variety of plantations, rising one above another in so beautiful an order, that the whole Island looks like a large Terrace-Garden. It has two little Ports, and is not at present troubled with any of those noxious steams that *Lucan* mentions.

———*Tali*

—*Tali spiramine Nefis*
Emittit Stygium nebulosis aëra saxis.

Lib. 6.

Nefis' high rocks such *Stygian* air produce,
 And the blue breathing pestilence diffuse.

From *Nisida* we row'd to cape *Misena*. The extremity of this cape has a long cleft in it, which was enlarged and cut into shape by *Agrippa*, who made this the great port for the *Roman* fleet that serv'd in the *Mediterranean*; as that of *Ravenna* held the ships designed for the *Adriatic* and *Archipelago*. The highest end of this promontory rises in the fashion of a sepulchre or monument to those that survey it from the land, which perhaps might occasion *Virgil's* burying *Misenus* under it. I have seen a grave *Italian* Author, who has written a very large book on the *Campania Felice*, that, from *Virgil's* description of this mountain, concludes it was called *Aërius* before *Misenus* had given it a new Name.

At pius Aeneas ingenti mole sepulchrum
Imponit, suaque arma viro remumque tubamque
Monte sub Aerio, qui nunc Misenus ab illo
Dicitur, æternumque tenet per sæcula nomen.

AEn. Lib. 6.

There are still to be seen a few ruins of old *Misenum*, but the most considerable antiquity of the place is a set of galleries that are hewn into the rock, and are much more spacious than the *Piscina Mirabilis*. Some will have them to have been a reservoir of water, but others more probably suppose them to have been *Nero's* baths. I lay the first night on the Isle of *Procita*, which is pretty well cultivated, and contains about four thousand inhabitants, who are all vassals to the Marquiss *de vasto*.

The next morning I went to see the Isle of *Ischia*, that stands further out into the sea. The ancient Poets call it *Inarime*, and lay *Typhæus* under it, by reason of its eruptions of fire. There has been no eruption for near these three hundred years. The last was very terrible, and destroyed a whole city. At present there are scarce any marks left of a subterraneous fire, for the earth is cold, and over-run with grass and shrubs, where the rocks will suffer it. There are indeed several little cracks in it, through which there issues a constant smoke, but 'tis probable this arises from the warm springs that feed the many baths with which this Island is plentifully stocked. I observed about one of these breathing passages, a spot of myrtles that flourish within the steam of these vapors, and have a continual moisture hanging upon them. On the south of *Ischia* lies a round lake of about three quarters of a mile

diameter, separate from the sea by a narrow tract of land. It was formerly a *Roman* port. On the north end of this Island stands the town and castle, on an exceeding high rock, divided from the body of the Island, and inaccessible to an enemy on all sides. This Island is larger, but much more rocky and barren than *Procita*. *Virgil* makes them both shake at the fall of part of the mole of *Bajæ*, that stood at a few miles distance from them.

*Qualis in Euböico Bajarum littore quondam
Saxea pila cadit, magnis quam molibus ante
Construclam jaciunt pelago: Sic illa ruinam
Prona trahit, penitusque vadis illisa recumbit;
Miscent se maria et nigræ attolluntur arenæ:
Tum sonitu Prochita alta tremit, durumque cubile
Inarime, Jovis Imperiis imposta Typhæo.*

AEn. 9.

Not with less ruin than the *Bajan Mole*
(Rais'd on the seas the furies to control)
At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall,
Prone to the deep the stones disjointed fall
Off the vast pile; the scatter'd ocean flies;
Black sands, discolour'd froth, and mingled mud arise.
The frighted billows roll, and seek the shores:
Trembles high *Prochyta*, and *Ischia* roars;
Typhæus roars beneath, by *Jove's* command,
Astonish'd at the flaw that shakes the land,
Soon shifts his weary side, and scarce awake,
With wonder feels the weight press lighter on his back. *Dryden.*

I do not see why *Virgil*, in this noble comparison has given the epithet of *alta* to *Procita*, for it is not only no high Island in itself, but is much lower than *Ischia*, and all the points of land that lie within its neighbourhood. I should think *alta* was joined adverbially with *tremit*, did *Virgil* make use of so equivocal a Syntax. I cannot forbear inserting in this place, the lame imitation *Silius Italicus* has made of the foregoing passage.

*Haud aliter struclæ Tyrrhena ad littora saxo,
Pugnatura fretis subter cæcisque procellis
Pila immane sonans, impingitur ardua ponto;
Immugit Nereus, divisaque cæcula pulsu
Illisum accipiunt irata sub æquora montem.*

L. 4.
So

So vast a fragment of the *Bajan Mole*,
That, fix'd amid the *Tyrrhene* waters, braves
The beating tempests and insulting waves,
Thrown from its basis with a dreadful sound,
Dashes the broken billows all around,
And with resistless force the surface cleaves,
That in its angry waves the falling rock receives.

The next morning going to *Cumæ* through a very pleasant path, by the *Mare Mortuum*, and the *Elisian* fields, we saw in our way a great many ruins of sepulchres, and other ancient edifices. *Cumæ* is at present utterly destitute of inhabitants, so much is it changed since *Lucan's* time, if the poem to *Piso* be his.

—*Acidaliâ quæ condidit Alite muros*
Euboicam referens sæcunda Neapolis urbem.

Where the fam'd walls of fruitful *Naples* lie,
That may with multitudes with *Cumæ* vie.

They show here the remains of *Apollo's* temple, which all the writers of the antiquities of this place suppose to have been the same *Virgil* describes in his sixth *Æneid*, as built by *Dædalus*, and that the very story which *Virgil* there mentions, was actually engraven on the front of it.

Redditus his præmum terris tibi Phæbe, sacravit
Remigium Alarum, posuitque immania templa.
In foribus lethum Androgeo, tum pendere pœnas
Cecro pidæ jussi, miserum! Septena quotannis
Corpora natorum: stat ductis sortibus urna.
Contra elata mari respondet Gnosia tellus, &c.

Æn. 6.

To the *Cumean* coast at length he came,
And, here alighting, built his costly frame
Inscrib'd to *Phæbus*, here he hung on high
The steerage of his wings that cut the sky;
Then o'er the lofty gate his art emboss'd
Androgeo's death, and off'rings to his ghost,
Sev'n youths from *Athens* yearly sent, to meet
The fate appointed by revengeful *Crete*;
And next to those the dreadful urn was plac'd,
In which the destin'd names by lots were cast.

Dryden.
Among

Among other subterraneous works there is the beginning of a passage, which is stopped up within less than an hundred yards of the entrance by the earth that is fallen into it. They suppose it to have been the other mouth of the *Sibyl's* grotto. It lies indeed in the same line with the entrance near the *Avernus*, is faced alike with the *Opus Reticulatum*, and has still the marks of chambers that have been cut into the sides of it. Among the many fables and conjectures which have been made on this grotto, I think it is highly probable, that it was once inhabited by such as perhaps thought it a better shelter against the Sun than any other kind of building, or at least that it was made with smaller trouble and expence. As for the Mosaic and other works that may be found in it, they may very well have been added in later ages, according as they thought fit to put the place to different uses. The story of the *Cimmerians* is indeed clogged with improbabilities, as *Strabo* relates it; but it is very likely there was in it some foundation of truth, *Homer's* description of the *Cimmerians*, whom he places in these parts, answers very well to the inhabitants of such a long dark cavern.

The gloomy race, in subterraneous cells,
Among surrounding shades and darkness dwells:
Hid in the unwholesome covert of the night,
They shun th'approaches of the chearful light:
The Sun ne'er visits their obscure retreats,
Nor when he runs his course, nor when he sets.
Unhappy mortals!

Odyss. L. 10.

*Tu quoque littoribus nostris, AEneïa nutrix,
AEternam moriens famam Cajeta dedisti:
Et nunc servat honos sedem tuus, ossaque nomen
Hesperia in magnâ, si qua est ea gloria, signat.*

AEne. 7.

And thou, O Matron of immortal fame,
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name:
Cajeta still the place is call'd from thee,
The nurse of great *AEneas'* infancy.
Here rest thy bones in rich *Hesperia's* plains;
Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains.

Dryden.

I saw at *Cajeta* the rock of marble, said to be cleft by an earthquake at our Saviour's death. There is written over the Chapel door, that leads into the crack, the words of the Evangelist, *Ecce terræ-motus factus est magnus*. I believe every one who sees this vast rent in so high a rock, and observes how exactly the convex parts of one side tally with the concave of the other, must

must be satisfied that it was the effect of an earthquake, though I question not but it either happened long before the time of the *Latin* writers or in the darker ages since, for otherwise I cannot but think they would have taken notice of its original. The port, town, castle, and antiquities of this place have been often described.

We touched next at *Monte Circeo*, which *Homer* calls *Insula AEëa*, whether it be that it was formerly an Island, or that the *Greek* sailors of his time thought it so. It is certain they might easily have been deceived by its appearance, as being a very high mountain joined to the main land by a narrow tract of earth, that is many miles in length, and almost of a level with the surface of the water. The end of this promontory is very rocky, and mightily exposed to the winds and waves, which perhaps gave the first rise to the howlings of Wolves, and the roarings of Lions, that used to be heard thence. This I had a very lively Idea of, being forced to lie under it a whole night. *Virgil's* description of *AEneas* passing by this coast can never be enough admired. It is worth while to observe how, to heighten the horror of the description, he has prepared the reader's mind, by the solemnity of *Cajeta's* funeral, and the dead stillness of the night.

*At pius exequiis AEneas rite solutis
Aggere composito tumuli, postquam alta quierunt
AEquora, tendit iter velis, portumque relinquit.
Adspirant auræ in noctem, nec candida cursus
Luna negat: splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.
Proxima Circeæ raduntur littora terræ:
Dives inaccessos ubi solis filia lucos
Assiduo resonat cantu, tectisque superbis
Urit odoratam nocturna in lumina cedrum,
Arguto tenues percurrens pectine telas:
Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque leonum
Vincla recusantum, et serâ sub nocte rudentum:
Setigerique fues, atque in præsepibus urfi
Sæuire, ac formæ magnorum ululare luporum:
Quos hominum ex facie Dea sæva potentibus herbis
Induerat Circe in vultus ac terga ferarum.
Quæ nè monstra pii paterentur talia Troës
Delati in portus, neu littora dira subirent,
Neptunus centis implevit vela secundis:
Atque fugam dedit, et præter vada fervida vexit.*

AEn. L. 7.

Now,

Now, when the Prince her fun'ral rites had paid,
 He plow'd the *Tyrrhene* seas with seals display'd.
 From land a gentle breeze arose, by night
 Serenely shone the stars, the moon was bright,
 And the sea trembled with her silver light. }
 Now near the shelves of *Circe's* shores they run,
 (*Circe* the rich, the daughter of the sun)
 A dangerous coast: The goddess wastes her days
 In joyous songs, the rocks resound her lays:
 In spinning, or the loom, she spends her night,
 And cedar brands supply her Father's light.
 From hence were heard, (rebellowing to the main)
 The roars of Lions that refuse the chain,
 The grunts of bristled Boars, and groans of Bears,
 And herds of howling Wolves that stun the sailors ears.
 These from their caverns, at the close of night,
 Fill the sad Isle with horror and affright.
 Darkling they mourn their fate, whom *Circe's* pow'r,
 (That watch'd the Moon, and planetary hour)
 With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
 Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confin'd.
 Which monsters lest the *Trojan's* pious host
 Should bear, or touch upon th' enchanted coast;
 Propitious *Neptune* steer'd their course by night
 With rising gales, that sped their happy flight.

Dryden

Virgil calls this promontory *AEëæ Insula Circes* in the third *AEneid*, but 'tis the Hero, and not the Poet that speaks. It may however be looked upon as an intimation, that he himself thought it an Island in *AEneas's* time. As for the thick woods, which not only *Virgil* but *Homer* mentions, in the beautiful description that *Plutarch* and *Longinus* have taken notice of, they are most of them grubbed up since the promontory has been cultivated and inhabited, though there are still many spots of it which show the natural inclination of the soil that leans that way.

The next place we touched upon was *Nettuno*, where we found nothing remarkable besides the extreme poverty and laziness of the inhabitants. At two miles distance from it lie the ruins of *Antium*, that are spread over a great circuit of land. There are still left the foundations of several buildings, and, what are always the last parts that perish in a ruin, many subterraneous grottos and passages of a great length. The foundations of *Nero's*
 port

port are still to be seen. It was altogether artificial, and composed of huge moles running round it, in a kind of circular figure, except where the ships were to enter, and had about three quarters of a mile in its shortest diameter. Though the making of this port must have cost prodigious sums of money, we find no medal of it, and yet the same Emperor has a Medal struck in his own name for the port of *Ostia*, which in reality was a work of his predecessor *Claudius*. The last Pope was at considerable charges to make a little kind of harbor in this place, and to convey fresh water to it, which was one of the artifices of the grand Duke, to divert his Holiness from his project of making *Civita-vecchia* a free port. There lies between *Antium* and *Nettuno* a Cardinal's *Villa*, which is one of the pleasantest for walks, fountains, shades, and prospects, that I ever saw.

Antium was formerly famous for the Temple of Fortune that stood in it. All agree there were two Fortunes worshipped here, which *Suetonius* calls the *Fortunæ Antiates*, and *Martial* the *Sorores Antii*. Some are of opinion, that by these two Goddesses were meant the two *Nemeses*, one of which rewarded good Men, as the other punished the wicked. *Fabretti* and others are apt to believe, that by the two Fortunes were only meant in general the Goddesses who sent prosperity, or she who sent afflictions to mankind, and produce in their behalf an ancient monument found in this very place, and superscribed *Fortunæ Felici*, which indeed may favor one opinion as well as the other, and shews at least they are not mistaken in the general sense of their division. I do not know whether any body has taken notice, that this double function of the Goddesses gives a considerable light and beauty to the Ode which *Horace* has addressed to her. The whole Poem is a prayer to Fortune, that she would prosper *Cæsar's* arms, and confound his enemies, so that each of the Goddesses has her task assign'd in the Poet's prayer; and we may observe the Invocation is divided between the two Deities, the first line relating indifferently to either. That which I have marked speaks to the Goddess of prosperity, or if you please to the *Nemesis* of the good, and the other to the Goddess of Adversity, or to the *Nemesis* of the wicked.

*O Diva gratum quæ regis Antium;
Præfens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos! &c.*

Great Goddess, *Antium's* guardian power,
Whose force is strong, and quick to raise
The lowest to the highest place;

Or

*Or with a wondrous fall
To bring the haughty lower,
And turn proud triumphs to a funeral, &c.* Creech.

If we take the first interpretation of the two Fortunes for the double *Nemesis*, the compliment to *Cæsar* is the greater, and the fifth Stanza clearer than Commentators usually make it, for the *Clavi trabales, cunei, uncus, liquidumque plumbum*, were actually used in the punishment of criminals.

Our next stage brought us to the mouth of the *Tiber*, into which we entered with some danger, the sea being generally pretty rough in the parts, where the river rushes into it. The season of the year, the muddiness of the stream, with the many green trees hanging over it, put me in mind of the delightful image that *Virgil* has given us when *Æneas* took the first view of it.

*Atque hic Æneas ingentem ex æquore lucum
Prospicit: hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus amæno
Vorticibus rapidis et multâ flavus arenâ,
In mare prorumpit: variæ circumque supraque
Assuetæ ripis volucres et fluminis alveo,
Æthera mulcebant cantu, lucoque volabant.
Fletere iter sociis terræque advertere proras
Imperat, et lætas fluvio succedit opaco.*

Æn. L. 7.

The *Trojan* from the main beheld a wood,
Which thick with shades, and a brown horror stood:
Betwixt the trees the *Tiber* took its course,
With whirlpools dimpled, and with downward force
That drove the sand along, he took his way,
And roll'd his yellow billows to the sea;
About him, and above, and round the wood,
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood,
That bath'd within, or bask'd upon his side,
To tuneful songs their narrow throats apply'd.
The captain gives command, the joyful train
Glide through the gloomy shade, and leave the main. Dryden.

It is impossible to learn from the ruins of the port of *Ostia*, what its figure was when it stood whole and entire. I shall therefore set down the Medal,

From NAPLES to ROME, by Sea. 97

Medal, what I have before mentioned, which represents it as it was formerly.

It is worth while to compare Juvenal's description of this port with the figure it makes on the coin.

*Tandem intrat portus inclusa per aquora mæles
Tyrchenomque Pharon, parvè poë brachia, rursus
Quæ pelæa occurrunt adit, longæque rotundæ
Mœles, non se ulla, vel abesse Jovis
Quæ hinc a Jove*

At last within the mighty Mæles the gate
Our Phoenician Pharon, parvè poë brachia, rursus
With pelæa occurrunt adit, longæque rotundæ
A work of Jove, and Jove's own hand



B L

Perhaps it is the same
The figure of the Mæles
Italian

as they retire from one another in the temple they make, till their two
arms shall meet a point, and in the middle of the wings, where the figure
is seated, the figure of the Mæles is seated, and the figure of the Mæles
are few, and a pot a better, and a better, and a better, and a better, and a better
seems to have been the figure of the Mæles, and a better, and a better, and a better
the convenience of the harbor for navigation, as he is represented himself
as a figure of the Mæles, and a better, and a better, and a better, and a better
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VOL. II.

O

ON

56 From NAPLES to ROME, by Sea.

On such a wondrous fall
To bring the haughty down,
And turn proud triumph to a funeral, &c.

Orecch.

If we take the last stanza of the two Fortunes for the Noble Neapolitan, the comparison is more or less greater, and the fifth Stanza clearer than Commentaries would make it, for the *Gladii trabales, cuncta sacra, liqui-
dumque pavoris* is the language used in the punishment of criminals.

Our next sight was the mouth of the Tiber, into which we en-
tered with great pleasure, as it was generally pretty much in the port,
where the river meets the sea. The sun of the year, the multitude of
the fishes, and the many small boats, put me in mind of
the delightful scene which I had seen in the Tiber, when I took the first
view of it.



The Tiber is the main channel of the
Which runs with rapidity and a brown horror
Between the trees the Tiber took its course
With whirlpools dimpled, and with eddies large
That drew the sand from the bottom of the bay
A great flood of water, and a great flood of sand
The birds that haunt the banks of his flood
That had a white, or black, or red, or blue
To mark the long their narrow stream applied
The water never ceases, and the sand never
Slide through the glass of the Tiber, and the sand never

It is impossible to learn from the ruins of the port of Rome, what the
gave way when it flood whole and entire. I shall therefore set down the
Mosaic.

Medal, that I have before mentioned, which represents it as it was formerly.

It is worth while to compare *Juvenal's* description of this port with the figure it makes on the coin.

*Tandem intrat positas inclusa per æquora moles,
Tyrrhenamque Pharon, porrectaque brachia, rursus
Quæ pelago occurrunt medio, longèque relinquunt
Italiam: non sic igitur mirabere portus
Quos natura dedit —*

Juv. Sat. 12.

At last within the mighty Mole she gets,
Our *Tyrrhene Pharos*, that the mid sea meets
With its embrace, and leaves the land behind;
A work so wond'rous Nature ne'er design'd.

Dryd. Juv.

The seas may very properly be said to be enclosed (*Inclusa*) between the two semicircular Moles that almost surround them. The *Colossus*, with something like a lighted torch in its hand, is probably the *Pharos* in the second line. The two Moles that we must suppose are joined to the land behind the *Pharos*, are very poetically described by the

———*Porrectaque brachia, rursus
Quæ pelago occurrunt medio, longèque relinquunt
Italiam*———

as they retire from one another in the compass they make, 'till their two ends almost meet a second time in the midst of the waters, where the figure of *Neptune* sits. The Poet's reflection on the haven is very just, since there are few natural ports better land-locked, and closed on all sides than this seems to have been. The figure of *Neptune* has a Rudder by him, to mark the convenience of the harbor for navigation, as he is represented himself at the entrance of it, to show it stood in the sea. The Dolphin distinguishes him from a river God, and figures out his dominion over the seas. He holds the same fish in his hand on other Medals. What it means we may learn from the *Greek Epigram* on the figure of a *Cupid* that had a Dolphin in one hand, and a Flower in the other.

Οὐδὲ μάτην παλάμαις κατέχει δελφίνα ἢ ἄνθος,
 Τῇ καὶ γὰρ γαῖαν τῇδε θάλασσαν ἔχει.

A proper Emblem graces either hand,
 In one he holds the sea, in one the Land.

Half a day more brought us to *Rome*, thro' a road that is commonly visited by Travellers.



R O M E.

IT is generally observed, that modern *Rome* stands higher than the ancient; some have computed it about fourteen or fifteen feet, taking one place with another. The reason given for it is, that the present city stands upon the ruins of the former; and indeed I have often observed, that where any considerable pile of building stood anciently one still finds a rising ground, or a little kind of hill, which was doubtless made up out of the fragments and rubbish of the ruined edifice. But besides this particular cause, we may assign another that has very much contributed to the raising the situation of several parts of *Rome*: It being certain the great quantities of earth, that have been washed off from the hills by the violence of showers, have had no small share in it. This any one may be sensible of who observes how far several buildings, that stand near the roots of mountains, are sunk deeper in the earth than those that have been on the tops of hills, or in open plains; for which reason the present face of *Rome* is much more even and level than it was formerly; the same cause that has raised the low grounds having contributed to sink those that were higher.

There are in *Rome* two sets of Antiquities, the Christian and the Heathen. The former, though of a fresher date, are so embroiled with Fable and Legend, that one receives but little satisfaction from searching into them. The other give a great deal of pleasure to such as have met with them before in ancient Authors; for a man who is in *Rome* can scarce see an object that does not call to mind a piece of a *Latin* Poet or Historian. Among the remains of Old *Rome*, the grandeur of the Common-wealth shows itself chiefly in works that were either necessary or convenient, such as Temples, High-ways, Aqueducts, Walls and bridges of the City. On the contrary, the magnificence of *Rome*, under the Emperors, is seen principally in such works

works as were rather for ostentation or luxury, than any real usefulness or necessity, as in Baths, Amphitheatres, Circus's, Obelisks, Triumphant Pillars, Arches and Mausoleums; for what they added to the Aqueducts was rather to supply their baths and Naumachias, and to embellish the city with fountains, than out of any real necessity there was for them. These several remains have been so copiously described by abundance of travellers, and other writers, particularly by those concerned in the learned collection of *Grævius*, that it is very difficult to make any new discoveries on so beaten a subject. There is however so much to be observed in so spacious a field of Antiquities, that it is almost impossible to survey them without taking new hints, and raising different reflections, according as a man's natural turn of thoughts, or the course of his studies, direct him,

No part of the Antiquities of *Rome* pleased me so much as the ancient Statues, of which there is still an incredible variety. The workmanship is often the most exquisite of any thing in its kind. A man would wonder how it were possible for so much life to enter into marble, as may be discovered in some of the best of them; and even in the meanest one has the satisfaction of seeing the faces, postures, airs and dress of those that have lived so many ages before us. There is a strange resemblance between the figures of the several heathen Deities, and the descriptions that the *Latin* Poets have given us of them; but as the first may be looked upon as the ancients of the two, I question not but the *Roman* Poets were the copiers of the *Greek* Statuaries. Though on other occasions we often find the Statuaries took their subjects from the Poets. The *Laocoon* is too known an instance among many others that are to be met with at *Rome*. In the *Villa Aldobrandina* are the figures of an old and young man, engaged together at the *Cæstus*, who are probably the *Dares* and *Entellus* of *Virgil*; where by the way one may observe the make of the ancient *Cæstus*, that it only consisted of many large thongs about the hand, without any thing like a piece of lead at the end of them, as some writers of Antiquities have falsely imagined.

I question not but many passages in the old Poets hint at several parts of Sculpture, that were in vogue in the author's time, though they are now never thought of, and that therefore such passages lose much of their beauty in the eye of a modern reader, who does not look upon them in the same light with the Author's contemporaries. I shall only mention two or three out of *Juvenal*, that his Commentators have not taken notice of: the first runs thus,

*Multa pudicitiae veteris vestigia forsan,
Aut aliqua extiterint, et sub Jove, sed Jove nondum
Barbato*—————

Sat. 6.

Some thin remains of chastity appear'd
Ev'n under *Jove*, but *Jove* without a beard.

Dryden.

I appeal to any reader, if the humor here would not appear much more natural and unforced to a people that saw every day some or other statue of this God with a thick bushy beard, as there are still many of them extant at *Rome*, than it can to us who have no such Idea of him; especially if we consider there was in the same city a Temple dedicated to the young *Jupiter*, called *Templum Vajovis*, where, in all probability, there stood the particular Statue of a * *Jupiter Imberbis*. *Juvenal*, in another place, makes his flatterer compare the neck of one that is but feebly built, to that of *Hercules* holding up *Antæus* from the earth.

*Et longum invalidi collum cervicibus aequat
Herculis Antæum procul à tellure tenentis.*

Sat. 3.

His long crane neck and narrow shoulders praise;
You'd think they were describing *Hercules*
Lifting *Antæus*—————

Dryden.

What a strained unnatural similitude must this seem to a modern reader, but how full of humor, if we suppose it alludes to any celebrated statues of these two champions, that stood perhaps in some public place or highway near *Rome*? And what makes it more than probable there were such statues, we meet with the figures, which *Juvenal* here describes, on antique Intaglio's and Medals, Nay *Propertius* has taken notice of the very statues.

———*Luclantum in pulvere signa
Herculis Antæique*———

Lib. 3. Car. 1.

Antæus here and stern *Alcides* strive,
And both the grappling statues seem to live.

I cannot forbear observing here, that the turn of the neck and arms is often commended in the *Latin* Poets among the beauties of a man, as in *Horace* we find both put together, in that beautiful description of jealousy.

* Vid. Ovid de fastis, Lib. 3. Ecl. 7.

*Dum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur:
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ sede manent: humor in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quàm lentis penitus macerer ignibus.*

Od. 13.

While *Telephus's* youthful charms,
His rosy neck and winding arms,
With endless rapture you recite,
And in the tender name delight;
My heart, enrag'd by jealous heats,
With numberless resentments beats:
From my pale cheeks the color flies,
And all the man within me dies;
By fits my swelling grief appears
In rising sighs, and falling tears,
That show too well the warm desires,
The silent, slow, consuming fires,
Which on my inmost vitals prey,
And melt my very soul away.

This we should be at a loss to account for, did we not observe in the old *Roman* statues, that these two parts were always bare, and exposed to view, as much as our hands and face are at present. I cannot leave *Juvenal* without taking notice that his

*Ventilat æstivum digitis sudantibus aurum,
Nec sufferre queat majoris pondera Gemmæ.*

Sat. 1.

Charg'd with light summer rings his fingers sweat,
Unable to support a gem of weight; *Dryden.*

was not anciently so great an Hyperbole as it is now, for I have seen old *Roman* rings so very thick about, and with such large stones in them, that 'tis no wonder a Fop should reckon them a little cumbersome in the summer season of so hot a climate.

It

It is certain that Satire delights in such allusions and instances as are extremely natural and familiar: When therefore we see any thing in an old Satirist that looks forced and pedantic, we ought to consider how it appeared in the time the Poet writ, and whether or no there might not be some particular circumstances to recommend it to the readers of his own age, which we are now deprived of. One of the finest ancient statues in Rome is a *Meleager* with a spear in his hand, and the head of a wild Boar on one side of him. It is of *Parian* marble, and as yellow as ivory. One meets with many other figures of *Meleager* in the ancient *Basso Relievo's*, and on the sides of the *Sarcophagi*, or funeral monuments. Perhaps it was the arms or device of the old *Roman* hunters; which conjecture I have found confirmed in a passage of *Manilius*, that lets us know the pagan hunters had *Meleager* for their patron, as the christians have their St. *Hubert*. He speaks of the constellation which makes a good sportsman.

———*Quibus aspirantibus orti*
Te, Meleagre, colunt———

Manil. Lib. 1.

I question not but this sets a verse, in the fifth Satyr of *Juvenal*, in a much better light than if we suppose that the Poet aims only at the old story of *Meleager*, without considering it as so very common and familiar a one among the *Romans*.

———*Flavi dignus ferro Meleagri*
Spumat aper———

Juv. Sat. 5.

A Boar intire, and worthy of the sword
Of *Meleager*, smokes upon the board.

Bowles

In the beginning of the ninth Satire, *Juvenal* asks his friend, why he looks like *Marsyas* when he was overcome:

Scire velim quare toties mihi, Nævole tristis
Occurris fronte obductâ, seu Marsya victus?

Tell me why fauntring thus from place to place,
I meet thee, *Nævulus*, with a clouded face? Dryden's *Juvenal*.

Some of the Commentators tell us, that *Marsyas* was a Lawyer who had lost his cause; others say that this passage alludes to the story of the Satyr *Marsyas*, who contended with *Apollo*; which I think is more humorous than the

the other, if we consider there was a famous statue of *Apollo* fleaing *Marsya* in the midst of the *Roman Forum*, as there are still several ancient statues of *Rome* on the same subject.

There is a passage in the sixth Satire of *Juvenal*, that I could never tell what to make of, 'till I had got the interpretation of it from one of *Bellorio's* ancient *Basso Relievo's*.

*Magnorum artificum frangebat pocula miles
Ut phaleris gauderet equus: cælataque cassis
Romuleæ simulachra feræ mansuescere jussæ
Imperii fato, et geminos sub rupe Quirinos,
Ac nudam effigiem clypeo fulgentis et hastâ,
Pendentisque Dei, perituro ostenderet hosti.*

Juv. Sat. 11.

Or else a helmet for himself he made,
Where various warlike figures were inlaid:
The *Roman* Wolf suckling the twins was there,
And *Mars* himself, arm'd with his shield and spear,
Hov'ring above his crest, did dreadful show,
As threatening death to each resisting foe. *Dryden's Juvenal.*

Juvenal here describes the simplicity of the old *Roman* soldiers, and the figures that were generally engraven on their helmets. The first of them was the Wolf giving suck to *Romulus* and *Remus*: The second, which is comprehended in the two last verses, is not so intelligible. Some of the Commentators tell us, that the God here mentioned is *Mars*, that he comes to see his two sons sucking the Wolf, and that the old sculptors generally drew their figures naked, that they might have the advantage of representing the different swelling of the muscles, and the turns of the body. But they are extremely at a loss to know what is meant by the word *Pendentis*; some fancy it expresses only the great embossment of the figure, others believe it hung off the helmet in *Alto Relievo*, as in the foregoing translation. *Lubin* supposes that the God *Mars* was engraven on the shield, and that he is said to be hanging, because the shield which bore him hung on the left shoulder. One of the old interpreters is of opinion, that by hanging is only meant a posture of bending forward to strike the enemy. Another will have it, that whatever is placed on the head may be said to hang, as we call hanging gardens, such as are planted on the top of the house. Several learned

men,

men, who like none of these explications, believe there has been a fault in the transcriber, and that *Pendentis* ought to be *Perdentis*; but they quote no manuscript in favor of their conjecture. The true meaning of the words is certainly as follows. The *Roman* soldiers, who were not a little proud of their Founder, and the military genius of their Republic, used to bear on their helmets the first history of *Romulus*, who was begot by the God of war, and suckled by a Wolf. The figure of the God was made as if descending upon the priestess *Ilia*, or as others call her *Rhea Silvia*. The occasion required his body should be naked,

*Tu quoque inermis eras cum te formosa sacerdos
Cepit, ut huic urbi semina magna dares.* Ov. de Fast. L. 3.

Then too, our mighty Sire, thou stood'st disarm'd,
When thy rapt Soul the lovely priestess charm'd,
That *Rome's* high founder bore——

tho' on other occasions he is drawn, as *Horace* has described him, *Tunicâ cinctum adamantinâ*. The Sculptor however, to distinguish him from the rest of the gods, gave him what the Medallists call his proper attributes, a spear in one hand, and a shield in the other. As he was represented descending, his figure appeared suspended in the air over the Vestal Virgin, in which sense the word *Pendentis* is extremely proper and poetical. Besides the antique *Basso Relievo*, that made me first think of this interpretation, I have since met with the same figures on the reverses of a couple of ancient coins, which were stamped in the reign of *Antoninus Pius*, as a compliment to that Emperor, whom for his excellent government and conduct of the city of *Rome*, the Senate regarded as a second kind of founder.

*Ilia Vestalis (quid enim vetat inde moveri)
Sacra lavaturas manè petebat aquas:
Fessa resedit humi, ventosque accepit aperto
Pectore; turbatas restituitque comas.
Dum sedet, umbrosæ salices volucresque canoræ
Fecerunt somnos, et leve murmur aquæ;
Blanda quies viclis furtim subrepat ocellis,
Et cadit a mento languida facta manus.
Mars videt hanc, visamque cupit, potiturque cupitâ:
Et sua divinâ furta sefellit ope.
Somnus abit: jacet illa gravis, jam scilicet intra
Viscera Romanæ conditor urbis erat.* Ov. de Fast. Lib. 3. Eleg. 1.

As



B¹L

As the fair Vestal to the fountain came,
 (Let none be startled at a Vestal's name)
 Tir'd with the walk, she laid her down to rest,
 And to the winds expos'd her glowing breast
 To take the freshness of the morning air,
 And gather'd in a knot her flowing hair:
 While thus she rested on her arm reclin'd,
 The hoary willows waving with the wind,
 And feather'd choirs that warbled in the shade,
 And purling streams that through the meadow stray'd,
 In drowsy murmurs lull'd the gentle maid. }
 The God of war beheld the Virgin lie,
 The God beheld her with a lover's eye,
 And by so tempting an occasion press'd,
 The beauteous maid, whom he beheld, possess'd:
 Conceiving as she slept, her fruitful womb
 Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome.

I cannot quit this head without taking notice of a line in *Seneca* the Tragedian.

— *Primus emergit solo*

Dextrâ ferocem cornibus premens taurum

Zetus —

Sen. *OEdip.* Act. 3.

— First *Zetus* rises through the ground,

Bending the Bull's tough neck with pain,

That tosses back his horns in vain.

I cannot doubt but the Poet had here in view the posture of *Zetus* in the famous groupe of figures, which represents the two brothers binding *Dirce* to the horns of a mad bull.

I could not forbear taking particular notice of the several musical instruments that are to be seen in the hands of the *Apollo's*, *Muses*, *Fauns*, *Satyrs*, *Bacchanals*, and *Shepherds*, which might certainly give a great light to the dispute for preference between the ancient and modern music. It would perhaps be no impertinent design to take off all their models in wood, which might not only give us some notion of the ancient Music, but help us to pleasanter Instruments than are now in use. By the appearance they

make in marble, there is not one String-instrument that seems comparable to our Violins, for they are all played on, either by the bare fingers, or the *Plectrum*, so that they were incapable of adding any length to their notes, or of varying them by those insensible swellings, and wearings away of sound upon the same string, which give so wonderful a sweetness to our modern music. Besides, that the string-instruments must have had very low and feeble voices, as may be guessed from the small proportion of wood about them, which could not contain air enough to render the strokes, in any considerable measure, full and sonorous. There is a great deal of difference in the make, not only of the several kinds of instruments, but even among those of the same name. The *Syringa*, for example, has sometimes four, and sometimes more pipes, as high as to twelve. The same variety of strings may be observed on their Harps, and of stops on their *Tibiae*, which shows the little foundation that such writers have gone upon, who from a verse perhaps in *Virgil's* Eclogues, or a short passage in a *Classic* Author, have been so very nice in determining the precise shape of the ancient musical instruments, with the exact number of their pipes, strings and stops. It is indeed the usual fault of the writers of Antiquities, to straiten and confine themselves to particular models. They are for making a kind of stamp on every thing of the same name, and if they find any thing like an old description of the subject they treat on, they take care to regulate it on all occasions, according to the figure it makes in such a passage: As the learned *German* author quoted by *Monfieur Baudelot*, who had probably never seen any thing of a Household God, more than a *Canopus*, affirms roundly, that all the ancient *Lares* were made in the fashion of a jug-bottle. In short, the Antiquaries have been guilty of the same fault as the System-writers, who are for cramping their subjects into as narrow a space as they can, and for reducing the whole extent of a science into a few general Maxims. This a man has occasion of observing more than once, in the several fragments of Antiquity that are still to be seen in *Rome*. How many dresses are there for each particular Deity? What a variety of shapes in the ancient Urns, Lamps, Lachrymary vessels, *Priapus's*, Household-Gods, which have some of them been represented under such a particular form, as any one of them has been described with in an ancient Author, and would probably be all so, were they not still to be seen in their own vindication? *Madam Dacier*, from some old cuts of *Terence*, fancies that the *Larva* or *Persona* of the *Roman* Actors, was not only a vizard for the face, but had false hair to it, and came over the whole head like a helmet. Among all the statues at *Rome*, I remember to have seen but two that are the figures of Actors, which are both in the *Villa Matthei*. One sees on them the fashion of

of the old *Sock* and *Larva*, the latter of which answers the description that is given of it by this learned Lady, though I question not but several others were in use; for I have seen the figure *Thalia*, the comic Muse, sometimes with an entire head-piece in her hand, sometimes with about half the head, and a little friz, like a tower, running round the edges of the face, and sometimes with a mask for the face only, like those of a modern make. Some of the *Italian* Actors wear at present these masks for the whole head. I remember formerly I could have no notion of that fable in *Phædrus*, before I had seen the figures of these entire head-pieces.

Personam tragicam fortè vulpes viderat:

O quanta species, inquit, cerebrum non habet!

Lib. 1. Fab. 7.

As wily *Renard* walk'd the streets at night,
On a Tragedian's mask he chanc'd to light,
Turning it o'er, he mutter'd with disdain,
How vast a head is here without a brain!

I find *Madam Dacier* has taken notice of this passage in *Phædrus*, upon the same occasion; but not of the following one in *Martial*, which alludes to the same kind of masks.

Non omnes fallis, scit te Proserpina canum,

Personam capiti detrahet illa tuo.

Lib. 3. Ep. 43.

Why should'st thou try to hide thyself in youth?
Impartial *Proserpine* beholds the truth,
And laughing at so fond and vain a task,
Will strip thy hoary noddle of its mask.

In the *Villa Borghese* is the bust of a young *Nero*, which shows us the form of an ancient *Bulla* on the breast, which is neither like a heart, as *Macrobius* describes it, nor altogether resembles that in Cardinal *Chigi's* cabinet; so that without establishing a particular instance into a general rule, we ought, in subjects of this nature, to leave room for the humor of the artist or wearer. There are many figures of Gladiators at *Rome*, though I do not remember to have seen any of the *Retiarus*, the *Samnite*, or the antagonist to the *Pannirapus*. But what I could not find among the statues, I met with in two antique pieces of Mosaic, which are in the possession of a Cardinal. The *Retiarius* is engaged with the *Samnite*, and has had so lucky a throw, that his net covers the whole body of his adversary from head to foot, yet his antagonist recover'd himself out of the toils, and was conqueror, according

to the inscription. In another piece is represented the combat of the *Pinnirapus*, who is armed like the *Samnite*, and not like the *Retiarius*, as some learned men have supposed: On the helmet of his antagonist are seen the two *Pinnae*, that stand up on either side like the wings in the *Petasis* of a *Mercury*, but rise much higher, and are more pointed.

There is no part of the *Roman* Antiquities that we are better acquainted with, than what relates to their sacrifices. For as the old *Romans* were very much devoted to their religion, we see several parts of it entering their ancient *Basso Relievo's*, Statues, and Medals, not to mention their altars, tombs, monuments, and those particular ornaments of Architecture which were borrowed from it. An heathen Ritual could not instruct a man better than these several pieces of Antiquity, in the particular ceremonies and punctilios that attended the different kinds of sacrifices. Yet there is much greater variety in the make of the sacrificing instruments, than one finds in those who have treated of them, or have given us their pictures. For not to insist too long on such a subject, I saw in Signior *Antonio Politi's* collection a *Patera* without any rising in the middle, as it is generally engraven, and another with a handle to it, as *Macrobius* describes it, though it is quite contrary to any that I have ever seen cut in marble; and I have observed perhaps several hundreds. I might here enlarge on the shape of the triumphal chariot, which is different in some pieces of sculpture from what it appears in others; and on the figure of the *Discus*, that is to be seen in the hand of the celebrated *Castor* at Don *Livio's*, which is perfectly round, and not oblong, as some Antiquaries have represented it, nor has it any thing like a sling fastened to it, to add force to the toss.

Protinus imprudens, actusque cupidine lusus
Tollere Tænarides orbem properabat—

-----De Hyacinthi disco.

Ov. Met. L. 10.

Th' unwary youth, impatient for the cast,
Went to snatch up the rolling orb in haste.

Notwithstanding there are so great a multitude of clothed statues at *Rome*, I could never discover the several different *Roman* garments, for 'tis very difficult to trace out the figure of a vest, through all the plaits and foldings of the drapery; besides, that the *Roman* garments did not differ from each other, so much by the shape as by the embroidery and color, the one of which was too nice for the statuary's observation, as the other does not lie within the expression of the chissel. I observed, in abundance of *Bas Reliefs*, that the *Cinctus Gabinus* is nothing else but a long garment, not unlike a surplice, which would have trailed on the ground had it hung loose, and was therefore

therefore gathered about the middle with a girdle. After this it is worth while to read the laborious description that *Ferrarius* has made of it. *Cinctus Gabinus non aliud fuit quàm cum togæ lacinia lævo brachio subducta in tergum ita rejiciebatur, ut contracta retraheretur ad pectus, atque ita in nodum necleretur; qui nodus sive cinctus togam contrahebat, breviorēque et strictiorē reddidit. De re Vestiar. L. 1. C. 14.* *Lipsius's* description of the *Samnite* armor seems drawn out of the very words of *Livy*; yet not long ago a statue, which was dug up at *Rome*, dressed in this kind of armor, gives a much different explication of *Livy* from what *Lipsius* has done. This figure was superscribed *BA. TO. NI.* from whence * *Fabretti* concludes, that it was a monument erected to the gladiator *Bato*, who after having succeeded in two combats, was killed in the third, and honorably interred by order of the Emperor *Caracalla*. The manner of punctuation after each syllable is to be met with in other antique inscriptions. I confess I could never learn where this figure is now to be seen, but I think it may serve as an instance of the great uncertainty of this science of antiquities.

In a palace of Prince *Cesarini* I saw busts of all the *Antonine* family, which were dug up about two years since, not far from *Albano*, in a place where is supposed to have stood a *Villa* of *Marcus Aurelius*. There are the heads of *Antoninus Pius*, the *Faustina's*, *Marcus Aurelius*, *Lucius Verus*, a young *Commodus*, and *Annius Verus*, all incomparably well cut.

Though the statues that have been found among the ruins of old *Rome* are already very numerous, there is no question but posterity will have the pleasure of seeing many noble pieces of sculpture which are still undiscovered, for doubtless there are greater treasures of this nature under ground, than what are yet brought to light. They have often dug into lands that are described in old Authors, as the places where such particular statues and obelisks stood, and have seldom failed of success in their pursuits. There are still many such promising spots of ground that have never been searched into. A great part of the *Palatine* mountain, for example, lies untouched, which was formerly the seat of the imperial palace, and may be presumed to abound with more treasures of this nature than any other part of *Rome*.

Ecce Palatino crevit reverentia monti,

Exultatque habitante Deo, potioraque Delphis

Supplicibus latè populis oracula pandit.

Non alium certè decuit rectoribus orbis

Esse Larem, nulloque magis se colle potestas

AEstimat et summi sentit fastigia juris,

* Vid. Fabr. de Columnâ Trajani.

Attollens apicem subjēctis regia rostris
Tot circum delubra videt, tantisque Deorum
Cingitur excubiis—— Claud. de Sexto Consul. Honorii.

The *Palatine*, proud *Rome's* imperial seat,
 (An awful pile!) stands venerably great:
 Thither the kingdoms and the nations come,
 In supplicating crouds to learn their doom:
 To *Delphi* less th'enquiring worlds repair,
 Nor does a greater God inhabit there:
 This sure the pompous mansion was design'd
 To please the mighty rulers of mankind;
 Inferior temples rise on either hand,
 And on the borders of the palace stand,
 While o'er the rest her head she proudly rears,
 And lodg'd amidst her guardian Gods appears.

But whether it be that the richest of these discoveries fall into the Pope's hands, or for some other reason, it is said that the Prince *Farnese*, who is the present owner of this seat, will keep it from being turned up 'till he sees one of his own family in the chair. There are undertakers in *Rome* who often purchase the digging of fields, gardens, or vineyards, where they find any likelihood of succeeding, and some have been known to arrive at great estates by it. They pay according to the dimensions of the surface they are to break up, and after having made Essays into it, as they do for coal in *England*, they rake into the most promising parts of it, though they often find, to their disappointment, that others have been before hand with them. However they generally gain enough by the rubbish and bricks, which the present Architects value much beyond those of a modern make, to defray the charges of their search. I was shown two spaces of ground, where part of *Nero's* golden house stood, for which the owner has been offered an extraordinary sum of money. What encouraged the undertakers are several very ancient trees which grow upon the spot, from whence they conclude that these particular tracts of ground must have lain untouched for some ages. 'Tis pity there is not something like a public register, to preserve the memory of such statues as have been found from time to time, and to mark the particular places where they have been taken up, which would not only prevent many fruitless searches for the future, but might often give a considerable light into the quality of the place, or the design of the statue.

But the great magazine for all kinds of treasure, is supposed to be the bed of the *Tiber*. We may be sure, when the *Romans* lay under the apprehensions

ons of seeing their city sacked by a barbarous enemy, as they have done more than once, that they would take care to bestow such of their riches this way as could best bear the water; besides what the insolence of a brutish Conqueror may be supposed to have contributed, who had an ambition to waste and destroy all the beauties of so celebrated a city. I need not mention the old common-shore of *Rome*, which ran from all parts of the town with the current and violence of an ordinary river, nor the frequent inundations of the *Tiber*, which may have swept away many of the ornaments of its banks: nor the several statues that the *Romans* themselves flung into it, when they would revenge themselves on the memory of an ill citizen, a dead tyrant, or a discarded favorite. At *Rome* they have so general an opinion of the riches of this river, that the *Jews* have formerly proffered the Pope to cleanse it, so they might have for their pains, what they found in the bosom of it. I have seen the valley near *Ponte molle*, which they proposed to fashion into a new channel for it, 'till they had cleared the old for its reception. The Pope however would not comply with the Proposal, as fearing the heats might advance too far before they had finished their work, and produce a pestilence among his people; though I do not see why such a design might not be executed now with as little danger as in *Augustus's* time, were there as many hands employed upon it. The city of *Rome* would receive a great advantage from the undertaking, as it would raise the banks and deepen the bed of the *Tiber*, and by consequence free them from those frequent Inundations to which they are so subject at present; for the channel of the river is observed to be narrower within the walls, than either below or above them.

Before I quit this subject of the statues, I think it very observable, that among those which are already found, there should be so many not only of the same persons, but made after the same design. One would not indeed wonder to see several figures of particular Deities and Emperors, who had a multitude of temples erected to them, and had their several sets of worshippers and Admirers. Thus *Ceres*, the most beneficent and useful of the heathen divinities, has more statues than any other of the Gods or Goddesses, as several of the *Roman* Empresses took a pleasure to be represented in her dress. And I believe one finds as many figures of that excellent Emperor *Marcus Aurelius*, as of all the rest together; because the *Romans* had so great a veneration for his memory, that it grew into a part of their religion to preserve a statue of him in almost every private family. But how comes it to pass, that so many of these statues are cut after the very same model, and not only of these, but of such as had no relation, either to the interest or devotion of the owner, as the dying *Cleopatra*, the *Narcissus*, the *Fawn* leaning against the trunk of a tree, the Boy with a bird in his hand, the
Leda

Leda and her swan, with many others of the same nature? I must confess I always look'd upon figures of this kind, as the copies of some celebrated master-piece, and question not but they were famous originals, that gave rise to the several statues which we see with the same air, posture and attitudes. What confirms me in this conjecture, there are many ancient statues of the *Venus de Medicis*, the *Silenus* with the young *Bacchus* in his arms, the *Hercules Farnese*, the *Antinous*, and other beautiful originals of the ancients, that are already drawn out of the rubbish, where they lay concealed for so many ages. Among the rest I have observed more that are formed after the design of the *Venus of Medicis* than of any other, from whence I believe one may conclude, that it was the most celebrated statue among the Ancients, as well as among the Moderns. It has always been usual for Sculptors to work upon the best models, as it is for those that are curious to have copies of them.

I am apt to think something of the same account may be given of the resemblance that we meet with in many of the antique *Basso Relievo's*. I remember I was very well pleased with the device of one that I met with on the tomb of a young *Roman Lady*, which had been made for her by her mother. The Sculptor had chosen the rape of *Proserpine* for his device, where in one end you might see the God of the dead (*Pluto*) hurrying away a beautiful young virgin, (*Proserpine*) and at the other the grief and distraction of the mother (*Ceres*) on that occasion. I have since observed the same device upon several *Sarcophagi*, that have enclosed the ashes of men or boys, maids or matrons; for when the thought took, tho' at first it receiv'd its rise from such a particular occasion as I have mentioned, the ignorance of the Sculptors applied it promiscuously. I know there are Authors who discover a mystery in this device.

A man is sometimes surpris'd to find so many extravagant fancies as are cut on the old Pagan tombs. Masks, hunting-matches, and bacchanals are very common; sometimes one meets with a lewd figure of a *Priapus*, and in the *Villa Pamphilia* is seen a Satyr coupling with a Goat. There are however many of a more serious nature, that shadow out the existence of the Soul after death, and the hopes of a happy immortality. I cannot leave the *Basso Relievo's* without mentioning one of them, where the thought is extremely noble. It is called *Homer's Apotheosis*, and consists of a groupe of figures cut in the same block of marble, and rising one above another by four or five different ascents. *Jupiter* sits at the top of it with a thunderbolt in his hand, and, in such a majesty as *Homer* himself represents him, presides over the ceremony.

Εὐρον δ' ἐυρυοπα χρονίδην ἄτερ ἡμενον ἄλλων
 Ακροτάτῃ κορυφῇ πολυδείραδος Οὐλύμποιο

Imme-

Immediately beneath him are the figures of the nine Muses supposed to be celebrating the praises of the Poet. *Homer* himself is placed at one end of the lowest row, sitting in a chair of state, which is supported on each side by the figure of a kneeling woman. The one holds a sword in her hand to represent the *Iliad*, or actions of *Achilles*, as the other has an *Aplustre* to represent the *Odyssey*, or voyage of *Ulysses*. About the Poet's feet are creeping a couple of Mice, as an emblem of the *Batrachomyomachia*. Behind the chair stands Time, and the Genius of the Earth, distinguished by their proper Attributes, and putting a garland on the Poet's head, to intimate the mighty reputation he has gained in all ages and in all nations of the world. Before him stands an Altar with a bull ready to be sacrificed to the new God, and behind the victim a train of the several Virtues that are represented in *Homer's* works, or to be learnt out of them, lifting up their hands in admiration of the Poet, and in applause of the solemnity. This antique piece of sculpture is in the possession of the Constable *Colonna*, but never shewn to those who see the Palace, unless they particularly desire it.

Among the great variety of ancient coins which I saw at *Rome*, I could not but take particular notice of such as relate to any of the buildings or statues that are still extant. Those of the first kind have been already published by the writers of the *Roman Antiquities*, and may be met with in the last edition of *Donatus*, as the pillars of *Trajan* and *Antonine*, the arches of *Drusus Germanicus*, and *Septimius Severus*, the Temples of *Janus*, *Concord*, *Vesta*, *Jupiter Tonans*, *Apollo* and *Faustina*, the *Circus Maximus*, *Agonalis*, and that of *Caracalla*, or, according to *Fabretti*, of *Galienus*, of *Vespasian's* Amphitheatre, and *Alexander Severus's* Baths; though, I must confess, the subject of the last may be very well doubted of. As for the *Meta sudans* and *Pons Aelius*, which have gained a place among the buildings that are now standing, and to be met with on old reverses of Medals; the coin that shews the first is generally rejected as spurious; nor is the other, though cited in the last edition of *Monfieur Vaillant*, esteemed more authentic by the present *Roman* Medallists, who are certainly the most skilful in the world, as to the mechanical part of this science. I shall close up this set of Medals with a very curious one, as large as a Medallion, that is singular in its kind. On one side is the head of the Emperor *Trajan*, the reverse has on it the *Circus Maximus*, and a view of the side of the *Palatine* mountain that faces it, on which are seen several edifices, and among the rest the famous Temple of *Apollo*, that has still a considerable ruin standing. This Medal I saw in the hands of *Monseigneur Strozzi*, brother to the Duke of that name, who has many curiosities in his possession, and is very obliging to a stranger, who desires the sight of them. It is a surprising thing, that among the great

pieces of Architecture represented on the old coins, one can never meet with the *Pantheon*, the *Mausolæum* of *Augustus*, *Nero's* golden house, the *Moles Adriani*, the *Septizonium* of *Severus*, the Baths of *Dioclesian*, &c. But since it was the custom of the *Roman* Emperors thus to register their most remarkable buildings, as well as actions, and since there are several in either of these kinds not to be found on Medals, more extraordinary than those that are: we may, I think, with great reason suspect our collections of old coins to be extremely deficient, and that those which are already found out scarce bear a proportion to what are yet undiscovered. A man takes a great deal more pleasure in surveying the ancient Statues, who compares them with Medals, than it is possible for him to do without some little knowledge this way; for these two arts illustrate each other; and as there are several particulars in History and Antiquities which receive a great light from ancient coins, so would it be impossible to decipher the faces of the many statues that are to be seen at *Rome*, without so universal a key to them. It is this that teaches to distinguish the Kings and Consuls, Emperors and Empreſſes, the Deities and Virtues, with a thousand other particulars relating to statuary, and not to be learnt by any other means. In the *Villa Pamphilia* stands the statue of a man in woman's cloaths, which the Antiquaries do not know what to make of, and therefore pass it off for an *Hermaphrodite*; but a learned Medallist in *Rome* has lately fixed it to *Clodius*, who is so famous for having intruded into the solemnities of the *Bona Dea* in a woman's habit, for one sees the same features and make of face in a Medal of the *Clodian* family.

I have seen on coins the four finest figures perhaps that are now extant: The *Hercules Farnese*, the *Venus of Medicis*, the *Apollo* in the *Belvidere*, and the famous *Marcus Aurelius* on horseback. The oldest Medal that the first appears upon is one of *Commodus*, the second on one of *Faustina*, the third on one of *Antoninus Pius*, and the last on one of *Lucius Verus*. We may conclude, I think, from hence, that these Statues were extremely celebrated among the old *Romans*, or they would never have been honored with a place among the Emperor's coins. We may further observe, that all four of them make their first appearance in the *Antonine* family, for which reason I am apt to think they are all of them the product of that age. They would probably have been mentioned by *Pliny* the Naturalist, who lived in the next reign save one before *Antoninus Pius*, had they been made in his time. As for the brazen figure of *Marcus Aurelius* on horseback, there is no doubt of its being of this age, though I must confess it may be doubted, whether the Medal I have cited represents it. All I can say for it is, that the horse and man on the Medal are in the same posture as they are on the

the statue, and that there is a resemblance of *Marcus Aurelius's* face, for I have seen this reverse on a Medallion of *Don Livio's* cabinet, and much more distinctly in another very beautiful one, that is in the hands of Signior *Marc. Antonio*. It is generally objected, that *Lucius Verus* would rather have placed the figure of himself on horseback upon the reverse of his own coin, than the figure of *Marcus Aurelius*. But it is very well known that an Emperor often stamped on his coins the face or ornaments of his colleague, as an instance of his respect or friendship for him; and we may suppose *Lucius Verus* would omit no opportunity of doing honor to *Marcus Aurelius*, whom he rather revered as his father, than treated as his partner in the Empire. The famous *Antinous* in the *Belvidere* must have been made too about this age, for he died towards the middle of *Adrian's* reign, the immediate predecessor of *Antoninus Pius*. This entire figure, though not to be found in Medals, may be seen in several precious stones. Monsieur *La Chausse*, the Author of the *Musæum Romanum*, shewed me an *Antinous* that he has published in his last volume, cut in a *Cornelian*, which he values at fifty pistoles. It represents him in the habit of a *Mercury*, and is the finest *Intaglio* that I ever saw.

Next to the statues, there is nothing in *Rome* more surprising than that amazing variety of ancient pillars of so many kinds of marble. As most of the old statues may be well supposed to have been cheaper to their first owners than they are to a modern purchaser, several of the pillars are certainly rated at a much lower price at present than they were of old. For not to mention what a huge column of *Granite*, *Serpentine*, or *Porphyry*, must have cost in the quarry, or in its carriage from *Egypt* to *Rome*, we may only consider the great difficulty of hewing it into any form, and of giving it the due turn, proportion, and polish. It is well known how these sorts of marble resist the impressions of such instruments as are now in use. There is indeed a *Milaneze* at *Rome* who works in them, but his advances are so very slow, that he scarce lives upon what he gains by it. He shewed me a piece of *Porphyry* worked into an ordinary salver, which had cost him four months continual application, before he could bring it into that Form. The ancients had probably some secret to harden the edges of their tools, without recurring to those extravagant opinions of their having an art to mollify the stone, or that it was naturally softer at its first cutting from the rock, or what is still more absurd, that it was an artificial composition, and not the natural product of Mines and Quarries. The most valuable pillars about *Rome*, for the marble of which they are made, are the four columns of oriental Jasper in *St. Paulina's* chappel at *St. Maria Maggiore*; two of oriental Granite in *St. Pudenziana*; one of transparent oriental Jasper in the

the *Vatican* library; four of *Nero-Bianco* in *St. Cecilia Transtevere*; two of *Brocatello*, and two of oriental *Agate* in *Don Livio's* palace; two of *Giallo Antico* in *St. John Lateran*, and two of *Verdi Antique* in the *Villa Pamphilia*. These are all intire and solid pillars, and made of such kinds of marble as are nowhere to be found but among antiquities, whether it be that the veins of it are undiscovered, or that they were quite exhausted upon the ancient buildings. Among these old pillars I cannot forbear reckoning a great part of an alabaster column, which was found in the ruins of *Livia's Portico*. It is of the color of fire, and may be seen over the high altar of *St. Maria in Campitello*, for they have cut it into two pieces, and fixed it in the shape of a cross in a hole of the wall that was made on purpose to receive it; so that the light passing through it from without, makes it look, to those who are in the church, like a huge transparent cross of amber. As for the workmanship of the old *Roman* pillars, *Monsieur Desgodetz*, in his accurate measures of these ruins, has observed, that the ancients have not kept to the nicety of proportion, and the rules of art, so much as the moderns in this particular. Some, to excuse this defect, lay the blame of it on the workmen of *Egypt*, and of other nations, who sent most of the ancient pillars ready shaped to *Rome*: Others say that the Ancients, knowing Architecture was chiefly designed to please the eye, only took care to avoid such disproportions as were gross enough to be observed by the sight, without minding whether or no they approached to a mathematical exactness: Others will have it rather to be an effect of art, and of what the *Italians* call the *Gusto grande*, than of any negligence in the architect; for they say the Ancients always considered the situation of a building, whether it were high or low, in an open square or in a narrow street, and more or less deviated from their rules of art, to comply with the several distances and elevations from which their works were to be regarded. It is said there is an *Ionic* pillar in the *Santa Maria Transtevere*, where the marks of the compass are still to be seen on the volute, and that *Palladio* learnt from hence the working of that difficult problem; but I never could find time to examine all the old columns of that church. Among the pillars I must not pass over the two noblest in the world, those of *Trajan* and *Antonine*. There could not be a more magnificent design than that of *Trajan's* pillar. Where could an Emperor's ashes have been so nobly lodg'd, as in the midst of his metropolis, and on the top of so exalted a monument, with the greatest of his actions underneath him? Or, as some will have it, his statue was on the top, his urn at the foundation, and his battles in the midst. The sculpture of it is too well known to be here mentioned. The most remarkable piece in *Antonine's* pillar is the figure of *Jupiter Pluvius*, sending down rain

rain on the fainting army of *Marcus Aurelius*, and thunderbolts on his enemies, which is the greatest confirmation possible of the story of the Christian Legion, and will be a standing evidence for it, when any passage in an old Author may be supposed to be forged. The figure that *Jupiter* here makes among the clouds, puts me in mind of a passage in the *Æneid*, which gives just such another image of him. *Virgil's* interpreters are certainly to blame, that suppose it is nothing but the air which is here meant by *Jupiter*.

*Quantus ab occasu veniens pluvialibus hædis
Verberat imber humum, quàm multâ grandine nimbi
In vada præcipitant, quum Jupiter horridus austris
Torquet aquosam hyemem, et cælo cava nubila rumpit.*

AEn. 9.

The combat thickens, like the storm that flies
From westward, when the show'ry Kids arise:
Or patt'ring hail comes pouring on the main,
When *Jupiter* descends in harden'd rain;
Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,
And with an armed winter strew the ground.

Dryden.

I have seen a Medal that, according to the opinion of many learned men, relates to the same story. The Emperor is entitled on it *Germanicus*, (as it was in the wars of *Germany* that this circumstance happened) and carries on the reverse a thunderbolt in his hand; for the Heathens attributed the same miracle to the piety of the Emperor, that the Christians ascribed to the prayers of their Legion. *Fulmen de cælo precibus suis contra hostium machinamentum Marcus extorsit, suis pluviâ impetratâ cum siti laborarent.* Jul. Capit. *Claudian* takes notice of this miracle, and has given the same reason for it.

————— *Ad templa vocatus,*

*Clemens Marce, redis, cum gentibus undique cinctam
Exuit Hesperiam paribus fortuna periclis.
Laus ibi nulla ducum, nam flammeus imber in hostem
Decidit: hunc dorso trepidum fumante ferebat
Ambustus sonipes; hic tabescente solutus
Subsedit galeâ, liquefactaque fulgure cuspis
Canduit, et subitis fluxere vaporibus enses.
Tunc, contenta polo, mortalis nescia teli
Pugna fuit; Chaldæa mago seu carmina ritu
Armavere Deos; seu, quod reor, omne tonantis
Obsequium Marci mores potuere mereri.*

De Sexto Conf. Hon.

So

So mild *Aurelius* to the Gods repaid
 The grateful vows that in his fears he made,
 When *Latium* from unnumber'd foes was freed:
 Nor did he Then by his own force succeed;
 But with descending show'rs of brimstone fir'd,
 The wild Barbarian in the storm expir'd.
 Wrapt in devouring flames the horse-man rag'd,
 And spurr'd the steed in equal flames engag'd:
 Another pent in his scorch'd armor glow'd,
 While from his head the melting helmet flow'd;
 Swords by the lightning's subtle force distill'd,
 And the cold sheath with running metal fill'd:
 No human arm its weak assistance brought,
 But Heav'n, offended Heav'n, the battle fought;
 Whether dark magic and *Chaldean* charms
 Had fill'd the skies, and set the Gods in arms;
 Or good *Aurelius* (as I more believe)
 Deserv'd whatever aid the Thunderer could give.

I do not remember that M. *Dacier*, among several quotations on this subject, in the life of *Marcus Aurelius*, has taken notice, either of the forementioned figure on the pillar of *Marcus Antoninus*, or of the beautiful passage I have quoted out of *Claudian*.

It is pity the obelisks in *Rome* had not been charged with several parts of the *Egyptian* histories instead of hieroglyphics, which might have given no small light to the antiquities of that nation, which are now quite sunk out of sight in those remoter ages of the world. Among the triumphal arches, that of *Constantine* is not only the noblest of any in *Rome*, but in the world. I searched narrowly into it, especially among those additions of sculpture made in the Emperor's own age, to see if I could find any marks of the apparition, that is said to have preceded the very victory which gave occasion to the triumphal arch. But there are not the least traces of it to be met with, which is not very strange, if we consider that the greatest part of the ornaments were taken from *Trajan's* arch, and set up to the new conqueror in no small haste, by the senate and people of *Rome*, who were then most of them Heathens. There is however something in the inscription, which is as old as the arch itself, which seems to hint at the Emperor's vision. *Imp. Cæs. Fl. Constantino Maximo P. F. Augusto S. P. Q. R. quod instinctu Divinitatis mentis magnitudine cum exercitu suo tam de Tyranno quam de omni ejus factione uno tempore justis Rempublicam ultus est armis arcum triumphis insignem dicavit.*

dicavit. There is no statue of this Emperor at *Rome* with a cross to it, though the Ecclesiastical Historians say there were many such erected to him. I have seen of his Medals that were stamped with it, and a very remarkable one of his son *Constantius*, where he is crown'd by a Victory on the reverse with this inscription, *In hoc Signo Victor eris* P. This triumphal arch, and some other buildings of the same age, shew us that Architecture held up its head after all the other arts of designing were in a very weak and languishing condition, as it was probably the first among them that revived. If I was surpris'd not to find the Cross in *Constantine's* arch, I was as much disappointed not to see the figure of the temple of *Jerusalem* on that of *Titus*, where are represented the golden candlestick, the table of shew-bread, and the river *Jordan*. Some are of opinion, that the composite pillars of this Arch were made in imitation of the Pillars of *Soloman's* Temple, and observe that these are the most ancient of any that are found of that order.

It is almost impossible for a man to form, in his imagination, such beautiful and glorious scenes, as are to be met with in several of the *Roman* Churches and Chapels; for having such a prodigious stock of ancient marble within the very city, and at the same time so many different quarries in the bowels of their country, most of their chapels are laid over with such a rich variety of incrustations, as cannot possibly be found in any other part of the world. And notwithstanding the incredible sums of money which have been already laid out this way, there is still the same work going forward in other parts of *Rome*, the last still endeavoring to outshine those that went before them. Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, are at present far from being in a flourishing condition, but it is thought they may all recover themselves under the present Pontificate, if the wars and confusions of *Italy* will give them leave. For as the Pope is himself a master of polite learning, and a great encourager of arts, so at *Rome* any of these arts immediately thrive under the encouragement of the Prince, and may be fetched up to its perfection in ten or a dozen years, which is the work of an age or two in other countries, where they have not such excellent models to form themselves upon.

I shall conclude my observations on *Rome*, with a Letter of King *Henry* the eighth to *Ann* of *Bulleyn*, transcribed out of the famous Manuscript in the Vatican, which the Bishop of *Salisbury* assures us is written with the King's own hand.

“ The cause of my writing at this time is to hear of your health and
 “ prosperity, of which I would be as glad as in manner of my own, pray-
 “ ing God that it be his pleasure to send us shortly together, for I promise
 “ I

“ I long for it; howbeit I trust it shall not be long too, and seeing my dar-
 “ ling is absent I can no less do than send her some flesh, prognosticating
 “ that hereafter thou must have some of mine, which, if he please, I would
 “ have now. As touching your Sister's Mother, I have consigned *Walter*
 “ *Welsh* to write to my Lord *Manwring* my mind therein, whereby I trust
 “ he shall not have power to disseid her; for surely whatever is said, it can-
 “ not so stand with his honor, but that he must needs take his natural
 “ Daughter in her extreme necessity. No more to you at this time, my
 “ own darling, but that with a whistle I wish we were together one even-
 “ ing; by the hand of yours,

H E N R Y.

These Letters are always shewn to an *Englishman* that visits the *Vatican* Library.



Towns within the neighbourhood of ROME.

I Spent three or four days on *Tivoli*, *Frescati*, *Palestrina*, and *Albano*. In our way to *Tivoli* I saw the Rivulet of *Salforata*, formerly called *Albula*, and smelt the stench that arises from its waters some time before I saw them. *Martial* mentions this offensive smell in an Epigram of the fourth book, as he does the Rivulet itself in the first.

*Quod siccae redolet lacus lacunæ,
 Crudarum nebulæ quod Albularum.*

L. 4. Ep. 4.

The drying Marshes such a stench convey,
 Such the rank steams of reeking *Albula*.

*Itur ad Herculeæ gelidas quæ Tiburis arces,
 Canaque sulphureis Albula fumat aquis.*

L. 1. Ep. 5.

As from high *Rome* to *Tivoli* you go,
 Where *Albula*'s sulphureous waters flow.

The little Lake that gives rise to this river, with its floating Islands, is one of the most extraordinary natural Curiosities about *Rome*. It lies in the very flat of *Campania*, and as it is the drain of these parts, 'tis no wonder that

that it is so impregnated with Sulphur. It has at bottom so thick a sediment of it, that upon throwing in a stone the water boils for a considerable time over the place which has been stirred up. At the same time are seen little flakes of scurf rising up, that are probably the parts which compose the Islands, for they often mount of themselves, though the water is not troubled.

I question not but this Lake was formerly much larger than it is at present, and that the banks have grown over it by degrees, in the same manner as the Islands have been formed on it. Nor is it improbable but that, in process of time, the whole surface of it may be crusted over, as the Islands enlarge themselves, and the banks close in upon them. All about the Lake, where the ground is dry, we found it to be hollow by the trampling of our horses feet. I could not discover the least traces of the Sibyls Temple and Grove, which stood on the borders of this Lake. *Tivoli* is seen at a distance lying along the brow of a hill. Its situation has given *Horace* occasion to call it *Tibur Supinum*, as *Virgil* perhaps for the same reason entitles it *Superbum*. The *Villa de Medicis* with its water-works, the Cascade of the *Teverone*, and the Ruins of the Sibyls temple (of which *Vignola* has made a little copy at *St. Peters de Montorio*) are described in every Itinerary. I must confess I was most pleased with a beautiful prospect that none of them have mentioned, which lies at about a mile distance from the town. It opens on one side into the *Roman Campania*, where the eye loses itself on a smooth spacious plain. On the other side is a more broken and interrupted Scene, made up of an infinite variety of inequalities and shadowings, that naturally rise from an agreeable mixture of hills, groves and valleys. But the most enlivening part of all is the river *Teverone*, which you see at about a quarter of a mile's distance throwing itself down a precipice, and falling by several Cascades from one rock to another, 'till it gains the bottom of the valley, where the sight of it would be quite lost, did not it sometimes discover itself through the breaks and openings of the woods that grow about it. The *Roman Painters* often work upon this Landscape, and I am apt to believe that *Horace* had his eye upon it in those two or three beautiful touches he has given us of these seats. The *Teverone* was formerly called the *Anio*.

*Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,
Quam domus Albunæ resonantis,
Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lacus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.*

Lib. 1. O. 7.

Not fair *Larissa's* fruitful shore,
 Nor *Lacedæmon* charms me more,
 Than high *Albunea's* airy walls
 Resounding with her water-falls,
 And *Tivoli's* delightful shades,
 And *Anio* rolling in cascades,
 That through the flow'ry meadows glides,
 And all the beauteous scene divides.

I remember Monsieur *Dacier* explains *mobilibus* by *ductilibus*, and believes that the word relates to the Conduits, Pipes and Canals that were made to distribute the waters up and down, according to the pleasure of the owner. But any one who sees the *Teverone* must be of another opinion, and conclude it to be one of the most moveable rivers in the world, that has its stream broken by such a multitude of Cascades, and is so often shifted out of one channel into another. After a very turbulent and noisy course of several miles among the rocks and mountains, the *Teverone* falls into the valley before mentioned, where it recovers its temper, as it were, by little and little, and after many turnings and windings glides peaceably into the *Tiber*. In which sense we are to understand *Silius Italicus's* description, to give it its proper beauty.

*Sulphureis gelidus quâ serpit lenitèr undis,
 Ad genitorem Anio labens sine murmure Tibrim*

Here the loud *Anio's* boist'rous clamors cease,
 That with submissive murmurs glides in peace
 To his old fire the *Tiber*——

At *Frescati* I had the satisfaction of seeing the first sketch of *Versailles* in the walks and water-works. The prospect from it was doubtless much more delightful formerly, when the *Campania* was set thick with towns, villas and plantations. *Cicero's Tusculum* was at a place called *Grotto Ferrate* about two miles off this town, though most of the modern writers have fixed it to *Frescati*. *Nardini* says, there was found among the ruins at *Grotto Ferrate* a piece of sculpture which *Cicero* himself mentions in one of his familiar Epistles. In going to *Frescati* we had a fair view of mount *Algido*.

On our way to *Palæstrina* we saw the lake *Regillus*, famous for the Apparition of *Castor* and *Pollux*, who were here seen to give their horses drink after the battle between the *Romans* and the Son-in-law of *Tarquin*. At some distance from it we had a view of the *Lacus Gabinus*, that is much larger than

than the former. We left the road for about half a mile to see the sources of a modern Aqueduct. It is entertaining to observe how the several little springs and rills, that break out of the sides of the mountain, are gleaned up, and conveyed through little covered channels into the main hollow of the Aqueduct. It was certainly very lucky for *Rome*, seeing it had occasion for so many Aqueducts, that there chanced to be such a range of mountains within its neighbourhood. For by this means they could take up their water from what height they pleased, without the expence of such an engine as that of *Marli*. Thus the *Claudian* Aqueduct ran thirty eight miles, and sunk after the proportion of five foot and a half every mile, by the advantage only of a high source and the low situation of *Rome*. *Palæstrina* stands very high, like most other towns in *Italy*, for the advantage of the cool breezes, for which reason *Virgil* calls it *altum*, and *Horace*, *frigidum Præneste*. *Statius* calls it *Præneste sacrum*, because of the famous temple of Fortune that stood in it. There are still great pillars of Granite, and other fragments of this ancient temple. But the most considerable remnant of it is a very beautiful *Mosaic* pavement, the finest I have ever seen in marble. The parts are so well joined together, that the whole piece looks like a continued picture. There are in it the figures of a Rhinoceros, of Elephants, and of several other animals, with little landscapes which look very lively and well painted, though they are made out of the natural colors and shadows of the marble. I do not remember ever to have met with an old *Roman Mosaic*, composed of little pieces of clay half vitrified, and prepared at the glass-houses, which the *Italians* call *Smalt*. These are much in use at present, and may be made of what color and figure the workman pleases, which is a modern improvement of the art, and enables those who are employed in it to make much finer pieces of *Mosaic* than they did formerly.

In our excursion to *Albano* we went as far as *Nemi*, that takes its name from the *Nemus Dianæ*. The whole country thereabouts is still over run with woods and thickets. The Lake of *Nemi* lies in a very deep bottom, so surrounded on all sides with mountains and groves, that the surface of it is never ruffled with the least breath of wind, which perhaps, together with the clearness of its waters, gave it formerly the name of *Diana's* looking-glass.

—————*Speculumque Dianæ.*

Virg.

Prince *Cæsarini* has a palace at *Jensano*, very near *Nemi*, in a pleasant situation, and set off with many beautiful walks. In our return from *Jensano* to *Albano* we passed through *la Ricca*, the *Aricia* of the ancients, *Horace's* first stage from *Rome* to *Brundisi*. There is nothing at *Albano* so remarkable as

the prospect from the *Capuchin's* garden, which for the extent and variety of pleasing incidents is, I think, the most delightful one that I ever saw. It takes in the whole *Campania*, and terminates in a full view of the Mediterranean. You have a sight at the same time of the *Alban* lake, which lies just by in an oval figure of about seven miles round, and, by reason of the continued circuit of high mountains that encompass it, looks like the *Area* of some vast Amphitheatre. This, together with the several green hills and naked rocks within the neighbourhood, makes the most agreeable confusion imaginable. *Albano* keeps up its credit still for wine, which perhaps would be as good as it was anciently, did they preserve it to as great an age; but as for olives there are now very few here, though they are in great plenty at *Tivoli*;

—*Albani pretiosa senectus.*

Juv. Sat. 13.

*Cras bibet Albanis aliquid de montibus aut de
Setinis, cujus patriam titulumque senectus
Delevit multâ veteris fuligine testæ.*

Id. Sat. 5.

Perhaps tomorrow he may change his wine,
And drink old sparkling *Alban*, or *Setine*.
Whose title, and whose age, with mould o'ergrown,
The good old cask for ever keeps unknown.

Bowles.

—*Palladiæ seu collibus uteris Albæ
Albanæ—Olivæ.*

Mar. L. 5. E. 1.

Id. L. 9. E. 16.

The places mentioned in this chapter were all of them formerly the cool retirements of the *Romans*, where they used to hide themselves among the woods and mountains, during the excessive heats of their summer; as *Bajæ* was the general winter rendezvous.

*Jam terras volucremque polum fuga veris aquosi
Laxat, et Icariis cælum latratibus urit.
Ardua jam densæ rarescunt mœnia Romæ:
Hos Præneste sacrum, nemus hos glaciale Diana,
Algidus aut horrens aut Tuscula protegit Umbra,
Tiburis hi lucos, Anienaque frigora captant.*

Sil. 4. 1.

*Albanos quoque Tusculosque colles
Et quodcunque jacet sub urbe frigus.
Fidenas veteres, brevesque Rubras,
Et quod Virgineo cruore gaudet
Annæ pomiferum nemus Perennæ.*

Mar. L. 1. E. 123.

All

All shun the raging Dog-star's sultry heat,
 And from the half-unpeopled town retreat;
 Some hid in *Nemi's* gloomy forests lie,
 To *Palestrina* some for shelter fly,
 Others to catch the breeze of breathing air,
 To *Tusculum* or *Algidò* repair;
 Or in moist *Tivoli's* retirements find
 A cooling shade, and a refreshing wind.

On the contrary, at present, *Rome* is never fuller of Nobility than in summer time; for the country towns are so infested with unwholesome vapors, that they dare not trust themselves in them while the heats last. There is no question but the air of the *Campania* would be now as healthful as it was formerly, were there as many fires burning in it, and as many Inhabitants to manure the soil. Leaving *Rome* about the latter end of *October*, in my way to *Sienna*, I lay the first night at a little village in the territories of the ancient *Veii*.

Hæc tum nomina erant, nunc sunt sine nomine Campi.

The ruins of their capital city are at present so far lost, that the Geographers are not able to determine exactly the place where they once stood: So literally is that noble prophecy of *Lucan* fulfilled, of this and other places of *Latium*.

—— *Gentes Mars iste futuras
 Obruet, et populos ævi venientis in orbem
 Erepto natale feret, tunc omne Latium
 Fabula nomen erit: Gabios, Veiōsque, Coramque,
 Pulvere vix teclæ poterunt monstrare ruinæ,
 Albanosque lares, Laurentinosque penates
 Rus vacuum, quod non habitet nisi nocte coactâ
 Invitus*——

L. 7.

Succeeding nations by the sword shall die,
 And swallow'd up in dark oblivion lie:
 Almighty *Latium* with her cities crown'd,
 Shall like an antiquated fable sound;
 The *Veian* and the *Gabian* tow'rs shall fall,
 And one promiscuous ruin cover all,
 Nor, after length of years, a stone betray
 The place where once the very ruins lay:

High

High *Alba's* walls, and the *Lavinian* strand,
 (A lonely desert, and an empty land)
 Shall scarce afford, for needful hours of rest,
 A single house to their benighted guest.

We here saw the lake *Bacca*, that gives rise to the *Cremera*, on whose banks the *Fabii* were slain.

*Tercentum numerabat avos, quos turbine Martis,
 Abstulit una dies, cum fors non æqua labori
 Patricio Cremeræ maculavit sanguine ripas.*

Sil. It. L. 1.

Fabius a num'rous ancestry could tell,
 Three hundred Heroes that in battle fell,
 Near the fam'd *Cremera's* disastrous flood,
 That ran polluted with Patrician blood.

We saw afterwards, in the progress of our voyage, the Lakes of *Vico* and *Bolsena*. The last is reckoned one and twenty miles in circuit, and is plentifully stocked with fish and fowl. There are in it a couple of Islands, that are perhaps the two floating Isles mentioned by *Pliny*, with that improbable circumstance of their appearing sometimes like a circle, sometimes like a triangle, but never like a quadrangle. It is easy enough to conceive how they might become fixed, though they once floated; and it is not very credible, that the Naturalist could be deceived in his account of a place that lay, as it were, in the neighbourhood of *Rome*. At one end of this Lake stands *Montefiascone*, the habitation of *Virgil's* *Æqui Falisci*, *Æn.* 7. and on the side of it the town of the *Volturnians*, now called *Bolsena*.

Aut positis nemorosa inter juga Voisiniis.

Juv. Sat. 3.

——*Volturnium* flood

Cover'd with mountains, and enclos'd with wood.

I saw in the church-yard of *Bolsena* an antique funeral monument (of that kind which they called a *Sarcophagus*) very entire, and what is particular, engraven on all sides with a curious representation of a bacchanal. Had the Inhabitants observed a couple of lewd figures at one end of it, they would not have thought it a proper ornament for the place where it now stands. After having travelled hence to *Aquapendente*, that stands in a wonderful pleasant situation, we came to the little brook which separates the Pope's dominions from the Great Duke's. The frontier castle of *Radicoiani* is seated on the highest mountain in the country, and is as well fortified as the situation of the place will permit. We here found the natural face of the country

country quite changed from what we had been entertained with in the Pope's dominions. For instead of the many beautiful scenes of green mountains and fruitful valleys, that we had been presented with for some days before, we saw now nothing but a wild naked prospect of rocks and hills, worn on all sides with gutters and channels, and not a tree or shrub to be met with in a vast circuit of several miles. This savage prospect put me in mind of the *Italian* proverb, that *The Pope has the flesh, and the Great Duke the bones of Italy*. Among a large extent of these barren mountains I saw but a single spot that was cultivated, on which there stood a Convent.



S I E N N A, L E G H O R N, P I S A.

SIENNA stands high, and is adorned with a great many towers of brick, which in the time of the commonwealth were erected to such of the members as had done any considerable service to their country. These towers gave us a sight of the town a great while before we entered it. There is nothing in this city so extraordinary as the Cathedral, which a man may view with pleasure after he has seen *St. Peters*, though it is quite of another make, and can only be looked upon as one of the master-pieces of *Gothic* Architecture. When a man sees the prodigious pains and expence that our fore-fathers have been at in these barbarous buildings, one cannot but fancy to himself what miracles of Architecture they would have left us, had they been only instructed in the right way; for when the devotion of those ages was much warmer than that of the present, and the riches of the people much more at the disposal of the Priests, there was so much money consumed on these *Gothic* Cathedrals, as would have finished a greater variety of noble buildings, than have been raised either before or since that time.

One would wonder to see the vast labor that has been laid out on this single Cathedral. The very spouts are loaden with ornaments; the windows are formed like so many scenes of perspective, with a multitude of little pillars retiring one behind another; the great columns are finely engraven with fruits and foliage that run twisting about them from the very top to the bottom; the whole body of the church is chequered with different lays of white and black marble; the pavement curiously cut out in designs and Scripture-stories; and the front covered with such a variety of figures, and over run with so many little mazes and labyrinths of Sculpture, that nothing in the world can make a prettier show to those who prefer false beauties, and affected ornaments, to a noble and majestic simplicity. Over-
against

against this church stands a large Hospital, erected by a shoe-maker who has been beatified, though never fainted. There stands a figure of him superscribed, *Sutor ultra Crepidam*, I shall speak nothing of the extent of this city, the cleanliness of its streets, nor the beauty of its piazza, which so many travellers have described. As this is the last republic that fell under the subjection of the Duke of *Florence*, so is it still supposed to retain many hangings after its ancient liberty: for this reason, when the Keys and Pageants of the Duke's towns and governments pass in procession before him, on St. *John Baptist's* day, I was told that *Sienna* comes in the rear of his dominions, and is pushed forward by those who follow, to shew the reluctance it has to appear in such a solemnity. I shall say nothing of the many gross and absurd traditions of St. *Catharine* of *Sienna*, who is the great Saint of this place. I think there is as much pleasure in hearing a man tell his dreams, as in reading accounts of this nature: A traveller that thinks them worth his observation, may fill a book with them at every great town in *Italy*.

From *Sienna* we went forward to *Leghorn*, where the two ports, the *Bagnio*, and *Donatelli's* statue of the great Duke, amidst the four slaves chained to his pedestal, are very noble sights. The square is one of the largest, and will be one of the most beautiful in *Italy*, when this statue is erected in it, and a town-house built at one end of it to front the church that stands at the other. They are at a continual expence to cleanse the ports, and keep them from being choked up, which they do by the help of several engines that are always at work, and employ many of the great Duke's slaves. Whatever part of the harbor they scoop in, it has an influence on all the rest, for the sea immediately works the whole bottom to a level. They draw a double advantage from the dirt that is taken up, as it clears the port, and at the same time dries up several marshes about the town, where they lay it from time to time. One can scarce imagine how great profits the Duke of *Tuscany* receives from this single place, which are not generally thought so considerable, because it passes for a Free Port. But it is very well known how the Great Duke, on a late occasion, notwithstanding the privileges of the Merchants, drew no small sums of money out of them; though still, in respect of the exorbitant dues that are paid at most other ports, it deservedly retains the name of Free. It brings into his dominions a great increase of people from all other nations. They reckon in it near ten thousand *Jews*, many of them very rich, and so great traffickers, that our *English* factors complain they have most of our country trade in their hands. 'Tis true, the strangers pay little or no taxes directly, but out of every thing they buy there goes a large gabel to the government. The very Ice-merchant at *Leghorn*, pays above a thousand
pound

pound sterling annually for his privilege, and the Tobacco-merchant ten thousand. The ground is sold by the Great Duke at a very high price, and houses are every day rising on it. All the commodities that go up into the country, of which there are great quantities, are clogged with impositions as soon as they leave *Leghorn*. All the wines, oils, and silks, that come down from the fruitful valleys of *Pisa*, *Florence*, and other parts of *Tuscany*, must make their way through several duties and taxes before they can reach the port. The canal that runs from the sea into the *Arno* gives a convenient carriage to all goods that are to be shipped off, which does not a little enrich the owners; and in proportion as private men grow wealthy, their legacies, law-suits, daughter's portions, &c. encrease, in all which the Great Duke comes in for a considerable share. The *Lucchese*, who traffic at this port, are said to bring in a great deal into the Duke's coffers. Another advantage, which may be of great use to him, is, that at five or six days warning he might find credit in this town for very large sums of money, which no other Prince in *Italy* can pretend to. I need not take notice of the reputation that this port gives him among foreign Princes, but there is one benefit arising from it, which, though never thrown into the account, is doubtless very considerable. It is well known how the *Pisans* and *Florentines* long regretted the loss of their ancient liberty, and their subjection to a family that some of them thought themselves equal to, in the flourishing times of their common-wealths. The town of *Leghorn* has accidentally done what the greatest fetch of politics would have found difficult to have brought about, for it has almost unpeopled *Pisa*, if we compare it with what it was formerly, and every day lessens the number of the inhabitants of *Florence*. This does not only weaken those places, but at the same time turns many of the busiest spirits from their old notions of honor and liberty, to the thoughts of traffic and merchandise: And as men engaged in a road of thriving are no friends to changes and revolutions, they are at present worn into a habit of subjection, and push all their pursuits another way. It is no wonder therefore that the Great Duke has such apprehensions of the Pope's making *Civita Vecchia* a free port, which may in time prove so very prejudicial to *Leghorn*. It would be thought an improbable story, should I set down the several methods that are commonly reported to have been made use of during the last Pontificate, to put a stop to this design. The Great Duke's money was so well bestowed in the Conclave, that several of the Cardinals dissuaded the Pope from the undertaking, and at last turned all his thoughts upon the little port which he made at *Antium*, near *Nettuno*. The chief workmen that were to have conveyed the water to *Civita Vecchia*, were bought off, and

when a poor *Capuchin*, who was thought proof against all bribes, had undertaken to carry on the work, he died a little after he had entered upon it. The present Pope however, who is very well acquainted with the secret history, and the weakness of his predecessor, seems resolved to bring the project to its perfection. He has already been at vast charges in finishing the Aqueduct, and had some hopes that, if the war should drive our *English* Merchants from *Sicily* and *Naples*, they would settle here. His Holiness has told some *English* Gentlemen, that those of our nation should have the greatest privileges of any but the subjects of the Church. One of our countrymen, who makes a good figure at *Rome*, told me the Pope has this design extremely at his heart; but that he fears the *English* will suffer nothing like a Resident or Consul in his dominions; though at the same time he hoped the business might as well be transacted by one that had no public character. This Gentleman has so busied himself in the affair, that he has offended the *French* and *Spanish* Cardinals, insomuch that Cardinal *Janson* refused to see him, when he would have made his apology for what he had said to the Pope on this subject. There is one great objection to *Civita Vecchia*, that the air of the place is not wholesome; but this they say proceeds from want of Inhabitants, the air of *Leghorn* having been worse than this before the town was well peopled.

The great profits that have accrued to the Duke of *Florence*, from his free Port, have set several of the States of *Italy* on the same project. The most likely to succeed in it would be the *Genoese*, who lie more convenient than the *Venetians*, and have a more inviting form of government, than that of the Church, or that of *Florence*. But as the port of *Genoa* is so very ill guarded against storms, that no privileges can tempt the merchants from *Leghorn* into it, so dare not the *Genoese* make any other of their ports Free, lest it should draw to it most of their Commerce and Inhabitants, and by consequence ruin their chief city.

From *Leghorn* I went to *Pisa*, where there is still the Shell of a great City, though not half furnished with Inhabitants. The great Church, Baptistery, and leaning Tower, are very well worth seeing, and are built after the same fancy with the cathedral of *Sienna*. Half a day's journey more brought me into the Republic of *Lucca*.



The R E P U B L I C of L U C C A.

IT is very pleasant to see how the small territories of this little Republic are cultivated to the best advantage, so that one cannot find the least spot of ground, that is not made to contribute its utmost to the owner. In all the Inhabitants there appears an air of chearfulness and plenty, not often to be met with in those of the countries which lie about them. There is but one gate for strangers to enter at, that it may be known what numbers of them are in the town. Over it is written in Letters of gold, *Libertas*.

This Republic is shut up in the Great Duke's dominions, who at present is very much incensed against it, and seems to threaten it with the fate of *Florence*, *Pisa* and *Sienna*. The occasion is as follows.

The *Lucquese* plead prescription for hunting in one of the Duke's forests, that lies upon their frontiers, which about two years since was strictly forbidden them, the Prince intending to preserve the game for his own pleasure. Two or three Sportsmen of the Republic, who had the hardiness to offend against the prohibition, were seized, and kept in a neighbouring prison. Their country-men, to the number of threescore, attacked the place where they were kept in custody, and rescued them. The Great Duke re-demands his prisoners, and, as a further satisfaction, would have the Governor of the town, where the threescore assailants had combined together, delivered into his hands; but receiving only excuses, he resolved to do himself justice. Accordingly he ordered all the *Lucquese* to be seized that were found on a market-day, in one of his frontier towns. These amounted to fourscore, among whom were persons of some consequence in the Republic. They are now in prison at *Florence*, and, as it is said, treated hardly enough, for there are fifteen of the number dead within less than two years. The King of *Spain*, who is Protector of the Common-wealth, received information from the Great Duke of what had passed, who approved of his proceedings, with orders to the *Lucquese*, by the Governor of *Milan*, to give a proper satisfaction. The Republic, thinking themselves ill used by their Protector, as they say at *Florence*, have sent to Prince *Eugene*

gene to desire the Emperor's protection, with an offer of winter-quarters, as it is said, for four thousand *Germans*. The Great Duke rises on them in his demands, and will not be satisfied with less than a hundred thousand crowns, and a solemn embassy to beg pardon for the past, and promise amendment for the future. Thus stands the affair at present, that may end in the ruin of the Common-wealth, if the *French* succeed in *Italy*. It is pleasant however to hear the discourse of the common people of *Lucca*, who are firmly persuaded that one *Lucquesse* can beat five *Florentines*, who are grown low-spirited, as they pretend, by the Great Duke's oppressions, and have nothing worth fighting for. They say, they can bring into the field twenty or thirty thousand fighting men, all ready to sacrifice their lives for their liberty. They have a good quantity of arms and ammunition, but few horse. It must be owned these people are more happy, at least in imagination, than the rest of their neighbours, because they think themselves so; though such a chimerical happiness is not peculiar to Republicans, for we find the subjects of the most absolute Prince in *Europe* are as proud of their Monarch as the *Lucquesse* of being subject to none. Should the *French* affairs prosper in *Italy*, it is possible the Great Duke may bargain for the Republic of *Lucca*, by the help of his great treasures, as his Predecessors did formerly with the Emperor for that of *Sienna*. The Great Dukes have never yet attempted any thing on *Lucca*, as not only fearing the arms of their Protector, but because they are well assured, that should the *Lucquesse* be reduced to the last extremity, they would rather throw themselves under the government of the *Genoesse*, or some stronger neighbour, than submit to a State for which they have so great an aversion. And the *Florentines* are very sensible, that it is much better to have a weak State within their dominions, than the branch of one as strong as themselves. But should so formidable a power, as that of the *French* King, support them in their attempts, there is no government in *Italy* that would dare to interpose. This Republic, for the extent of its dominions, is esteemed the richest and best peopled State of *Italy*. The whole administration of the government passes into different hands at the end of every two months, which is the greatest security imaginable to their liberty, and wonderfully contributes to the quick dispatch of all public affairs: But in any exigence of state, like that they are now pressed with, it certainly asks a much longer time to conduct any design, for the good of the Common-wealth, to its maturity and perfection.

FLORENCE.

F L O R E N C E.

I Had the good luck to be at *Florence* when there was an Opera acted, which was the eighth that I had seen in *Italy*. I could not but smile to read the solemn protestation of the Poet in the first page, where he declares that he believes neither in the Fates, Deities, or Destinies: and that if he has made use of the words, it is purely out of a poetical liberty, and not from his real sentiments, for that in all these particulars he believes as the Holy Mother Church believes and commands.

P R O T E S T A.

Le voci Fato, Deità, Destino, e simili, che per entro questo Drama troverai, son messe per ischerzo poetico, e non per sentimento vero, credendo sempre in tutto quello, che crede, e comanda Santa Madre chiesa.

There are some beautiful Palaces in *Florence*; and as *Tuscan* pillars and *Rustic* work owe their original to this country, the architects always take care to give them a place in the great edifices that are raised in *Tuscany*. The Duke's new palace is a very noble pile, built after this manner, which makes it look extremely solid and majestic. It is not unlike that of *Luxemburg* at *Paris*, which was built by *Mary of Medicis*, and for that reason perhaps the workmen fell into the *Tuscan* humor. I found in the court of this palace what I could not meet with any where in *Rome*; I mean, an antique statue of *Hercules* lifting up *Antæus* from the earth, which I have already had occasion to speak of. It was found in *Rome*, and brought hither under the reign of *Leo* the tenth. There are abundance of pictures in the several apartments, by the hands of the greatest masters.

But 'tis the famous gallery of the old palace, where are perhaps the noblest collections of curiosities to be met with in any part of the whole world. The gallery itself is made in the shape of an L, according to Mr. *Lassel*, but, if it must needs be like a letter, it resembles the *Greek II* most. It is adorned with admirable pieces of sculpture, as well modern as ancient. Of the last sort I shall mention those that are rarest, either for the person they represent, or the beauty of the sculpture. Among the busts of the Emperors and Empresses there are these that follow, which are all very scarce, and
some

some of them almost singular in their kind. *Agrippa*, *Caligula*, *Otho*, *Nerva*, *AElius Verus*, *Pertinax*, *Geta*, *Didius Julianus*, *Albinus* extremely well wrought, and, what is seldom seen, in alabaster, *Gordianus Africanus* the elder, *Eliogabalus*, *Galien* the elder, and the younger *Pupienus*. I have put *Agrippa* among the Emperors, because he is generally ranged so in sets of Medals, as some that follow among the Empresses have no other right to the company they are joined with. *Domitia*, *Agrippina* wife of *Germanicus*, *Antonia*, *Matidia*, *Plotina*, *Mallia Scantilla*, falsely inscribed under her Bust *Julia Severi*, *Aquilia Severa*, *Julia Mæsa*. I have generally observed at *Rome*, which is the great magazine of these antiquities, that the same heads which are rare in Medals are also rare in Marble, and indeed one may commonly assign the same reason for both, which was the shortness of the Emperors reigns, that did not give the workmen time to make many of their figures; and as the shortness of their reigns was generally occasioned by the advancement of a rival, it is no wonder that nobody worked on the figure of a deceased Emperor, when his enemy was in the throne. This observation however does not always hold. An *Agrippa* or *Caligula*, for example, is a common Coin, but a very extraordinary Bust; and a *Tiberius* a rare Coin, but a common Bust, which one would wonder the more at, if we consider the indignities that were offered to this Emperor's statues after his death. The *Tiberius in Tiberim* is a known instance.

Among the Busts of such Emperors as are common enough, there are several in the gallery that deserve to be taken notice of for the excellence of the sculpture, as those of *Augustus*, *Vespasian*, *Adrian*, *Marcus Aurelius*, *Lucius Verus*, *Septimius Severus*, *Caracalla*, *Geta*. There is in the same gallery a very beautiful Bust of *Alexander* the Great, casting up his face to Heaven, with a noble air of grief or discontentedness in his looks. I have seen two or three antique Busts of *Alexander* in the same air and posture, and am apt to think the Sculptor had in his thoughts the Conqueror's weeping for new worlds, or some other the like circumstance of his history. There is also in Porphyry the head of a Faun, and of the God *Pan*. Among the entire figures I took particular notice of a Vestal Virgin, with the holy fire burning before her. This statue, I think, may decide that notable controversy among the Antiquaries, whether the Vestals, after having received the Tonsure ever suffered their hair to come again, for it is here full grown, and gathered under the veil. The brazen figure of the Consul, with the Ring on his finger, reminded me of *Juvenal's* *majoris pondera gemmæ*. There is another statue in brass, supposed to be of *Apollo*, with this modern inscription on the pedestal, which I must confess I do not know what to make of, *Ut potui huc veni musis et fratre relicto*. I saw in the same gallery the famous figure of the wild

wild Boar, the Gladiator, the *Narcissus*, the *Cupid* and *Psyche*, the *Flora*, with some modern statues that several others have described. Among the antique figures there is a fine one of *Morpheus* in touchstone. I have always observed, that this God is represented by the ancient Statuaries under the figure of a Boy asleep, with a bundle of Poppy in his hand. I at first took it for a *Cupid*, 'till I had taken notice that it had neither bow nor quiver. I suppose Doctor *Lifter* has been guilty of the same mistake in the reflections he makes on what he calls the sleeping *Cupid* with Poppy in his hands.

—*Qualia namque*

Corpora nudorum tabulâ pinguntur Amorum

Talis erat, sed ne faciat discrimina cultus,

Aut huic adde leves aut illis deme Pharetras.

Ov. Met. L. 10.

Such are the *Cupids* that in paint we view;
But that the likeness may be nicely true,
A loaden Quiver to his shoulders tie,
Or bid the *Cupids* lay their quivers by.

'Tis probable they chose to represent the God of sleep under the figure of a Boy, contrary to all our modern designers, because it is that age which has its repose the least broken by cares and anxieties. *Statius*, in his celebrated invocation of Sleep, addresses himself to him under the same figure.

Crimine quo merui, juvenis placidissime Divûm,

Quove errore miser, donis ut solus egerem

Somme tuis? tacet omne pecus, volucresque feræque, &c. Silv. Lib. 5.

Tell me, thou best of Gods, thou gentle Youth,
Tell me my sad offence; that only I,
While hush'd at ease thy drowsy subjects lie,
In the dead silence of the night complain,
Nor taste the blessings of thy peaceful reign.

I never saw any figure of Sleep, that was not of black marble, which has probably some relation to the night, which is the proper season for rest. I should not have made this remark, but that I remember to have read in one of the ancient authors, that the *Nile* is generally represented in stone of this color, because it flows from the country of the *Ethiopians*; which shews us that the Statuaries had sometimes an eye to the person they were to represent, in the choice they made of their marble. There are
still

still at *Rome* some of these black statues of the *Nile* which are cut in a kind of touchstone.

Usque coloratis amnis devexus ab Indis.

Virg. Geor. 4.

At one end of the gallery stands two antique marble pillars, curiously wrought with the figures of the old *Roman* arms and instruments of war. After a full survey of the gallery, we were led into four or five chambers of Curiosities that stand on the side of it. The first was a Cabinet of Antiquities, made up chiefly of Idols, Talismans, Lamps and Hieroglyphics. I saw nothing in it that I was not before acquainted with, except the four following figures in brass.

I. A little Image of *Juno Sispita*, or *Sospita*, which perhaps is not to be met with any where else but on Medals. She is clothed in a Goat's-skin, the horns sticking out above her head. The right arm is broken that probably supported a shield, and the left a little defaced, though one may see it held something in its grasp formerly. The feet are bare. I remember *Tully's* description of this Goddess in the following words. *Hercle inquit quàm tibi illam nostram Sospitam quam tu nunquam ne in Somniis vides, nisi cum pelle Caprinâ, cum hastâ, cum scutulo, cum calceolis repandis.*

II. An antique Model of the famous *Laocöon* and his two Sons, that stands in the *Belvidera* at *Rome*. This is the more remarkable, as it is entire in those parts where the statue is maim'd. It was by the help of this Model that *Bandinelli* finished his admirable copy of the *Laocöon*, which stands at one end of this gallery.

III. An *Apollo* or *Amphion*. I took notice of this little figure for the singularity of the Instrument, which I never before saw in ancient sculpture. It is not unlike a Violin, and played on after the same manner. I doubt however whether this figure be not of a later date than the rest, by the meanness of the workmanship.

IV. A *Corona Radialis* with only eight spikes to it. Every one knows the usual number was twelve, some say in allusion to the signs of the *Zodiac*, and others to the labors of *Hercules*.

————— *Ingenti mole Latinus*
Quadrijugo vehitur curru ; cui tempora circum
Aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,
Solis avi specimen ———

Virg. AEn. 12.

Four steeds the Chariot of *Latinus* bear :
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the God of day.

Dryden.
The

The two best chambers are made up of several small cabinets in
 ivory, Amber, Glastal, Marble, and precious stones, which all are
 white as fall of. In the chamber that is the most beautiful, the
 floor is of marble, and the walls are of the same. The ceiling is
 of wood, and is painted to represent a sky with clouds and
 stars. In the middle of the chamber is a large bed, and on
 each side of it are two smaller beds. The beds are all
 of the same material, and are all painted to represent a
 sky with clouds and stars. The beds are all of the same
 material, and are all painted to represent a sky with clouds
 and stars. The beds are all of the same material, and are
 all painted to represent a sky with clouds and stars.



There is a large hall in the middle of the city, where the
 court is held. The court is of a large size, and is
 surrounded by a high wall. The walls are all of the same
 material, and are all painted to represent a sky with
 clouds and stars. The walls are all of the same material,
 and are all painted to represent a sky with clouds and
 stars. The walls are all of the same material, and are
 all painted to represent a sky with clouds and stars.

The Great Hall was ordered to be built by the King of
 France, and it is now the residence of the King of France.
 The Great Hall is of a large size, and is surrounded by
 a high wall. The walls are all of the same material,
 and are all painted to represent a sky with clouds and
 stars. The walls are all of the same material, and are
 all painted to represent a sky with clouds and stars.

The two next chambers are made up of several artificial curiosities in Ivory, Amber, Chrystal, Marble, and precious stones, which all voyage-writers are full of. In the chamber that is shewn last stands the celebrated *Venus of Medicis*. The statue seems much less than the life, as being perfectly naked, and in company with others of a larger make: It is notwithstanding as big as the ordinary size of a woman, as I concluded from the measure of her wrist; for from the bigness of any one part it is easy to guess at all the rest, in a figure of such nice proportions. The softness of the flesh, the delicacy of the shape, air and posture, and correctness of design in this statue, are inexpressible. I have several reasons to believe that the name of the Sculptor on the pedestal is not so old as the statue. This figure of *Venus* put me in mind of a speech she makes in one of the Greek Epigrams.

Γυμνὴν οἶδ' Ἰδὼν Πάρις μὲν ἔχ' Ἀνχίσηος ἢ Ἀδωνίος

Τὸς τρεῖς οἶδα μόνος. Πραξιτέλης δὲ πόδε;

Anchises, Paris, and Adonis too

Have seen me naked, and expos'd to view;

All these I frankly own without denying:

But where has this *Praxiteles* been prying?

There is another *Venus* in the same circle, that would make a good figure any where else. There are among the old *Roman* Statues several of *Venus* in different postures and habits, as there are many particular figures of her made after the same design. I fancy it is not hard to find among them some that were made after the three statues of this Goddess, which *Pliny* mentions. In the same chamber is the *Roman* Slave whetting his knife and listening, which from the shoulders upwards is incomparable. The two wrestlers are in the same room. I observed here likewise a very curious Bust of *Annius Verus*, the young Son of *Marcus Aurelius*, who died at nine years of age. I have seen several other Busts of him at *Rome*, though his Medals are exceeding rare.

The Great Duke has ordered a large chamber to be fitted up for old Inscriptions, Urns, Monuments, and the like sets of Antiquities. I was shewn several of them which are not yet put up. There are the two famous Inscriptions that give so great a light to the histories of *Appius*, who made the High-way, and of *Fabius* the Dictator; they contain a short account of the honors they passed through, and the actions they performed. I saw too the Busts of *Tranquillina*, Mother to *Gordianus Pius*, and of *Quintus Herennius*, Son to *Trajan Decius*, which are extremely valuable for their rarity, and a beautiful old figure made after the celebrated *Hermaphrodite* in the *Villa*

Borghese. I saw nothing that has not been observed by several others in the *Argenteria*, the Tabernacle of St. *Laurence's* chapel, and the chamber of Painters. The chapel of St. *Laurence* will be perhaps the most costly piece of work on the face of the earth when completed, but it advances so very slowly, that 'tis not impossible but the family of *Medicis* may be extinct before their burial place is finished.

The Great Duke has lived many years separate from the Dutcheſs, who is at present in the court of *France*, and intends there to end her days. The Cardinal his brother is old and infirm, and could never be induced to resign his purple for the uncertain prospect of giving an Heir to the Dukedom of *Tuscany*. The Great Prince has been married several years without any Children, and notwithstanding all the precautions in the world were taken for the marriage of the Prince his younger brother, (as finding out a Lady for him who was in the vigor and flower of her age, and had given marks of her fruitfulness by a former Husband) they have all hitherto proved unsuccessful. There is a branch of the family of *Medicis* in *Naples*: The head of it has been owned as kinsman by the Great Duke, and it is thought will succeed to his dominions, in case the Princes his sons die childless; though it is not impossible but in such a conjuncture, the Common-wealths, that are thrown under the Great Dutchy, may make some efforts towards the recovery of their ancient liberty.

I was in the library of manuscripts belonging to St. *Laurence*, of which there is a printed Catalogue. I looked into the *Virgil* which disputes its antiquity with that of the *Vatican*. It wants the *Ille ego qui quondam*, &c. and the twenty two lines in the second *Æneid*, beginning at *Jamque adeo super unus eram* — I must confess I always thought this passage left out with a great deal of judgment by *Tucca* and *Varius*, as it seems to contradict a part in the sixth *Æneid*, and represents the Hero in a passion, that is, at least not at all becoming the greatness of his character. Besides, I think the apparition of *Venus* comes in very properly to draw him away immediately after the sight of *Priam's* murder; for without such a machine to take him off, I cannot see how the Hero could, with honor, leave *Neoptolemus* triumphant, and *Priam* unrevenged. But since *Virgil's* friends thought fit to let drop this incident of *Helen*, I wonder they would not blot out, or alter a line in *Venus's* speech, that has a relation to the rencounter, and comes in improperly without it.

*Non tibi Tyndaridæ facies invisa Lacænæ,
Culpatuſve Paris* —————

Æn. 2.

Florence

Florence for modern statues I think excels even *Rome*, but these I shall pass over in silence, that I may not transcribe out of others.

The way from *Florence* to *Bolonia* runs over several ranges of mountains, and is the worst road, I believe, of any over the *Apennines*; for this was my third time of crossing them. It gave me a lively idea of *Silius Italicus's* description of *Hannibal's* march.

*Quoque magis subiere jugo atque evadere nisi
Erexere gradum, crescit labor, ardua supra
Sese aperit, fessis et nascitur altera moles.*

L. 3.

From steep to steep the troops advanc'd with pain,
In hopes at last the topmost cliff to gain:
But still by new ascents the mountain grew,
And a fresh toil presented to their view.

I shall conclude this chapter with the descriptions which the *Latin* Poets have given us of the *Apennines*. We may observe in them all the remarkable qualities of this prodigious length of mountains, that run from one extremity of *Italy* to the other, and give rise to an incredible variety of rivers that water this delightful country.

—— *Nubifer Apenninus.*

Ov. Met. L. 2.

—— *Qui Siculum porrectus ad usque Pelorum.*

Finibus ab Ligurum populos amplectitur omnes.

Italiae, geminumque latus stringentia longè

Utraque perpetuo discriminat æquora tractu.

Clau. de Sexto Conf. Hon.

—— *Mole nivali*

Alpibus æquatum attollens caput Apenninus.

Sil. It. L. 2.

Horrebat glacie saxa inter lubrica summo

Piniferum cælo miscens caput Apenninus:

Condiderat nix alta trabes, et vertice celso

Canus apex strictâ surgebat ad astra pruina.

Li. 4. Id.

Umbrosis mediam quâ collibus Apenninus

Erigit Italiam, nullo quâ vertice tellus

Altius intumuit, propiusque accessit Olympo,

Mons inter geminas medius se porrigit undas

Inferni superique maris: collesque coercent

Hinc Tyrrhena vado frangentes æquora Pisæ,

Illinc Dalmaticis obnoxia fluctibus Ancon.

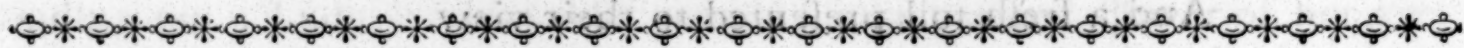
T 2

Fontibus

*Fontibus hic vastis immensos concipit amnes,
Fluminaque in gemini spargit divortia ponti.*

Luc. L. 2.

In pomp the shady *Apennines* arise,
And lift th' aspiring nation to the skies;
No land like *Italy* erects the fight
By such a vast ascent, or swells to such a height:
Her num'rous states the tow'ring hills divide;
And see the billows rise on either side;
At *Pisa* here the range of mountains ends,
And here to high *Ancona's* shores extends:
In their dark womb a thousand rivers lie,
That with continu'd streams the double sea supply.



Bolonia, Modena, Parma, Turin, &c.

AFTER a very tedious journey over the *Apennines*, we at last came to the river that runs at the foot of them, and was formerly called the little *Rhine*. Following the course of this river we arrived in a short time at *Bolonia*.

— *Parvique Bononia Rheni.*

Sil. Ital. 8.

Bolonia water'd by the petty *Rhine*.

We here quickly felt the difference of the northern from the southern side of the mountains, as well in the coldness of the air, as in the badness of the wine. This town is famous for the richness of the soil that lies about it, and the magnificence of its Convents. It is likewise esteemed the third in *Italy* for pictures, as having been the school of the *Lombard* painters. I saw in it three rarities of different kinds, which pleased me more than any other shows of the place. The first was an authentic silver medal of the younger *Brutus*, in the hands of an eminent Antiquary. One may see the character of the person in the features of the face, which is exquisitely well cut. On the reverse is the cap of liberty, with a dagger on each side of it, subscribed *Id. Mar.* for the Ides of *March*, the famous date of *Cæsar's* murder. The second was a picture of *Raphael's* in *St. Giovanni in Monte*. It is extremely well preserved, and represents *St. Cecilia* with an Instrument of music in her hands. On one side of her are the figures of *St. Paul*, and *St. John*; and on the other, of *Mary Magdalene*, and *St. Austin*. There is something wonderfully divine in the airs of this picture. I cannot forbear mentioning, for my third curiosity, a new Stair-case that strangers are generally

nerally carried to see, where the easiness of the ascent within so small a compass, the disposition of the lights, and the convenient landing, are admirably well contriv'd. The wars of *Italy*, and the season of the year, made me pass through the Dutchies of *Modena*, *Parma*, and *Savoy* with more haste than I would have done at another time. The soil of *Modena* and *Parma* is very rich and well cultivated. The palaces of the Princes are magnificent, but neither of them is yet finished. We procured a licence of the Duke of *Parma* to enter the Theatre and Gallery, which deserve to be seen as well as any thing of that nature in *Italy*. The Theatre is, I think, the most spacious of any I ever saw, and at the same time so admirably well contrived, that from the very depth of the stage the lowest sound may be heard distinctly to the farthest part of the audience, as in a whispering-place; and yet if you raise your voice as high as you please, there is nothing like an echo to cause in it the least confusion. The Gallery is hung with a numerous collection of pictures, all done by celebrated hands. On one side of the gallery is a large room adorned with inlaid tables, cabinets, works in amber, and other pieces of great art and value. Out of this we were led into another great room, furnished with old Inscriptions, Idols, Busts, Medals, and the like Antiquities. I cou'd have spent a day with great satisfaction in this apartment, but had only time to pass my eye over the Medals which are in great number, and many of them very rare. The scarcest of all is a *Pescennius Niger* on a Medallion well preserved. It was coined at *Antioch*, where this Emperor trifled away his time 'till he lost his Life and Empire. The reverse is a *Dea Salus*. There are two of *Otho*, the reverse a *Serapis*; and two of *Messalina* and *Poppæa* in middle brass, the reverses of the Emperor *Claudius*. I saw two Medallions of *Plotina* and *Martidia*, the reverse to each a *Pietas*; with two Medals of *Pertinax*, the reverse of one *Vota Decennalia*, and of the other *Dius Custodibus*; and another of *Gordianus Africanus*, the reverse I have forgot.

The Principalities of *Modena* and *Parma* are much about the same extent, and have each of them two large towns, besides a great number of little villages. The Duke of *Parma* however is much richer than the Duke of *Modena*. Their subjects would live in great plenty amidst so rich and well-cultivated a soil, were not the taxes and impositions so very exorbitant; for the Courts are much too splendid and magnificent for the territories that lie about them, and one cannot but be amazed to see such a profusion of wealth laid out in Coaches, Trappings, Tables, Cabinets, and the like precious toys, in which there are few Princes of *Europe* who equal them, when at the same time they have not had the generosity to make Bridges over the rivers of their countries for the convenience of their subjects,

jects, as well as strangers, who are forced to pay an unreasonable exaction at every ferry upon the least rising of the waters. A man might well expect in these small governments a much greater regulation of affairs, for the ease and benefit of the people, than in large over-grown states, where the rules of justice, beneficence, and mercy may be easily put out of their course, in passing through the hands of deputies, and a long subordination of officers. And it wou'd certainly be for the good of mankind to have all the mighty Empires and Monarchies of the world cantoned out into petty States and Principalities, that, like so many large families, might lie under the eye and observation of their proper Governors; so that the care of the Prince might extend itself to every individual person under his protection. But since such a general scheme can never be brought about, and if it were, it would quickly be destroyed by the ambition of some particular state aspiring above the rest, it happens very ill at present to be born under one of these petty Sovereigns, that will be still endeavoring, at his subjects cost, to equal the pomp and grandeur of greater Princes, as well as to out-vie those of his own rank.

For this reason there are no people in the world who live with more ease and prosperity than the subjects of little Common-wealths, as on the contrary there are none who suffer more under the grievances of a hard government, than the subjects of little Principalities. I left the road of *Milan*, on my right hand, having before seen that city, and after having passed through *Asti*, the frontier town of *Savoy*, I at last came within sight of the *Po*, which is a fine river even at *Turin*, though within six miles of its source. This river has been made the scene of two or three poetical stories. *Ovid* has chosen it out to throw his *Phaeton* into it, after all the smaller rivers had been dried up in the conflagration.

I have read some Botanical critics, who tell us the Poets have not rightly followed the traditions of Antiquity, in metamorphosing the sisters of *Phaeton* into Poplars, who ought to have been turned into Larch-trees; for that it is this kind of tree which sheds a Gum, and is commonly found on the banks of the *Po*. The change of *Cycnus* into a Swan, which closes up the disasters of *Phaeton*'s family, was wrought on the same place where the sisters were turned into trees. The descriptions that *Virgil* and *Ovid* have made of it cannot be sufficiently admired.

Claudian has set off his description of the *Eridanus*, with all the poetical stories that have been made of it.

— Ille caput placidis sublime fluentis
Extulit, et totis lucem spargentia ripis

Aurea

*Aurea roranti micuerunt cornua vultu.
Non illi madidum vulgaris Arundine crinen
Velat honos, rami caput umbravere virentes
Heliadum, totisque fluunt electra capillis.
Palla tegit latos humeros, curruque paterno
Intextus Phaëton glaucos incendit amictus:
Fulsaque sub gremio cælatis nobilis astris
Ætherium probat urna decus. Namque omnia luctus
Argumenta sui Titan signavit Olympo,
Mutatumque senem plumis, & fronde sorores,
Et fluvium, nati qui vulnera lavit anhel.
Stat gelidis Auriga plagis, vestigia fratris
Germanæ servant Hyades, Cycnique sodalis
Læteus extentas aspergit circulus alas.
Stellifer Eridanus sinuatis fluctibus errans,
Clara noti convexa rigat. — Claudian. de Sexto Conf. Honorii.*

His head above the floods he gently rear'd,
And as he rose his golden horns appear'd,
That on the forehead shone divinely bright,
And o'er the banks diffus'd a yellow light:
No interwoven Reeds a garland made,
To hide his brows within the vulgar shade,
But Poplar wreaths around his temples spread,
And tears of Amber trickled down his head:
A spacious veil from his broad shoulders flew,
That set th' unhappy Phaëton to view:
The flaming Chariot and the Steeds it shew'd,
And the whole Fable in the mantle glow'd:
Beneath his arm an Urn supported lies
With stars embellish'd, and fictitious skies.
For Titan, by the mighty loss dismay'd,
Among the Heav'ns th' immortal fact display'd,
Lest the remembrance of his grief should fail,
And in the Constellations wrote his tale.
A Swan in memory of Cycnus shines;
The mourning Sisters weep in watry signs;
The burning Chariot, and the Charioteer,
In bright Boötes and his Wane appear;
Whilst in a Track of Light the Waters run,
That wash'd the body of his blasted son. The

The river *Po* gives a name to the chief street of *Turin*, which fronts the Duke's Palace, and, when finished, will be one of the noblest in *Italy* for its length. There is one convenience in this City that I never observed in any other, and which makes some amends for the badness of the Pavement. By the help of a river that runs on the upper side of the town, they can convey a little stream of water through all the most considerable streets, which serves to cleanse the gutters, and carries away all the filth that is swept into it. The manager opens his sluice every night, and distributes the water into what quarters of the town he pleases. Besides the ordinary convenience that arises from it, it is of great use when a fire chances to break out, for at a few minutes warning they have a little river running by the very wall of the house that is burning. The Court of *Turin* is reckoned the most splendid and polite of any in *Italy*; but by reason of its being in mourning, I could not see it in its magnificence. The common people of this state are more exasperated against the *French* than even the rest of the *Italians*. For the great mischiefs they have suffered from them are still fresh upon their memories, and notwithstanding this interval of peace, one may easily trace out the several marches which the *French* armies have made through their country, by the ruin and desolation they have left behind them. I passed through *Piedmont* and *Savoy*, at a time when the Duke was forced, by the necessity of his affairs, to be in alliance with the *French*.

I came directly from *Turin* to *Geneva*, and had a very easy journey over mount *Cennis*, though about the beginning of *December*, the snows having not yet fallen. On the top of this high mountain is a large Plain, and in the midst of the plain a beautiful Lake, which would be very extraordinary were there not several mountains in the neighbourhood rising over it. The Inhabitants thereabout pretend that it is unfathomable, and I question not but the waters of it fill up a deep valley, before they come to a level with the surface of the plain. It is well stocked with Trouts, though they say it is covered with Ice three quarters of the year.

There is nothing in the natural face of *Italy* that is more delightful to a traveller, than the several Lakes which are dispersed up and down among the many breaks and hollows of the *Alps* and *Apennines*. For as these vast heaps of mountains are thrown together with so much irregularity and confusion, they form a great variety of hollow bottoms, that often lie in the figure of so many artificial Basins; where, if any fountains chance to rise, they naturally spread themselves into Lakes before they can find any issue for their waters. The ancient *Romans* took a great deal of pains to hew out a passage for these Lakes to discharge themselves into some neighbouring river, for the bettering of the air, or recovering of the soil that lay underneath them.

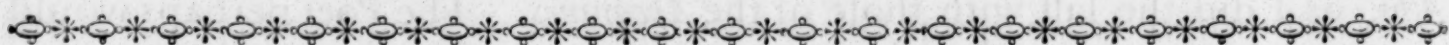
them. The draining of the *Fucinus* by the Emperor *Claudius*, with the prodigious multitude of spectators who attended it, and the famous *Naumachia* and splendid entertainment which were made upon it before the sluices were opened, is a known piece of history. In all our journey through the *Alps*, as well when we climbed as when we descended them, we had still a river running along with the road, that probably at first occasioned the discovery of this passage. I shall end this chapter with a description of the *Alps*, as I did the last with those of the *Apennines*. The Poet perhaps would not have taken notice, that there is no spring nor summer on these mountains, but because in this respect the *Alps* are quite different from the *Apennines*, which have as delightful green spots among them as any in *Italy*.

*Cuncta gelu canâque æternum grandine tecta,
Atque ævi glaciem cohibent: riget ardua montis
Ætherii facies, surgentique obvia Phæbo
Duratas nescit flammis mollire pruinas.
Quantum Tartareus regni pallentis hiatus
Ad manes imos atque atræ stagna paludis
A superâ tellure patet: tam longa per auras
Erigitur tellus, et cælum intercipit umbrâ.
Nullum ver usquam, nullique æstatis honores;
Sola jugis habitat diris, sedesque tuetur
Perpetuas deformis hyems: illa undique nubes
Huc atras agit et mixtos cum grandine nimbos.
Nam cuncti flatus ventique furentia regna
Alpinâ posuere domo, caligat in altis
Obtutus saxis, abeuntque in nubila montes.*

Sil. It. L. 3.

Stiff with eternal Ice, and hid in Snow,
That fell a thousand centuries ago,
The mountain stands; nor can the rising sun
Unfix her frosts, and teach 'em how to run:
Deep as the dark infernal waters lie
From the bright regions of the chearful sky,
So far the proud ascending rocks invade
Heav'ns upper realms, and cast a dreadful shade:
No spring, nor summer, on the mountain seen,
Smiles with gay fruits, or with delightful green;
But hoary winter, unadorn'd and bare,
Dwells in the dire retreat, and freezes there;

There she assembles all her blackest storms,
 And the rude hail in rattling tempests forms;
 Thither the loud tumultuous winds resort,
 And on the mountain keep their boist'rous court,
 That in thick show'rs her rocky summit shrouds,
 And darkens all the broken view with clouds.



G E N E V A and the L A K E.

N E A R St. *Julian* in *Savoy* the *Alps* begin to enlarge themselves on all sides, and open into a vast circuit of ground, which in respect of the other parts of the *Alps* may pass for a plain champaign country. This extent of lands, with the *Leman* Lake, would make one of the prettiest and most defensible dominions in *Europe*, was it all thrown into a single state, and had *Geneva* for its metropolis. But there are three powerful neighbours who divide among them the greatest part of this fruitful country. The Duke of *Savoy* has the *Chablais*, and all the fields that lie beyond the *Arve*, as far as to the *Ecluse*. The King of *France* is master of the whole country of *Gex*; and the Canton of *Berne* comes in for that of *Vaud*. *Geneva* and its little territories lie in the heart of these three States. The greatest part of the town stands upon a hill, and has its views bounded on all sides by several ranges of mountains, which are however at so great a distance, that they leave open a wonderful variety of beautiful prospects. The situation of these mountains has some particular effects on the country, which they enclose. As first, they cover it from all winds, except the south and north. 'Tis to the last of these winds that the Inhabitants of *Geneva* ascribe the healthfulness of their air; for as the *Alps* surround them on all sides, they form a vast kind of Basin, where there would be a constant stagnation of vapors, the country being so well watered, did not the north-wind put them in motion, and scatter them from time to time. Another effect the *Alps* have on *Geneva* is, that the sun here rises later and sets sooner than it does to other places of the same latitude. I have often observed that the tops of the neighbouring mountains have been covered with light above half an hour after the sun is down, in respect of those who live at *Geneva*. These mountains likewise very much increase their summer heats, and make up an Horizon that has something in it very singular and agreeable. On one side you have the long tract of hills, that goes under the name of mount *Jura*, covered with vineyards and pasturage, and on the other, huge precipices of naked rocks

rocks rising up in a thousand odd figures, and cleft in some places, so as to discover high mountains of Snow that lie several leagues behind them. Towards the south the hills rise more insensibly, and leave the eye a vast uninterrupted prospect for many miles. But the most beautiful view of all is the Lake, and the borders of it that lie north of the town.

This Lake resembles a Sea in the color of its waters, the storms that are raised on it, and the ravage it makes on its banks. It receives too a different name from the coasts it washes, and in summer has something like an ebb and flow, which arises from the melting of the snows that fall into it more copiously at noon than at other times of the day. It has five different States bordering on it, the Kingdom of *France*, and the Dutchy of *Savoy*, the Canton of *Berne*, the Bishopric of *Sion*, and the Republic of *Geneva*. I have seen papers fixed up in the Canton of *Berne*, with this magnificent preface; *Whereas we have been informed of several abuses committed in our Ports and Harbors on the Lake, &c.*

I made a little voyage round the Lake, and touched on the several towns that lie on its coasts, which took up near five days, though the wind was pretty fair for us all the while.

The right side of the Lake from *Geneva* belongs to the Duke of *Savoy*, and is extremely well cultivated. The greatest entertainment we found in coasting it were the several prospects of Woods, Vineyards, Meadows, and Corn-fields, which lie on the borders of it, and run up all the sides of the *Alps*, where the barrenness of the rocks, or the steepness of the ascent will suffer them. The wine however on this side of the Lake is by no means so good as that on the other, as it has not so open a soil, and is less exposed to the Sun. We here passed by *Yvoire*, where the Duke keeps his Gallies, and lodged at *Tonon*, which is the greatest town on the Lake belonging to the *Savoyard*. It has four convents, and they say about six or seven thousand Inhabitants. The Lake is here about twelve miles in breadth. At a little distance from *Tonon* stands *Ripaille*, where there is a convent of *Carthusians*. They have a large forest cut out into walks, that are extremely thick and gloomy, and very suitable to the Genius of the Inhabitants. There are *Vistas* in it of a great length, that terminate upon the Lake. At one side of the walks you have a near prospect of the *Alps*, which are broken into so many steeps and precipices, that they fill the mind with an agreeable kind of horror, and form one of the most irregular mis-shapen scenes in the world. The house that is now in the hands of the *Carthusians* belonged formerly to the *Hermits* of *St. Maurice*, and is famous in history for the retreat of an Anti-pope, who called himself *Felix* the fifth. He had been Duke of *Savoy*, and after a very glorious reign took on him the habit of a Hermit, and re-

tired into this solitary spot of his dominions. His enemies will have it, that he lived here in great ease and luxury, from whence the *Italians* to this day make use of the proverb, *Andare a Ripaglia*; and the *French*, *Faire Ripaille*, to express a delightful kind of life. They say too, that he had great managements with several Ecclesiastics before he turned Hermit, and that he did it in the view of being advanced to the Pontificate. However it was, he had not been here half a Year before he was chosen Pope by the Council of *Basil*, who took upon them to depose *Eugenio* the fourth. This promised fair at first, but by the death of the Emperor, who favored *Amadeo*, and the resolution of *Eugenio*, the greatest part of the Church threw itself again under the government of their deposed head. Our Anti-pope however was still supported by the Council of *Basil*, and owned by *Savoy*, *Switzerland*, and a few other little States. This schism lasted in the church nine years, after which *Felix* voluntarily resigned his title into the hands of Pope *Nicholas* the fifth, but on the following conditions, That *Amadeo* should be the first Cardinal in the Conclave; That the Pope should always receive him standing, and offer him his mouth to kiss; that he should be perpetual Cardinal-legate in the states of *Savoy* and *Switzerland*, and in the Arch-bishoprics of *Geneva*, *Sion*, *Bress*, &c. and lastly, That all the Cardinals of his creation should be recognized by the Pope. After he had made a peace so acceptable to the church, and so honorable to himself, he spent the remainder of his life with great devotion at *Ripaille*, and died with an extraordinary reputation of sanctity.

At *Tonon* they shewed us a fountain of water that is in great esteem for its wholesomeness. They say it weighs two ounces in a pound less than the same measure of the Lake water, notwithstanding this last is very good to drink, and as clear as can be imagined. A little above *Tonon* is a castle and small garrison. The next day we saw other small towns on the coast of *Savoy*, where there is nothing but misery and poverty. The nearer you come to the end of the Lake the mountains on each side grow thicker and higher, 'till at last they almost meet. One often sees on the tops of the mountains several sharp rocks that stand above the rest; for as these mountains have been doubtless much higher than they are at present, the rains have washed away abundance of the soil, that has left the veins of stones shooting out of them; as in a decayed body the flesh is still shrinking from the bones. The natural histories of *Switzerland* talk very much of the fall of these rocks, and the great damage they have sometimes done, when their foundations have been mouldered with age, or rent by an earthquake. We saw in several parts of the *Alps* that bordered upon us vast pits of snow, as several mountains that lie at a greater distance are wholly covered with

with it. I fancied the confusion of mountains and hollows, I here observed, furnished me with a more probable reason than any I have met with for those periodical fountains in *Switzerland*, which flow only at such particular hours of the day. For as the tops of these mountains cast their shadows upon one another, they hinder the Sun's shining on several parts at such certain times, so that there are several heaps of snow which have the Sun lying upon them two or three hours together, and are in the shade all the day afterwards. If therefore it happens that any particular fountain takes its rise from any of these reservoirs of snow, it will naturally begin to flow on such hours of the day as the snow begins to melt: but as soon as the Sun leaves it again to freeze and harden, the fountain dries up, and receives no more supplies 'till about the same time the next day, when the heat of the Sun again sets the snows a running that fall into the same little conduits, traces, and canals, and by consequence break out and discover themselves always in the same place. At the very extremity of the Lake the *Rhone* enters, and when I saw it, brought along with it a prodigious quantity of water; the rivers and lakes of this country being much higher in summer than in winter, by reason of the melting of the snows. One would wonder how so many learned men could fall into so great an absurdity, as to believe this river could preserve itself unmixed with the Lake 'till its going out again at *Geneva*, which is a course of many miles. It was extremely muddy at its entrance when I saw it, though as clear as rock-water at its going out. Besides, that it brought in much more water than it carried off. The river indeed preserves itself for about a quarter of a mile in the Lake, but is afterwards so wholly mixed, and lost with the waters of the Lake, that one discovers nothing like a stream 'till within about a quarter of a mile of *Geneva*. From the end of the Lake to the source of the *Rhone* is a valley of about four days journey in length, which gives the name of *Valleins* to its inhabitants, and is the dominion of the Bishop of *Sion*. We lodged the second night at *Ville Neuve*, a little town in the Canton of *Berne* where we found good accommodations, and a much greater appearance of plenty than on the other side of the Lake. The next day, having passed by the castle of *Chillon*, we came to *Verfoy*, another town in the Canton of *Berne*, where *Ludlow* retired after having left *Geneva* and *Lausanne*. The magistrates of the town warned him out of the first by the solicitation of the Dutchess of *Orleans*, as the death of his friend *Lisle* made him quit the other. He probably chose this retreat as a place of the greatest safety, it being an easy matter to know what strangers are in the town, by reason of its situation. The house he lived in has this inscription over the Door.

Omne

*Omne solum forti patria
quia patris.*

The first part is a piece of a verse in Ovid, as the last is a cant of his own. He is buried in the best of the churches with the following Epitaph.

Siste gradum et respice

Hic jacet Edmond Ludlow Anglus Natione, Provinciæ Wiltoniensis, filius Henrici Equestris Ordinis, Senatorisque Parliamenti, cujus quoque fuit ipse membrum, Patrum stemmate clarus et nobilis, virtute propriâ nobilior, religione protestans et insigni pietate coruscus, ætatis Anno 23. Tribunus Militum, paulo post exercitûs prætor primarius. Tunc Hibernorum domitor, in pugna intrepidus et vitæ prodigus, in victoriâ clemens et mansuetus, patriæ libertatis defensor, et potestatis arbitrarie impugnator acerrimus; cujus causâ ab eadem patriâ 32 annis extorris, meliorique fortunâ dignus apud Helvetios se recepit ibique ætatis Anno 73. Moriens sui desiderium relinquens sedes æternas lætus advolavit.

Hocce monumentum, in perpetuam veræ et sinceræ pietatis erga Maritum defunctum memoriam, dicat et vovet Domina Elizabeth de Thomas, ejus strenua et mæstissima, tam in infortuniis quam in matrimonio, consors dilectissima, quæ animi magnitudine et vi amoris conjugalis mota eum in exilium ad obitum usque constanter secuta est. Anno Dom. 1693.

Ludlow was a constant frequenter of sermons and prayers, but would never communicate with them either of Geneva or Vevy. Just by his monument is a tombstone with the following inscription.

Depositorium

Andree Broughton Armigeri Anglicani Maydstonensis in Comitatu Cantii ubi bis prætor Urbanus. Dignatusque etiam fuit sententiam Regis Regum profari. Quam ob causam expulsus patriâ suâ, peregrinatione ejus finitâ, solo senectutis morbo affectus requiescens a laboribus suis in Domino obdormivit, 23 die Feb. Anno D. 1687. ætatis suæ 84. The Inhabitants of the place could give no account of this Broughton, but, I suppose, by his Epitaph, it is the same person that was Clerk to the pretended High Court of Justice, which passed sentence on the Royal Martyr.

The next day we spent at *Lausanne*, the greatest town on the Lake, after *Geneva*. We saw the Wall of the cathedral church that was opened by an earthquake, and shut again some years after by a second. The Crack can but be just discerned at present, though there are several in the town still living

living who have formerly passed through it. The Duke of *Schomberg*, who was killed in *Savoy*, lies in this church, but without any monument or inscription over him. *Laufanne* was once a Republic, but is now under the Canton of *Berne*, and governed, like the rest of their dominions, by a Bailiff who is sent them every three years from the Senate of *Berne*. There is one street of this town that has the privilege of acquitting or condemning any person of their own body, in matters of life and death. Every Inhabitant of it has his vote, which makes a house here sell better than in any other part of the town. They tell you that not many years ago it happened that a cobbler had the casting vote for the life of a criminal, which he very graciously gave on the merciful side. From *Laufanne* to *Geneva* we coasted along the country of the *Vaud*, which is the fruitfulest and best cultivated part of any among the *Alps*. It belonged formerly to the Duke of *Savoy*, but was won from him by the Canton of *Berne*, and made over to it by the treaty of *St. Julian*, which is still very much regretted by the *Savoyard*. We called in at *Morge*, where there is an artificial port, and a shew of more trade than in any other town on the Lake. From *Morge* we came to *Nyon*. The *Colonia Equestris*, that *Julius Cæsar* settled in this country, is generally supposed to have been planted in this place. They have often dug up old *Roman* inscriptions and statues, and as I walked in the town I observed in the walls of several houses the fragments of vast *Corinthian* pillars, with several other pieces of Architecture, which must have formerly belonged to some very noble pile of building. There is no Author that mentions this Colony, yet it is certain by several old *Roman* Inscriptions that there was such an one. *Lucan* indeed speaks of a part of *Cæsar's* army that came to him from the *Leman* Lake in the beginning of the Civil War.

Deferuere cavo tentoria fixa Lemanno.

At about five miles distance from *Nyon* they shew still the ruins of *Cæsar's* wall, that reached eighteen miles in length from mount *Jura* to the borders of the Lake, as he has described it in the first book of his *Commentaries*. The next town upon the Lake, is *Versoy*, which we could not have an opportunity of seeing, as belonging to the King of *France*. It has the reputation of being extremely poor and beggarly. We sailed from hence directly for *Geneva*, which makes a very noble show from the Lake. There are near *Geneva* several quarries of free-stone that run under the Lake. When the water is at lowest they make within the borders of it a little square enclosed with four walls. In this square they sink a pit, and dig for free-stone; the walls hindering the waters from coming in upon them,
when

when the Lake rises and runs on all sides of them. The great convenience of carriage makes these stones much cheaper than any that can be found upon firm land. One sees several deep pits that have been made at several times as one sails over them. As the Lake approaches *Geneva* it grows still narrower and narrower, 'till at last it changes its name into the *Rhone*, which turns all the mills of the town, and is extremely rapid, notwithstanding its waters are very deep. As I have seen a great part of the course of this river, I cannot but think it has been guided by the particular hand of Providence. It rises in the very heart of the *Alps*, and has a long valley that seems hewn out on purpose to give its waters a passage amidst so many rocks and mountains which are on all sides of it. This brings it almost in a direct line to *Geneva*. It would there overflow all the country, were there not one particular cleft that divides a vast circuit of mountains, and conveys it off to *Lyons*. From *Lyons* there is another great rent, which runs across the whole country in almost another straight line, and notwithstanding the vast height of the mountains that rise about it, gives it the shortest course it can take to fall into the sea. Had such a river as this been left to itself to have found its way out from among the *Alps*, whatever windings it had made it must have formed several little seas, and have laid many countries under water before it had come to the end of its course. I shall not make any remarks upon *Geneva*, which is a Republic so well known to the *English*. It lies at present under some difficulties by reason of the Emperor's displeasure, who has forbidden the importation of their manufactures into any part of the Empire, which will certainly raise a sedition among the people, unless the Magistrates find some way to remedy it: and they say it is already done by the interposition of the states of *Holland*. The occasion of the Emperor's prohibition was their furnishing great sums to the King of *France* for the payment of his army in *Italy*. They obliged themselves to remit, after the rate of twelve hundred thousand pounds sterling, *per Annum*, divided into so many monthly payments. As the interest was very great, several of the merchants of *Lyons*, who would not trust their King in their own names, are said to have contributed a great deal under the names of *Geneva* merchants. The Republic fancies itself hardly treated by the Emperor, since it is not any action of the State, but a compact among private persons that hath furnished out these several remittances. They pretend however to have put a stop to them, and by that means are in hopes again to open their commerce into the Empire.

Fribourg,

*Fribourg, Berne, Soleurre, Zurich, St. Gaul,
Lindaw, &c.*

FROM *Geneva* I travelled to *Lausanne*, and thence to *Fribourg*, which is but a mean town for the capital of so large a Canton: its situation is so irregular, that they are forced to climb up to several parts of it by stair-cases of a prodigious ascent. This inconvenience however gives them a very great commodity in case a fire breaks out in any part of the town, for by reason of several reservoirs on the tops of these mountains, by the opening of a sluice they convey a river into what part of the town they please. They have four churches, four convents of women, and as many for men. The little chapel, called the *Salutation*, is very neat, and built with a pretty fancy. The college of Jesuits is, they say, the finest in *Switzerland*. There is a great deal of Room in it, and several beautiful views from the different parts of it. They have a collection of pictures representing most of the Fathers of their order, who have been eminent for their piety or learning. Among the rest many *English* men whom we name Rebels, and they Martyrs, *Henry Garnet's* inscription says, That when the heretics could not prevail with him, either by force or promises, to change his religion, they hanged and quartered him. At the *Capuchins* I saw the *Escaratoire*, which I took the more notice of because I do not remember to have met with any thing of the same in other countries, It is a square place boarded in, and filled with a vast quantity of large Snails, that are esteemed excellent food when they are well dressed. The floor is strewed about half a foot deep with several kinds of plants, among which the Snails nestle all the winter season. When *Lent* arrives they open their magazines, and take out of them the best Meager food in the world, for there is no dish of fish that they reckon comparable to a Ragout of Snails.

About two leagues from *Fribourg* we went to see a Hermitage, that is reckoned the greatest curiosity of these parts. It lies in the prettiest solitude imaginable, among woods and rocks, which at first sight dispose a man to be serious. There has lived in it a Hermite these five and twenty years, who with his own hands has worked in the rock a pretty Chapel, a Sacristy, a Chamber, Kitchen, Cellar, and other Conveniences. His chimney is carried up through the whole rock, so that you see the sky through it, notwithstanding the rooms lie very deep. He has cut the side of the rock

into a flat for a garden, and by laying on it the waste earth that he has found in several of the neighbouring parts, has made such a spot of ground of it as furnishes out a kind of luxury for an Hermite. As he saw drops of water distilling from several parts of the rock, by following the veins of them, he has made himself two or three fountains in the bowels of the mountain, that serve his table, and water his little garden.

We had very bad ways from hence to *Berne*, a great part of them through woods of Fir-trees. The great quantity of timber they have in this country makes them mend their high-ways with wood instead of stone. I could not but take notice of the Make of several of their Barns I here saw. After having laid a frame of wood for the foundation, they place at the four corners of it, four huge blocks, cut in such a shape as neither mice nor any other sort of vermin can creep up the sides of them, at the same time that they raise the corn above the moisture that might come into it from the ground. The whole weight of the barn is supported by these four blocks.

What pleased me most at *Berne* was their public walks by the Great Church. They are raised extremely high, and that their weight might not break down the walls and pilasters which surround them, they are built upon arches and vaults. Though they are, I believe, as high as most steeples in *England* from the streets and gardens that lie at the foot of them, yet about forty years ago a person in his drink fell down from the very top to the bottom, without doing himself any other hurt than the breaking of an arm. He died about four years ago. There is the noblest summer-prospect in the world from this walk, for you have a full view of a huge range of mountains that lie in the country of the *Grisons*, and are buried in Snow. They are about twenty five leagues distance from the town though by reason of their height and their color they seem much nearer. The cathedral church stands on one side of these walks, and is perhaps the most magnificent of any protestant church in *Europe* out of *England*. It is a very bold work, and a masterpiece in *Gothic* Architecture.

I saw the Arsenal of *Berne*, where they say there are arms for twenty thousand men. There is indeed no great pleasure in visiting these magazines of war after one has seen two or three of them, yet it is very well worth a travellers while to look into all that lie in his way; for besides the Idea it gives him of the Forces of a state, it serves to fix in his mind the most considerable parts of its History. Thus in that of *Geneva* one meets with the Ladders, Petards and other utensils which were made use of in their famous Escalade, besides the weapons they took of the *Savoyards*, *Florentines*, and *French* in the several battles mentioned in their history. In this of *Berne* you have the figure and armor of the Count who founded the town,
and

and of the famous *Tell* who is represented as shooting at the Apple on his Son's head. The story is too well known to be repeated in this place. I here likewise saw the figure and armor of him that headed the peasants in the war upon *Berne*, with the several weapons which were found in the hands of his followers. They shew too abundance of arms that they took from the *Burgundians* in the three great battles which established them in their liberty, and destroyed the great Duke of *Burgundy* himself, with the bravest of his subjects. I saw nothing remarkable in the chambers where the Counsel meet, nor in the fortifications of the town. These last were made on occasion of the Peasants insurrection, to defend the place for the future against the like sudden assaults. In their Library I observed a couple of antique figures in metal, of a Priest pouring wine between the horns of a Bull. The Priest is veiled after the manner of the old *Roman* sacrificers, and is represented in the same action that *Virgil* describes in the third *Aeneid*.

*Ipsa tenens dextrâ pateram pulcherrima Dido
Candentis vaccae media inter cornua fundit.*

This antiquity was found at *Lausanne*.

The town of *Berne* is plentifully furnished with water, there being a great multitude of handsome fountains planted at set distances from one end of the streets to the other. There is indeed no country in the world better supplied with water, than the several parts of *Switzerland* that I travelled through. One meets every where in the roads with fountains continually running into huge troughs that stand underneath them, which is wonderfully commodious in a country that so much abounds in horses and cattle. It has so many springs breaking out of the sides of the hills, and such vast quantities of wood to make pipes of, that it is no wonder they are so well stocked with fountains. -

On the road between *Berne* and *Soleurre* there is a monument erected by the Republic of *Berne*, which tells us the story of an *Englishman*, who is not to be met with in any of our own writers. The inscription is in *Latin* verse on one side of the stone, and in *German* on the other. I had not time to copy it, but the substance of it is this. "One *Cusinus*, an *Englishman*, to whom the Duke of *Austria* had given his Sister in marriage, came to take her from among the *Swiss* by force of arms, but after having ravaged the country for some time, he was here overthrown by the Canton of *Berne*."

Soleurre is our next considerable town that seemed to me to have a greater air of politeness than any I saw in *Switzerland*. The *French* Ambassador has his residence in this place. His master contributed a great sum of money to the *Jesuits* church, which is not yet quite finished. It is the finest

modern building in *Switzerland*. The old cathedral church stood not far from it. At the ascent that leads to it are a couple of antique pillars which belonged to an old heathen temple, dedicated to *Hermes*: They seem *Tuscan* by their proportion. The whole fortification of *Soleurre* is faced with marble. But its best fortifications are the high mountains that lie within its neighbourhood, and separate it from the *Franche Comptè*.

The next day's journey carried us through other parts of the Canton of *Berne*, to the little town of *Meldingen*. I was surprised to find in all my road through *Switzerland*, the wine that grows in the country of *Vaud* on the borders of the Lake of *Geneva*, which is very cheap, notwithstanding the great distance between the vineyards and the towns that sell the wine. But the navigable rivers of *Switzerland* are as commodious to them in this respect, as the sea is to the *English*. As soon as the vintage is over, they ship off their wine upon the Lake, which furnishes all the towns that lie upon its borders. What they design for other parts of the country they unload at *Vevy*, and after about half a day's land-carriage convey it into the river *Aar*, which brings it down the stream to *Berne*, *Soleurre*, and, in a word, distributes it through all the richest parts of *Switzerland*; as it is easy to guess from the first sight of the Map, which shews us the natural communication Providence has formed between the many Rivers and Lakes of a country that is at so great a distance from the sea. The Canton of *Berne* is reckoned as powerful as all the rest together. They can send a hundred thousand men into the field; though the Soldiers of the Catholic Cantons, who are much poorer, and therefore forced to enter oftner into foreign armies, are more esteemed than the Protestants.

We lay one night at *Meldingen*, which is a little *Roman* Catholic town with one church, and no convent. It is a Republic of itself under the protection of the eight ancient Cantons. There are in it a hundred Burgeois, and about a thousand Souls. Their government is modelled after the same manner with that of the Cantons, as much as so small a community can imitate those of so large an extent. For this reason though they have very little business to do, they have all the variety of councils and officers that are to be met with in the greater states. They have a town-house to meet in, adorned with the arms of the eight Cantons their protectors. They have three Councils, the Great Council of fourteen, the Little Council of ten, and the Privy Council of three. The chief of the State are the two Avoyers: When I was there, the reigning Avoyer, or the Doge of the Commonwealth, was son to the Inn where I was lodged; his Father having enjoyed the same honors before him. His revenue amounts to about thirty pounds a year. The several Councils meet every *Thursday* upon affairs of State, such

as the reparation of a Trough, the mending of a Pavement, or any the like matters of importance. The river that runs through their dominions puts them to the charge of a very large bridge, that is all made of wood, and coped over head, like the rest in *Switzerland*. Those that travel over it pay a certain due towards the maintenance of this bridge. And as the *French* Ambassador has often occasion to pass this way, his Master gives the town a pension of twenty pounds sterling, which makes them extremely industrious to raise all the men they can for his service, and keeps this powerful Republic firm to the *French* interest. You may be sure the preserving of the bridge, with the regulation of the dues arising from it, is the grand affair that cuts out employment for the several councils of State. They have a small village belonging to them, whither they punctually send a Bailiff for the distribution of Justice; in imitation still of the Great Cantons. There are three other towns that have the same privileges and protectors.

We dined the next day at *Zurich*, that is prettily situated on the outlet of the Lake and is reckoned the handsomest town in *Switzerland*. The chief places shewn to strangers are the Arsenal, the Library, and the Town-house. This last is but lately finished, and is a very fine pile of building. The Frontispiece has pillars of a beautiful black marble streaked with white, which is found in the neighbouring mountains. The chambers for the several Councils, with the other apartments, are very neat. The whole building is indeed so well designed, that it would make a good figure even in *Italy*. It is pity they have spoiled the beauty of the walls with abundance of childish *Latin* sentences, that consist often in a jingle of words. I have indeed observed in several inscriptions of this country, that your men of learning here are extremely delighted in playing little tricks with words and figures; for your *Swiss* wits are not yet got out of Anagram and Acrostic. The Library is a very large room, pretty well filled. Over it is another room furnished with several artificial and natural curiosities. I saw in it a huge Map of the country of *Zurich* drawn with a Pencil, where they see every particular fountain and hillock in their dominions. I ran over their cabinet of Medals, but do not remember to have met with any in it that are extraordinary rare. The Arsenal is better than that of *Berne*, and they say has arms for thirty thousand men.

At about a day's journey from *Zurich* we entered on the territories of the Abbot of *St. Gaul*. They are four hours riding in breadth, and twelve in length. The Abbot can raise in it an army of twelve thousand men well armed and exercised. He is sovereign of the whole country, and under the protection of the Cantons of *Zurich*, *Lucerne*, *Glaris* and *Switz*. He is always chosen out of the Abby of *Benedictines* at *St. Gaul*. Every Father and Brother of the convent has a voice in the election, which must afterwards be confirmed by

by the Pope. The last Abbot was Cardinal *Sfondrati*, who was advanced to the Purple about two years before his death. The Abbot takes the advice and consent of his Chapter before he enters on any matter of importance, as the levying of a tax, or declaring of a war. His chief Lay-officer is the Grand *Maitre d' Hôtel*, or High-steward of the household, who is named by the Abbot, and has the management of all affairs under him. There are several other Judges and distributors of justice appointed for the several parts of his dominions, from whom there always lies an appeal to the Prince. His residence is generally at the *Benedictine* Convent at St. *Gaul*, notwithstanding the town of St. *Gaul* is a little Protestant Republic, wholly independent of the Abbot, and under the protection of the Cantons.

One would wonder to see so many rich Burgeois in the town of St. *Gaul*, and so very few poor people in a place that has scarce any lands belonging to it, and little or no income but what arises from its trade. But the great support and riches of this little State is its Linen manufacture, which employs almost all ages and conditions of its Inhabitants. The whole country about them, furnishes them with vast quantities of flax, out of which they are said to make yearly forty thousand pieces of linen cloth, reckoning two hundred ells to the piece. Some of their manufacture is as finely wrought as any that can be met with in *Holland*; for they have excellent Artizans, and great commodities for whitening. All the fields about the town were so covered with their manufacture, that coming in the dusk of the evening we mistook them for a lake. They send off their works upon Mules into *Italy*, *Spain*, *Germany*, and all the adjacent countries. They reckon in the town of St. *Gaul*, and in the houses that lie scattered about it, near ten thousand Souls, of which there are sixteen hundred Bourgeois. They chuse their Councils and Burgomasters out of the body of the Bourgeois, as in the other governments of *Switzerland*, which are every where of the same nature, the difference lying only in the numbers of such as are employed in state-affairs, which are proportioned to the grandeur of the States that employ them. The Abby and the Town bear a great aversion to one another; but in the general Diet of the Cantons their Representatives sit together, and act by concert. The Abbot deposes his *Grand Maitre d' Hôtel*, and the Town one of its Burgomasters.

About four years ago the Town and Abby would have come to an open rupture, had it not been timely prevented by the interposition of their common protectors. The occasion was this. A *Benedictine* Monk, in one of their annual processions, carried his Cross erected through the town with a train of three or four thousand Peasants following him. They had no sooner entered the Convent but the whole town was in a tumult, occasioned by the insolence

insolence of the Priest, who, contrary to all precedents, had presumed to carry his Cross in that manner. The Burgeois immediately put themselves in arms, and drew down four pieces of their cannon to the gates of the Convent. The procession to escape the fury of the citizens durst not return by the way it came, but after the devotions of the Monks were finished, passed out at a back-door of the Convent, that immediately led into the Abbot's territories. The Abbot on his part raises an army, blocks up the town on the side that faces his dominions, and forbids his subjects to furnish it with any of their commodities. While things were just ripe for a war, the Cantons, their protectors, interposed as Umpires in the quarrel, condemning the Town that had appeared too forward in the dispute to a fine of two thousand crowns; and enacting at the same time, that as soon as any procession entered their walls, the Priest should let the Cross hang about his neck without touching it with either hand, 'till he came within the precincts of the Abby. The Citizens could bring into the field near two thousand men well exercised, and armed to the best advantage, with which they fancy they could make head against twelve or fifteen thousand Peasants, for so many the Abbot could easily raise in his territories. But the Protestants subjects of the Abby, who they say make up a good third of its people, would probably, in case of a war, abandon the cause of their Prince for that of their Religion. The town of *St. Gaul* has an Arsenal, Library, Town-houses, and Churches, proportionable to the bigness of the State. It is well enough fortified to resist any sudden attack, and to give the Cantons time to come to their assistance. The Abby is by no means so magnificent as one would expect from its endowments. The church is one huge Nef with a double Aisle to it. At each end is a large Quire. The one of them is supported by vast pillars of stone, cased over with a composition that looks the most like marble of any thing one can imagine. On the cieling and walls of the church are lists of Saints, Martyrs, Popes, Cardinals, Archbishops, Kings, and Queens, that have been of the *Benedictine* order. There are several pictures of such as have been distinguished by their Birth, Sanctity, or Miracles, with inscriptions that let you into the name and history of the persons represented. I have often wished that some traveller would take the pains to gather all the modern Inscriptions which are to be met with in *Roman* Catholic countries, as *Gruter* and others have copied out the ancient Heathen monuments. Had we two or three volumes of this nature, without any of the collector's own reflections, I am sure there is nothing in the world could give a clearer idea of the *Roman* Catholic Religion, nor expose more the pride, vanity and self-interest of Convents, the abuse of Indulgencies, the folly and impertinence of Votaries, and in short

short the superstition, credulity, and childishness, of the *Roman Catholic* religion. One might fill several Sheets at *St. Gaul*, as there are few considerable Convents or Churches that would not afford large Contributions.

As the King of *France* distributes his pensions through all the parts of *Switzerland*, the Town and Abby of *St. Gaul* come in too for their share. To the first he gives five hundred crowns *per Annum*, and to the other a thousand. This pension has not been paid these three years, which they attribute to their not acknowledging the Duke of *Anjou* for King of *Spain*. The Town and Abby of *St. Gaul* carry a Bear for their arms. The *Roman Catholics* have this Bear's memory in very great veneration, and represent him as the first convert their Saint made in the country. One of the most learned of the *Benedictine* Monks gave me the following history of him, which he delivered to me with tears of affection in his eyes. " *St. Gaul*, " it seems, whom they call the great Apostle of *Germany*, found all this " country little better than a vast desert. As he was walking in it on a " very cold day he chanced to meet a Bear in his way. The Saint, instead " of being startled at the rencounter, ordered the Bear to bring him a bun- " dle of wood, and make him a fire. The Bear served him to the best of " his ability, and at his departure was commanded by the Saint to retire " into the very depth of the woods, and there to pass the rest of his life " without ever hurting man or beast. From this time, says the Monk, the " Bear lived irreproachably, and observed to his dying day the orders that " the Saint had given him.

I have often considered with a great deal of pleasure, the profound peace and tranquility that reigns in *Switzerland* and its alliances. It is very wonderful to see such a knot of governments, which are so divided among themselves in matters of religion, maintain so uninterrupted an union and correspondence, that no one of them is for invading the rights of another, but remains content within the bounds of its first establishment. This, I think, must be chiefly ascribed to the nature of the people, and the constitution of their governments. Were the *Swiss* animated by zeal or ambition, some or other of their States would immediately break in upon the rest; or were the States so many Principalities, they might often have an ambitious Sovereign at the head of them, that would embroil his neighbours, and sacrifice the repose of his subjects to his own glory. But as the Inhabitants of these countries are naturally of a heavy phlegmatic temper, if any of their leading members have more fire and spirit than comes to their share, it is quickly tempered by the coldness and moderation of the rest who sit at the helm with them. To this we may add, that the *Alps* is the worst spot of ground in the world to make conquests in, a great part of
its

its governments being so naturally intrenched among woods and mountains. However it be, we find no such disorders among them as one would expect in such a multitude of States; for as soon as any public rupture happens, it is immediately closed up by the moderation and good offices of the rest that interpose.

As all the considerable governments among the *Alps* are Commonwealths, so indeed it is a constitution the most adapted of any other to the poverty and barrenness of these countries. We may see only in a neighbouring government the ill consequence of having a despotic Prince, in a state that is most of it composed of rocks and mountains; for notwithstanding there is a vast extent of lands, and many of them better than those of the *Swiss* and *Grisons*, the common people among the latter are much more at their ease and in a greater affluence of all the conveniences of life. A Prince's court eats too much into the income of a poor State, and generally introduces a kind of luxury and magnificence, that sets every particular person upon making a higher figure in his Station than is consistent with his revenue.

It is the great endeavor of the several Cantons of *Switzerland*, to banish from among them every thing that looks like pomp or superfluity. To this end the Ministers are always preaching, and the Governors putting out Edicts against dancing, gaming, entertainments, and fine clothes. This is become more necessary in some of the governments, since there are so many Refugees settled among them; for though the Protestants in *France* affect ordinarily a greater plainness and simplicity of manners, than those of the same quality who are of the *Roman Catholic* Communion, they have however too much of their country gallantry for the genius and constitution of *Switzerland*. Should dressing, feasting, and balls, once get among the Cantons, their military roughness would be quickly lost, their tempers would grow too soft for their climate, and their expences out run their incomes; besides that the materials for their luxury must be brought from other nations, which would immediately ruin a country that has but few commodities of its own to export, and is not over-stocked with money. Luxury indeed wounds a Republic in its very vitals, as its natural consequences are rapine, avarice, and injustice; for the more money a man spends, the more must he endeavor to augment his stock; which at last sets the liberty and votes of a Commonwealth to sale, if they find any foreign Power that is able to pay the price of them. We see no where the pernicious effects of luxury on a Republic more than in that of the ancient *Romans*, who immediately found itself poor as soon as this vice got footing among them, though they were possessed of all the riches in the world.

We find in the beginnings and increases of their Commonwealth strange instances of the contempt of money, because indeed they were utter strangers to the pleasures that might be procured by it; or in other words, because they were wholly ignorant of the arts of luxury. But as soon as they once entered into a taste of pleasure, politeness, and magnificence, they fell into a thousand violences, conspiracies, and divisions, that threw them into all the disorders imaginable, and terminated in the utter subversion of the Commonwealth. It is no wonder therefore the poor Commonwealths of *Switzerland* are ever laboring at the suppression and prohibition of every thing that may introduce vanity and luxury. Besides the several fines that are set upon Plays, Games, Balls and Feastings, they have many customs among them which very much contribute to the keeping up of their ancient simplicity. The Bourgeois, who are at the head of the governments, are obliged to appear at all their public assemblies in a black Cloak and a Band. The womens dress is very plain, those of the best quality wearing nothing on their heads generally but Furs, which are to be met with in their own country. The persons of different qualities in both sexes are indeed allowed their different ornaments, but these are generally such as are by no means costly, being rather designed as marks of distinction than to make a figure. The chief officers of *Berne*, for example, are known by the Crowns of their hats, which are much deeper than those of an inferior character. The peasants are generally clothed in a coarse kind of Canvas, that is the manufacture of the country. Their holy-day clothes go from Father to Son, and are seldom worn out, 'till the second or third generation: So that it is common enough to see a countryman in the Doublet and Breeches of his Great-grandfather.

Geneva is much politer than *Switzerland*, or any of its allies, and is therefore looked upon as the Court of the *Alps*, whither the Protestant Cantons often send their children to improve themselves in language and education. The *Genevois* have been very much refined, or, as others will have it, corrupted by the conversation of the *French* Protestants, who make up almost a third of their People. It is certain they have very much forgotten the advice that *Calvin* gave them in a great Council a little before his death, when he recommended to them, above all things, an exemplary modesty and humility, and as great a simplicity in their manners as in their religion. Whether or no they have done well, to set up for making another kind of figure, Time will witness. There are several that fancy the great sums they have remitted into *Italy*, though by this means they make their court to the King of *France* at present, may some time or other give him an inclination to become the master of so wealthy a city.

As

As this collection of little States abounds more in pasturage than in corn, they are all provided with their public granaries, and have the humanity to furnish one another in public exigencies, when the scarcity is not universal. As the administration of affairs relating to these public granaries is not very different in any of the particular governments, I shall content myself to set down the rules observed in it by the little Commonwealth of *Geneva*, in which I had more time to inform myself of the particulars than in any other. There are three of the Little Council deputed for this office. They are obliged to keep together a provision sufficient to feed the people at least two years, in case of war or famine. They must take care to fill their magazines in times of the greatest plenty, that so they may afford cheaper, and increase the public revenue at a small expence of its members. None of the three managers must, upon any pretence, furnish the granaries from his own fields, that so they may have no temptation to pay too great a price, or put any bad corn upon the public. They must buy up no corn growing within twelve miles of *Geneva*, that so the filling their magazines may not prejudice their market, and raise the price of their provisions at home. That such a collection of corn may not spoil in keeping, all the Inns and Public-houses are obliged to furnish themselves out of it, by which means is raised the most considerable branch of the public revenues; the corn being sold out at a much dearer rate than 'tis bought up. So that the greatest income of the Commonwealth, which pays the pensions of most of its Officers and Ministers, is raised on strangers and travellers, or such of their own body as have money enough to spend at Taverns and Public-houses.

It is the custom in *Geneva* and *Switzerland* to divide their estates equally among all their children, by which means every one lives at his ease without growing dangerous to the Republic, for as soon as an overgrown estate falls into the hands of one that has many children, it is broken into so many portions as render the sharers of it rich enough, without raising them too much above the level of the rest. This is absolutely necessary in these little Republics, where the rich merchants live very much within their estates, and by heaping up vast sums from year to year might become formidable to the rest of their fellow-citizens, and break the equality, which is so necessary in these kinds of governments, were there not means found out to distribute their wealth among several members of their Republic. At *Geneva*, for instance, are merchants reckoned worth twenty hundred thousand crowns, though perhaps, there is not one of them who spends to the value of five hundred pounds a year.

Though the Protestants and Papists know very well that it is their common interest to keep a steady neutrality in all the wars between the States of *Europe*, they cannot forbear siding with a party in their discourse. The Catholics are zealous for the *French* King, as the Protestants do not a little glory in the riches, power, and good success of the *English* and *Dutch*, whom they look upon as the bulwarks of the Reformation. The Ministers, in particular, have often preached against such of their fellow-subjects as enter into the troops of the *French* King; but so long as the *Swiss* see their interest in it, their poverty will always hold them fast to his service. They have indeed the exercise of their religion, and their Ministers with them, which is the more remarkable, because the very same Prince refused even those of the church of *England*, who followed their master to *St. Germain*, the public exercise of their religion.

Before I leave *Switzerland* I cannot but observe, that the notion of Witchcraft reigns very much in this country. I have often been tired with accounts of this nature from very sensible men, who are most of them furnished with matters of fact which have happened, as they pretend, within the compass of their own knowledge. It is certain there have been many executions on this account, as in the Canton of *Berne* there were some put to death during my stay at *Geneva*. The people are so universally infatuated with the notion, that if a Cow falls sick, it is ten to one but an old woman is clapt up in prison for it, and if the poor creature chance to think herself a witch, the whole country is for hanging her up without mercy. One finds indeed the same humor prevail in most of the rocky barren parts of *Europe*. Whether it be that poverty and ignorance, which are generally the products of these countries, may really engage a wretch in such dark practices, or whether or no the same principles may not render the people too credulous, and perhaps too easy to get rid of some of their unprofitable members.

A great affair that employs the *Swiss* politics at present is the Prince of *Conti*'s succession to the Dutches of *Nemours* in the government of *Neuf-Chatel*. The Inhabitants of *Neuf-Chatel* can by no means think of submitting themselves to a Prince who is a *Roman* Catholic, and a subject of *France*. They were very attentive to his conduct in the principality of *Orange*, which they did not question but he would rule with all the mildness and moderation imaginable, as it would be the best means in the world to recommend him to *Neuf-Chatel*. But notwithstanding it was so much his interest to manage his Protestant subjects in that country, and the strong assurances he had given them in protecting them in all their privileges, and particularly in the free exercise of their religion, he made over his Principality

pality in a very little time for a sum of money to the King of *France*. It is indeed generally believed the Prince of *Conti* would rather still have kept his title to *Orange*, but the same respect which induced him to quit his government, might at another time tempt him to give up that of *Neuf-Chatel* on the like conditions. The King of *Prussia* lays in his claim for *Neuf-Chatel*, as he did for the Principality of *Orange*, and it is probable would be more acceptable to the Inhabitants than the other; but they are generally disposed to declare themselves a Free Commonwealth, after the death of the Dutchess of *Nemours*, if the *Swiss* will support them. The Protestant Cantons seem much inclined to assist them, which they may very well do, in case the Dutchess dies while the King of *France* has his hands so full of business on all sides of him. It certainly very much concerns them not to suffer the *French* King to establish his Authority on this side mount *Jura*, and on the very borders of their country; but it is not easy to foresee what a round sum of money, or the fear of a rupture with *France*, may do among a people who have tamely suffered the *Franche Comptè* to be seized on, and a Fort to be built within Cannon-shot of one of their cantons.

There is a new sect sprung up in *Switzerland*, which spreads very much in the Protestant Cantons. The professors of it call themselves *Pietists*, and as Enthusiasm carries men generally to the like extravagancies, they differ but little from several sectaries in other countries. They pretend in general to great refinements, as to what regards the practice of christianity, and to observe the following rules. To retire much from the conversation of the world. To sink themselves into an entire repose and tranquillity of mind. In this state of silence to attend the secret illapse and flowings-in of the Holy Spirit, that may fill their minds with peace and consolation, joys or raptures. To favor all his secret intimations, and give themselves up entirely to his conduct and direction, so as neither to speak, move, or act but as they find his impulse on their Souls. To retrench themselves within the conveniencies and necessities of life. To make a covenant with all their senses, so far as to shun the smell of a Rose or Violet, and to turn away their eyes from a beautiful prospect. To avoid, as much as is possible, what the world calls innocent pleasures, lest they should have their affections tainted by any sensuality, and diverted from the love of him who is to be the only comfort, repose, hope, and delight, of their whole beings. This sect prevails very much among the Protestants of *Germany*, as well as those of *Switzerland*, and has occasioned several Edicts against it in the Dutchy of *Saxony*. The professors of it are accused of all the ill practices which may seem to be the consequence of their principles, as that they ascribe the worst of actions, which their own vicious tempers throw them upon, to the

the dictates of the holy Spirit; that both sexes, under pretence of devout conversation, visit one another at all hours, and in all places, without any regard to common decency, often making their religion a cover for their immoralities; and that the very best of them are possessed with spiritual pride, and a contempt for all such as are not of their own sect. The *Roman Catholics*, who reproach the Protestants for their breaking into such a multitude of religions, have certainly taken the most effectual way in the world for the keeping their flocks together; I do not mean the punishments they inflict on men's persons, which are commonly looked upon as the chief methods by which they deter them from breaking through the pale of the church, though certainly these lay a very great restraint on those of the *Roman Catholic* persuasion. But I take one great cause why there are so few sects in the church of *Rome*, to be the multitude of convents, with which they every where abound, that serve as receptacles for all those fiery zealots who would set the church in a flame, were not they got together in these houses of devotion. All men of dark tempers, according to their degree of melancholy or enthusiasm, may find convents fitted to their humors, and meet with companions as gloomy as themselves. So that what the Protestants would call a Fanatic, is, in the *Roman Church*, a Religious of such or such an order; as I have been told of an *English Merchant* at *Lisbon*, who after some great disappointments in the world was resolved to turn Quaker or Capuchin; for, in the change of religion, men of ordinary understandings do not so much consider the Principles, as the Practice of those to whom they go over.

From *St. Gaul* I took horse to the Lake of *Constance*, which lies at two leagues distance from it, and is formed by the entry of the *Rhine*. This is the only Lake in *Europe* that disputes for greatness with that of *Geneva*; it appears more beautiful to the eye, but wants the fruitful fields and vineyards that border upon the other. It receives its name from *Constance*, the chief town on its banks. When the Cantons of *Berne* and *Zurich* proposed, at a general Diet, the incorporating *Geneva* in the number of the Cantons, the *Roman Catholic* party, fearing the Protestant interest might receive by it too great a strengthening, proposed at the same time the incantoning of *Constance*, as a counterpoise; to which the Protestants not consenting, the whole project fell to the ground. We crossed the Lake to *Lindaw*, and in several parts of it observed abundance of little bubbles of Air, that came working upward from the very bottom of the Lake. The watermen told us, that they are observed always to rise in the same places, from whence they conclude them to be so many springs that break out of the bottom of the Lake. *Lindaw* is an imperial town on a little Island that lies at about three hundred paces

paces from the firm land, to which it is joined by a huge bridge of wood. The Inhabitants were all in arms when we passed through it, being under great apprehensions of the Duke of *Bavaria*, after his having fallen upon *Ulme* and *Memminghen*. They flatter themselves, that by cutting their Bridge they could hold out against his Army: but, in all probability, a shower of Bombs would quickly reduce the Bourgeois to surrender. They were formerly bombarded by *Gustavus Adolphus*. We were advised by our Merchants, by no means to venture ourselves in the Duke of *Bavaria's* country, so that we had the mortification to lose the sight of *Munich*, *Ausburg*, and *Ratisbon*, and were forced to take our way to *Vienna* through *Tirol*, where we had very little to entertain us besides the natural face of the country.

TIROL, INSPRUCK, HALL, &c.

AFTER having coasted the *Alps* for some time, we at last entered them by a passage which leads into the long valley of the *Tirol*, and following the course of the river *Inn* we came to *Inspruck*, that receives its name from this river, and is the capital City of the *Tirol*.

Inspruck is a handsome town, though not a great one, and was formerly the residence of the Arch-Dukes who were Counts of *Tirol*: The Palace where they used to keep their Court is rather convenient than magnificent. The great hall is indeed a very noble room, the walls of it are painted in *Fresco*, and represent the labors of *Hercules*. Many of them look very finely, though a great part of the work has been cracked by earthquakes, which are very frequent in this country. There is a little wooden palace that borders on the other, whither the Court used to retire at the first shake of an earthquake. I here saw the largest Menage that I have met with any where else. At one end of it is a great partition designed for an Opera. They shewed us also a very pretty Theatre. The last Comedy that was acted on it was designed by the Jesuits for the entertainment of the Queen of the *Romans*, who passed this way from *Hanover* to *Vienna*. The compliment which the Fathers made her Majesty on this occasion was very particular, and did not a little expose them to the raillery of the Court. For the Arms of *Hanover* being a Horse, the Fathers thought it a very pretty allusion to represent the Queen by *Bucephalus*, that would let nobody get upon him but *Alexander* the Great. The wooden horse that acted this notable part is still to be seen behind the scenes. In one of the rooms of the palace which is hung with the pictures of several illustrious persons, they shewed us the portrait of *Mary* Queen of *Scots*, who was beheaded in the Reign
of

of Queen *Elizabeth*. The gardens about the house are very large, but ill kept. There is in the middle of them a beautiful Statue in Brass of an Arch-duke *Leopold* on horseback. There are near it twelve other figures of Water-nymphs and River-gods well cast, and as big as the life. They were designed for the ornaments of a Water-work, as one might easily make a great variety of Jetteaus at a small expence in a garden that has the river *Inn* running by its walls. The late Duke of *Lorraine* had this palace, and the government of the *Tirol*, assigned him by the Emperor, and his Lady the Queen Dowager of *Poland* lived here several years after the death of the Duke her Husband. There are covered galleries that lead from the palace to five different churches. I passed through a very long one which reaches to the church of the *Capuchin* Convent, where the Duke of *Lorraine* used often to assist at their midnight devotions. They shewed us in this Convent the apartments of *Maximilian*, who was Arch-Duke and Count of *Tirol*, about fourscore years ago. This prince at the same time that he kept the government in his hands, lived in this Convent with all the rigor and austerity of a *Capuchin*. His anti-chamber and room of audience are little square chambers wainscoted. His private lodgings are three or four small rooms faced with a kind of fret-work, that makes them look like little hollow caverns in a rock. They preserve this apartment of the Convent uninhabited, and shew in it the Altar, Bed and Stove, as likewise a Picture and a Stamp of this devout Prince. The church of the *Franciscan* Convent is famous for the monument of the Emperor *Maximilian* the first, which stands in the midst of it. It was erected to him by his Grand-son *Ferdinand* the first, who probably looked upon this Emperor as the founder of the *Austrian* greatness. For as by his own marriage he annexed the Low-countries to the House of *Austria*, so, by matching his Son to *Joan* of *Arragon*, he settled on his Posterity the Kingdom of *Spain*, and by, the marriage of his Grand-son *Ferdinand*, got into his Family the Kingdoms of *Bohemia* and *Hungary*. This monument is only honorary, for the Ashes of the Emperor lie elsewhere. On the top of it is a brazen figure of *Maximilian* on his knees, and on the sides of it a beautiful *Bas-relief* representing the actions of this Prince. His whole History is digested into twenty four square pannels of sculpture in *Bas-relief*. The subject of two of them is his confederacy with *Henry* the eighth, and the wars they made together upon *France*. On each side of this monument is a row of very noble brazen statues much bigger than the life, most of them representing such as were some way or other related to *Maximilian*. Among the rest is one that the Fathers of the Convent tell us represents King *Arthur* the old *British* King. But what relation had that *Arthur* to *Maximilian*? I do not question therefore but it was designed for Prince *Arthur*, elder Brother

ther of *Henry* the eighth, who had espoused *Catherine*, Sister of *Maximilian*, whose divorce afterwards gave occasion to such signal revolutions in *England*. This church was built by *Ferdinand* the first. One sees in it a kind of offer at modern Architecture, but at the same time that the Architect has shewn his dislike of the *Gothic* manner, one may see very well that in that age they were not, at least in this country, arrived at the knowledge of the true way. The Portal, for example, consists of a Composite order unknown to the Ancients; the ornaments indeed are taken from them, but so put together that you see the Volutas of the *Ionic*, the Foliage of the *Corinthian*, and the Uo- vali of the *Doric* mixed without any regularity on the same Capital. So the Vault of the church, though broad enough, is encumbered with too many little Tricks in sculpture. It is indeed supported with single columns instead of those vast clusters of little pillars that one meets with in *Gothic* Cathedrals, but at the same time these columns are of no regular order, and at least twice too long for their diameter. There are other churches in the town, and two or three palaces which are of a more modern make, and built with a good fancy. I was shewn the little *Notredame* that is handsomely designed, and topped with a Cupola. It was made as an offering of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin, for having defended the country of the *Tirol* against the victorious arms of *Gustavus Adolphus*, who could not enter this part of the Empire after having over-run most of the rest. This temple was therefore built by the contributions of the whole country. At about half a league's distance from *Inspruck* stands the castle of *Amras*, furnished with a prodigious quantity of Medals, and many other sorts of rarities both in nature and art, for which I must refer the reader to Monsieur *Patin*'s account in his letter to the Duke of *Wirtemberg*, having myself had neither time or opportunity to enter into a particular examination of them.

From *Inspruck* we came to *Hall*, that lies at a league distance on the same river. This place is particularly famous for its Salt-works. There are in the neighbourhood, vast mountains of a transparent kind of rock not unlike Allum, extremely solid, and as piquant to the tongue as Salt itself. Four or five hundred men are always at work in the mountains, where as soon as they have hewn down any quantities of the rock they let in their springs and reservoirs among their works. The water eats away and dissolves the particles of Salt which are mixed in the stone, and is conveyed by long troughs and canals from the mines to the town of *Hall*, where 'tis received in vast cisterns, and boiled off from time to time.

They make after the rate of eight hundred loaves a week, each loaf four hundred pound weight. This would raise a great Revenue to the Emperor, were there here such a tax on Salt as there is in *France*. At present he

clears but two hundred thousand crowns a year, after having defrayed all the charges of working it. There are in *Switzerland*, and other parts of the *Alps*, several of these quarries of Salt that turn to very little account, by reason of the great quantities of wood they consume.

The Salt-works at *Hall* have a great convenience for fuel, which swims down to them on the river *Inn*. This river, during its course through the *Tirol*, is generally shut up between a double range of Mountains that are most of them covered with woods of Fir-trees. Abundance of Peasants are employed in the hewing down of the largest of these trees, that, after they are barked and cut into shape, are tumbled down from the mountains into the stream of the river, which carries them off to the Salt-works. At *Innsbruck* they take up vast quantities for the Convents and public Officers, who have a certain portion of it allotted them by the Emperor: the rest of it passes on to *Hall*. There are generally several hundred loads afloat; for they begin to cut above twenty-five leagues up the river above *Hall*, and there are other rivers that flow into the *Inn*, which bring in their contributions. These Salt-works, and a Mint that is established at the same place, have rendered this town, notwithstanding the neighbourhood of the capital city, almost as populous as *Innsbruck* itself. The design of this Mint is to work off part of the Metals which are found in the neighbouring mountains; where, as we were told, there are seven thousand men in constant employ. At *Hall* we took a boat to carry us to *Vienna*. The first night we lay at *Rottenburg*, where is a strong castle above the town. Count *Serini* is still a close prisoner in this castle, who, as they told us in the town, had lost his senses by his long imprisonment and afflictions. The next day we dined at *Kuff-stain*, where there is a fortress on a high rock above the town almost inaccessible on all sides: This being a frontier place on the Dutchy of *Bavaria*, where we entered after about an hour's rowing from *Kuff-stain*. It was the pleasantest voyage in the world to follow the windings of this river *Inn* through such a variety of pleasing scenes as the course of it naturally led us. We had sometimes on each side of us a vast extent of naked rocks and mountains, broken into a thousand irregular steeps and precipices; in other places we saw a long forest of Fir-trees so thick set together, that it was impossible to discover any of the soil they grew upon, and rising up so regularly one above another, as to give us the view of a whole wood at once. The time of the year, that had given the leaves of the trees so many different colors, completed the beauty of the prospect. But as the materials of a fine landscape are not always the most profitable to the owner of them, we met with but very little corn or pasturage for the proportion of earth that we passed through, the lands of the *Tirol* not being able

to feed the Inhabitants. This long valley of the *Tirol* lies enclosed on all sides by the *Alps*, though its dominions shoot out into several branches that lie among the breaks and hollows of the mountains. It is governed by three Councils residing at *Inspruck*, one sits upon life and death, the other is for taxes and impositions, and a third for the common distributions of Justice. As these courts regulate themselves by the orders they receive from the Imperial court, so in many cases there are appeals from them to *Vienna*. The Inhabitants of the *Tirol* have many particular privileges above those of the other hereditary countries of the Emperor. For as they are naturally well fortified among their mountains, and at the same time border upon many different governments, as the *Grifons*, *Venetians*, *Swiss*, *Bavarians*, &c. a severe treatment might tempt them to set up for a Republic, or at least throw themselves under the milder government of some of their neighbours: Besides that their country is poor, and that the Emperor draws considerable incomes out of his Mines of Salt and Metal. They are these Mines that fill the country with greater numbers of people than it would be able to bear without the importation of corn from foreign parts. The Emperor has Forts and Citadels at the entrance of all the passes that lead into the *Tirol*, which are so advantageously placed on rocks and mountains, that they command all the valleys and avenues that lie about them. Besides, that the country itself is cut into so many hills and inequalities, as would render it defensible by a very little army against a numerous enemy. It was therefore generally thought the Duke of *Bavaria* would not attempt the cutting off any succors that were sent to Prince *Eugene*; or the forcing his way through the *Tirol* into *Italy*. The river *Inn*, that had hitherto been shut up among mountains, passes generally through a wide open country during all its course through *Bavaria*, which is a voyage of two days, after the rate of twenty leagues a day.



THE

T A T L E R.

By *Isaac Bickerstaffe*, Esq;



THE
T A T L E R

By Isaac Butler

N^o 20.*Thursday, May 26. 1709.*

—T HOUGH the *Theatre* is now breaking, it is allowed still to sell Animals there; therefore, if any Lady or Gentleman have occasion for a tame Elephant, let them enquire of Mr. *Pinkethman*, who has one to dispose of at a reasonable rate. The downfall of *May-Fair* has quite sunk the price of this noble Creature, as well as of many other curiosities of nature. A Tiger will sell almost as cheap as an Ox; and I am credibly informed, a man may purchase a Cat with three legs, for very near the value of one with four. I hear likewise, that there is a great desolation among the Gentlemen and Ladies who were the ornaments of the town, and used to shine in plumes and diadems; the Heros being most of them pressed, and the Queens beating hemp. Mrs. *Sarabrand*, so famous for her ingenious Puppet-show, has set up a shop in the *Exchange*, where she sells her little troop under the term of Jointed Babies. I could not but be solicitous to know of her, how she had disposed of that rake-hell *Punch*, whose lewd life and conversation had given so much scandal, and did not a little contribute to the ruin of the Fair. She told me, with a sigh, That despairing of ever reclaiming him, she would not offer to place him in a civil family, but got him in a post upon a stall in *Wapping*, where he may be seen from sun-rising to sun-setting, with a glass in one hand, and a pipe in the other, as Centry to a brandy-shop. The great revolutions of this nature bring to my mind the distresses of the unfortunate *Camilla*, who has had the ill luck to break before her voice, and to disappear at a time when her beauty was at the height of its bloom. This Lady entered so thoroughly into the great characters she acted, that when she had finished her part, she could not think of retrenching her equipage, but would appear in her own lodgings with the same magnificence that she did upon the stage. This Greatness of Soul has reduced that unhappy Princess to an involuntary retirement, where she now passes her time among the woods and forests, thinking on the Crowns and Scepters she has lost, and often humming over in her solitude,

I was

*I was born of royal race,
Yet must wander in disgrace, &c.*

But for fear of being over-heard, and her quality known, she usually sings it in *Italian*.

*Naqui al Regno, naqui al Trono
Et pur sono
Inventurata Pastorella —*

Since I have touched upon this subject, I shall communicate to my Reader part of a letter I have received from a friend at *Amsterdam*, where there is a very noble Theatre; though the manner of furnishing it with Actors is something peculiar to that place, and gives us occasion to admire both the politeness and frugality of the people.

MY friends have kept me here a week longer than ordinary to see one of their Plays, which was performed last night with great applause. The Actors are all of them Tradesmen, who, after their day's work is over, earn about a Gilder a night by personating Kings and Generals. The Hero of the Tragedy I saw, was a journeyman Taylor, and his first Minister of State a Coffee-man. The Empress made me think of Parthenope in the Rehearsal; for her Mother keeps an Ale-house in the suburbs of *Amsterdam*. When the Tragedy was over, they entertained us with a short Farce, in which the Cocker did his part to a miracle; but upon enquiry, I found he had really been working at his own trade, and representing on the stage what he acted every day in his shop. The profits of the Theatre maintain an Hospital: For as here they do not think the profession of an Actor the only trade that a man ought to exercise, so they will not allow any body to grow rich on a profession that in their opinion so little conduces to the good of the Common-wealth. If I am not mistaken, your Play-houses in England have done the same thing; for, unless I am misinformed, the Hospital at Dullage was erected and endowed by Mr. Allen a Player: And it is also said, a famous She-Tragedian has settled her estate, after her death, for the maintenance of decayed Wits, who are to be taken in as soon as they grow dull, at whatever time of their life that shall happen.

Saturday,

N^o 42.

Saturday, July 16. 1709.

— Celebrare Domestica Facla.

— THIS is to give Notice, That a magnificent Palace, with great variety of Gardens, Statues and Water-works may be bought cheap in *Drury-Lane*; where there are likewise several Castles to be disposed of, very delightfully situated; as also Groves, Woods, Forests, Fountains, and Country Seats, with very pleasant prospects on all sides of them; being the moveables of *Christopher Rich*, Esq. who is breaking up House-keeping, and has many curious pieces of Furniture to dispose of, which may be seen between the Hours of six and ten in the Evening.

The INVENTORY.

Spirits of right *Nants* Brandy, for lambent Flames and Apparitions.

Three bottles and a half of Lightning.

One shower of Snow in the whitest *French* Paper.

Two showers of a browner sort.

A Sea, consisting of a dozen large Waves, the tenth bigger than ordinary, and a little damaged.

A dozen and a half of Clouds, trimmed with black, and well conditioned.

A Rainbow a little faded.

A set of Clouds after the *French* mode, streaked with lightning, and furbelowed.

A New-Moon something decayed.

A pint of the finest *Spanish* wash, being all that is left of two hogsheds sent over last Winter.

A Coach very finely gilt, and little used, with a pair of Dragons, to be sold cheap.

A setting Sun a pennyworth.

An imperial Mantle, made for *Cyrus the Great*, and worn by *Julius Caesar*, *Bajazet*, King *Harry* the eighth, and Signior *Valentini*.

A Basket-hilt Sword, very convenient to carry milk in.

Roxana's Night-gown.

VOL. II.

A a

Othello's

Othello's Handkerchief.

The imperial Robes of *Xerxes*, never worn but once.

A Wild-Boar, killed by Mrs. *Tofts*, and *Dioclesian*.

A Serpent to sting *Cleopatra*.

A Mustard-bowl, to make Thunder with.

Another of a bigger sort, by Mr. *D——is's* directions, little used.

Six Elbow-Chairs, very expert in Country-Dances, with six Flower-Pots for their Partners.

The Whiskers of a *Turkish* Bassa.

The Completion of a Murderer in a Band-box; consisting of a large piece of burnt Cork, and a Coal-black Peruke.

A Suit of Clothes for a Ghost, viz. a bloody Shirt, a Doublet curiously pinked, and a Coat with three great eyelet-holes upon the Breast.

A Bale of red *Spanish* Wool.

Modern Plots, commonly known by the name of Trap-Doors, Ladders of Ropes, Vizard-Masques, and Tables with broad Carpets over them.

Three Oak-Cudgels, with one of Crab-Tree: all bought for the use of Mr. *Pinkethman*.

Materials for Dancing; as Masques, Castanets, and a Ladder of ten Rounds.

Aurengzebe's Scimitar, made by *Will. Brown* in *Piccadilly*.

A Plume of Feathers, never used but by *OEdipus* and the Earl of *Essex*.

There are also Swords, Halberts, Sheep-hooks, Cardinals Hats, Turbants, Drums, Gally-pots, a Gibbet, a Cradle, a Rack, a Cart-wheel, an Altar, a Helmet, a Back-piece, a Breast-plate, a Bell, a Tub, and a jointed Baby.

These are the hard shifts we intelligencers are forced to; therefore our Readers ought to excuse us, if a westerly wind blowing for a fortnight together, generally fills every paper with an order of Battle; when we shew our martial skill in each Line, and according to the space we have to fill, we range our Men in Squadrons and Battalions, or draw out Company by Company, and Troop by Troop; ever observing, that no Muster is to be made, but when the Wind is in a cross Point, which often happens at the end of a Campaign, when half the Men are deserted or killed. The *Courant* is sometimes ten deep, his Ranks close: the *Post-Boy* is generally in Files, for greater exactness; and the *Post-Man* comes down upon you rather after the *Turkish* way, Sword in Hand, pell-mell, without form or discipline; but sure to bring Men enough into the Field; and wherever they are raised, never to lose a battle for want of numbers.

Saturday,

N^o 75.

Saturday, October 1. 1709.

From my own Apartment, September 30.

I Am called off from public dissertations by a domestic affair of great importance, which is no less than the disposal of my Sister *Jenny* for life. The Girl is a Girl of great merit, and pleasant conversation; but I being born of my Father's first Wife, and she of his third, she converses with me rather like a Daughter than a Sister. I have indeed told her, that if she kept her honor, and behaved herself in such a manner as became the *Bickerstaffes*, I would get her an agreeable Man for her Husband; which was a promise I made her after reading a passage in *Pliny's Epistles*. That polite Author had been employed to find out a Confort for his friend's Daughter, and gives the following character of the man he had pitched upon.

Aciliano plurimum vigoris et industriæ quanquam in maxima verecundia: Est illi facies liberalis, multo sanguine, multo rubore, suffusa: Est ingenua totius corporis pulchritudo, et quidam senatorius decor, quæ ego nequaquam arbitror negligenda; debet enim hoc castitati puellarum quasi præmium dari.

“ *Acilianus* is a Man of extraordinary vigor and industry, accompanied
 “ with the greatest modesty. He has very much of the Gentleman, with a
 “ lively color, and flush of health in his aspect. His whole person is fine-
 “ ly turned, and speaks him a man of Quality: which are qualifications
 “ that, I think, ought by no means to be overlooked, and should be bestow-
 “ ed on a Daughter as the reward of her Chastity.

A woman that will give herself liberties, need not put her parents to so much trouble; for if she does not possess these ornaments in a Husband, she can supply herself elsewhere. But this is not the case of my Sister *Jenny*, who, I may say without vanity, is as unspotted a Spinster as any in *Great Britain*. I shall take this occasion to recommend the conduct of our own family in this particular.

We have in the Genealogy of our house, the Descriptions and Pictures of our Ancestors from the time of King *Arthur*; in whose days there was one of my own Name, a Knight of his Round Table, and known by the name of Sir *Isaac Bickerstaffe*. He was low of stature, and of a very swarthy complexion, not unlike a *Portuguese Jew*. But he was more prudent than men of that height usually are, and would often communicate to his friends his

design of lengthening and whitening his posterity. His eldest Son *Ralph* (for that was his name) was for this reason married to a Lady who had little else to recommend her, but that she was very tall and fair. The issue of this match, with the help of his Shoes, made a tolerable figure in the next age; though the complexion of the family was obscure 'till the fourth generation from that Marriage. From which time, 'till the reign of *William the Conqueror*, the Females of our house were famous for their Needle-work and fine Skins. In the male line there happen'd an unlucky accident in the reign of *Richard* the third, the eldest Son of *Philip*, then chief of the family, being born with an Hump-back and very high Nose. This was the more astonishing, because none of his forefathers ever had such a blemish; nor indeed was there any in the neighbourhood of that make, except the Butler, who was noted for round Shoulders and a *Roman* Nose: what made the Nose the less excusable, was the remarkable smallness of his Eyes.

These several defects were mended by succeeding matches; his Eyes were opened in the next generation, and the Hump fell in a century and half; but the greatest difficulty was how to reduce the Nose; which I do not find was accomplished till about the middle of *Henry* the seventh's reign, or rather the beginning of that of *Henry* the eighth.

But while our Ancestors were thus taken up in cultivating the Eyes and Nose, the Face of the *Bickerstaffes* fell down insensibly into Chin; which was not taken notice of (their thoughts being so much employed upon the more noble Features) till it became almost too long to be remedied.

But length of time, and successive care in our alliances, have cured this also, and reduced our faces into that tolerable Oval which we enjoy at present. I would not be tedious in this discourse, but cannot but observe, that our race suffered very much about three hundred years ago, by the marriage of one of her Heiresses with an eminent Courtier, who gave us Spindle-shanks, and Cramps in our bones, insomuch that we did not recover our health and legs till Sir *Walter Bickerstaffe* married *Maud* the Milkmaid, of whom the then *Garret* King at Arms (a facetious person) said pleasantly enough, That she had spoiled our Blood, but mended our Constitutions.

After this account of the effect our prudent choice of Matches has had upon our Persons and Features, I cannot but observe, that there are daily instances of as great Changes made by Marriage upon men's Minds and Humors. One might wear any passion out of a family by culture, as skilful Gardiners blot a color out of a Tulip that hurts its beauty. One might produce an affable temper out of a Shrew, by grafting the mild upon the choleric; or raise a Jackpudding from a Prude, by inoculating Mirth and Melancholy.

lancholy. It is for want of Care in the disposing of our children, with regard to our bodies and minds, that we go into an house and see such different complexions and humors in the same race and family. But to me it is as plain as a pikestaff, from what mixture it is, that this daughter silently lowers, the other steals a kind look at you, a third is exactly well behaved, a fourth a Splenetic, and a fifth a Coquette.

In this disposal of my Sister, I have chosen, with an eye to her being a Wit, and provided, that the Bridegroom be a man of a sound and excellent judgment, who will seldom mind what she says when she begins to harangue: For *Jenny's* only imperfection is an admiration of her Parts, which inclines her to be a little, but a very little, fluttish; and you are ever to remark, that we are apt to cultivate most, and bring into observation, what we think most excellent in ourselves, or most capable of improvement. Thus my Sister, instead of consulting her Glass and her Toilet for an hour and an half after her private devotion, sits with her Nose full of Snuff, and a man's Nightcap on her head, reading Plays and Romances. Her Wit she thinks her Distinction; therefore knows nothing of the skill of Dress, or making her person agreeable. It would make you laugh, to see me often with my Spectacles on lacing her stays; for she is so very a Wit, that she understands no ordinary thing in the world.

For this reason I have disposed of her to a man of business, who will soon let her see, that to be well dressed, in good humor, and chearful in the command of her family, are the Arts and Sciences of female life. I could have bestowed her upon a fine Gentleman, who extremely admired her Wit, and would have given her a Coach and six: But I found it absolutely necessary to cross the strain; for had they met, they had eternally been Rivals in Discourse, and in continual contention for the superiority of Understanding, and brought forth Critics, Pedants, or pretty good Poets.

As it is, I expect an offspring fit for the habitation of City, Town or Country; creatures that are docile and tractable in whatever we put them to.

To convince men of the Necessity of taking this method, let any one, even below the skill of an Astrologer, behold the turn of faces he meets as soon as he passes *Cheapside-conduit*, and you see a deep attention and a certain unthinking sharpness in every countenance. They look attentive, but their thoughts are engaged on mean purposes. To me it is very apparent when I see a Citizen pass by, whether his head is upon Woollen, Silks, Iron, Sugar, Indigo, or Stocks. Now this trace of thought appears or lies hid in the race for two or three generations.

I know at this time a person of a vast estate, who is the immediate descendant of a fine Gentleman, but the great-grandson of a broker, in whom
his

his Ancestor is now revived. He is a very honest Gentleman in his Principles, but cannot for his blood talk fairly: he is heartily sorry for it; but he cheats by Constitution, and over-reaches by Instinct.

The happiness of the man who marries my Sister will be, that he has no faults to correct in her but her own, a little bias of fancy, or particularity of manners, which grew in herself, and can be amended by her. From such an untainted couple, we can hope to have our family rise to its ancient Splendor of Face, Air, Countenance, Manner and Shape, without discovering the product of ten nations in one house. *Obadiah Greenhat* says, he never comes into any company in *England*, but he distinguishes the different nations of which we are composed: There is scarce such a living creature as a true *Britain*. We sit down indeed all Friends, Acquaintance, and Neighbours; but after two Bottles, you see a *Dane* start up and swear, The Kingdom is his own. A *Saxon* drinks up the whole quart, and swears, He will dispute that with him. A *Norman* tells them both, He will assert his liberty: And a *Welshman* cries, They are all foreigners and intruders of yesterday, and beats them out of the room. Such accidents happen frequently among neighbours Children, and Cousin-germans. For which reason I say, Study your race, or the Soil of your family will dwindle into Cits or 'Squires, or run up into Wits or Madmen.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

N^o 81.

Saturday, October 15, 1709.

*Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,
Quique pii Vates & Phæbo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.*

Virg.

From my own Apartment, October 14.

THERE are two kinds of Immortality; that which the Soul really enjoys after this life, and that imaginary Existence by which men live in their fame and reputation. The best and greatest actions have proceeded from the prospect of the one or the other of these; but my design is to treat only of those who have chiefly proposed to themselves the latter as the principal reward of their labors. It was for this reason that I excluded from

from my Tables of fame all the great Founders and Votaries of religion; and it is for this reason also that I am more than ordinarily anxious to do justice to the persons of whom I am now going to speak; for since Fame was the only end of all their enterprizes and studies, a man cannot be too scrupulous in allotting them their due proportion of it. It was this consideration which made me call the whole body of the learned to my assistance; to many of whom I must own my obligations for the catalogues of illustrious persons which they have sent me in upon this occasion. I yesterday employed the whole afternoon in comparing them with each other; which made so strong an impression upon my imagination, that they broke my sleep for the first part of the following night, and at length threw me into a very agreeable Vision, which I shall beg leave to describe in all its particulars.

I dreamed that I was conveyed into a wide and boundless plain, that was covered with prodigious multitudes of people, which no man could number. In the midst of it there stood a mountain, with its head above the clouds. The sides were extremely steep, and of such a particular structure, that no creature, which was not made in an human figure, could possibly ascend it. On a sudden there was heard from the top of it a sound like that of a trumpet; but so exceeding sweet and harmonious, that it filled the hearts of those who heard it with raptures, and gave such high and delightful sensations, as seemed to animate and raise human nature above itself. This made me very much amazed to find so very few in that innumerable multitude, who had ears fine enough to hear or relish this music with pleasure: But my wonder abated, when, upon looking round me, I saw most of them attentive to three Sirens clothed like Goddesses, and distinguished by the names of *Sloth*, *Ignorance*, and *Pleasure*. They were seated on three rocks, amidst a beautiful variety of groves, meadows and rivulets, that lay on the borders of the mountain. While the base and groveling multitude of different nations, ranks and ages, were listening to these delusive Deities, those of a more erect aspect and exalted spirit separated themselves from the rest, and marched in great bodies towards the mountain, from whence they heard the sound, which still grew sweeter the more they listened to it.

On a sudden, methought this select band sprang forward, with a resolution to climb the ascent; and follow the call of that heavenly music. Every one took something with him that he thought might be of assistance to him in his march. Several had their Swords drawn, some carried rolls of Paper in their hands, some had Compasses, others Quadrants, others Telescopes, and others Pencils; some had Laurels on their heads, and others Buskins on their legs, In short, there was scarce any Instrument of a mechanic

chanic art or liberal science, which was not made use of on this occasion. My good Dæmon who stood at my right hand during the course of this whole Vision, observing in me a burning desire to join that glorious company, told me, he highly approved that generous ardor with which I seemed transported; but at the same time advised me to cover my face with a mask all the while I was to labor on the ascent. I took his counsel without inquiring into his reasons. The whole body now broke into different parties, and began to climb the precipice by ten thousand different paths. Several got into little alleys, which did not reach far up the hill, before they ended and led no further: and I observed, that most of the Artizans, which considerably diminished our number, fell into these paths.

We left another considerable body of adventurers behind us, who thought they had discovered by-ways up the hill, which proved so very intricate and perplexed, that after having advanced in them a little, they were quite lost among the several turns and windings; and though they were as active as any in their motions, they made but little progress in the ascent. These, as my guide informed me, were men of subtle tempers, and puzzled politics, who would supply the place of real wisdom with cunning and artifice. Among those, who were far advanced in their way, there were some that by one false step fell backward, and lost more ground in a moment, than they had gained for many hours, or could be ever able to recover. We were now advanced very high, and observed, that all the different paths which run about the sides of the mountain, began to meet in two great roads, which insensibly gathered the whole multitude of travellers into two great bodies. At a little distance from the entrance of each road, there stood a hideous Phantom, that opposed our further passage. One of these Apparitions had his right hand filled with darts, which he brandished in the face of all who came up that way. Crowds ran back at the appearance of it, and cried out, *Death*. The spectre that guarded the other road, was *Envy*: She was not armed with weapons of destruction like the former; but by dreadful hissings, noises of reproach, and a horrid distracted laughter, she appeared more frightful than death itself, insomuch that abundance of our company were discouraged from passing any further, and some appeared ashamed of having come so far. As for myself, I must confess my heart shrunk within me at the sight of these ghastly appearances: But on a sudden, the voice of the trumpet came more full upon us, so that we felt a new resolution reviving in us; and in proportion as this resolution grew, the terrors before us seemed to vanish. Most of the company who had swords in their hands, marched on with great spirit, and an air of defiance, up the road that was commanded by *Death*; while others, who had thought and Contemplation

templation in their looks, went forward in a more composed manner up the road possessed by *Envy*. The way above these apparitions grew smooth and uniform, and was so delightful, that the travellers went on with pleasure, and in a little time arrived at the top of the mountain. They here began to breathe a delicious kind of *Æther*, and saw all the fields about them covered with a kind of purple light, that made them reflect with satisfaction on their past toils, and diffused a secret joy through the whole assembly, which shewed itself in every look and feature. In the midst of these happy fields, there stood a Palace of a very glorious structure: It had four great folding doors, that faced the four several quarters of the world. On the top of it was enthroned the Goddess of the mountain, who smiled upon her votaries, and sounded the silver trumpet which had called them up, and cheered them in their passage to her Palace. They had now formed themselves into several divisions, a band of Historians taking their stations at each door, according to the persons whom they were to introduce.

On a sudden the trumpet, which had hitherto sounded only a march, or a point of war, now swelled all its notes into triumph and exultation: The whole fabric shook, and the doors flew open. The first who stepped forward, was a beautiful and blooming Hero, and as I heard by the murmurs round me, *Alexander the Great*. He was conducted by a crowd of Historians. The person who immediately walked before him, was remarkable for an embroidered garment, who not being well acquainted with the place, was conducting him to an apartment appointed for the reception of fabulous Heros. The name of this false guide was *Quintus Curtius*. But *Arrian* and *Plutarch*, who knew better the avenues of this palace, conducted him into the great hall, and placed him at the upper end of the first table. My good Dæmon, that I might see the whole ceremony, conveyed me to a corner of this room, where I might perceive all that passed, without being seen myself. The next who entered was a charming virgin, leading in a venerable old man that was blind. Under her left arm she bore a Harp, and on her head a Garland. *Alexander*, who was very well acquainted with *Homer*, stood up at his entrance, and placed him on his right hand. The Virgin, who it seems was one of the nine Sisters that attended on the Goddess of *Fame*, smiled with an ineffable grace at their meeting, and retired.

Julius Cæsar was now coming forward; and though most of the Historians offered their service to introduce him, he left them at the door, and would have no Conductor but himself.

The next who advanced, was a man of an homely but chearful aspect, and attended by persons of greater figure than any that appeared on this occasion. *Plato* was on his right hand, and *Xenophon* on his left. He bowed to

Homer, and sat down by him. It was expected that *Plato* would himself have taken a place next to his Master *Socrates*; but on a sudden there was heard a great clamor of disputants at the door, who appeared with *Aristotle* at the head of them. That Philosopher, with some rudeness, but great strength of reason, convinced the whole table, that a title to the fifth place was his due, and took it accordingly.

He had scarce sat down, when the same beautiful Virgin that had introduced *Homer* brought in another, who hung back at the entrance, and would have excused himself, had not his modesty been overcome by the invitation of all who sat at the table. His guide and behavior made me easily conclude it was *Virgil*. *Cicero* next appeared, and took his place. He had enquired at the door for *Luceius* to introduce him; but not finding him there, he contented himself with the attendance of many other Writers, who all (except *Sallust*) appeared highly pleased with the office.

We waited some time in expectation of the next Worthy, who came in with a great retinue of Historians, whose names I could not learn, most of them being natives of *Carthage*. The person thus conducted, who was *Hannibal*, seemed much disturbed, and could not forbear complaining to the board of the affronts he had met with among the *Roman* historians, who attempted, says he, to carry me into the subterraneous apartment; and perhaps would have done it, had it not been for the impartiality of this Gentleman, pointing to *Polybius*, who was the only person, except my own countrymen, that was willing to conduct me hither.

The *Carthaginian* took his seat, and *Pompey* entered with great dignity in his own person, and preceeded by several Historians. *Lucan* the Poet was at the head of them, who observing *Homer* and *Virgil* at the table, was going to sit down himself, had not the latter whispered him, That whatever pretence he might otherwise have had, he forfeited his claim to it, by coming in as one of the Historians. *Lucan* was so exasperated with the repulse, that he muttered something to himself, and was heard to say, That since he could not have a seat among them himself, he would bring in one who alone had more merit than their whole assembly: Upon which he went to the door, and brought in *Cato* of *Utica*. That great man approached the company with such an air, that shewed he contemned the honor which he laid a claim to. Observing the seat opposite to *Cæsar* was vacant, he took possession of it; and spoke two or three smart sentences upon the nature of Precedency, which, according to him, consisted not in Place, but in intrinsic Merit; to which he added, That the most virtuous man, wherever he was seated, was always at the upper end of the table. *Socrates*, who had a great spirit of Raillery with his wisdom, could not forbear smiling at a virtue which took

so

so little pains to make itself agreeable. *Cicero* took the occasion to make a long discourse in praise of *Cato*, which he uttered with much vehemence. *Cæsar* answered with a great deal of seeming temper: but as I stood at a great distance from them, I was not able to hear one word of what they said. But I could not forbear taking notice, That in all the discourse which passed at the table, a word or a nod from *Homer* decided the controversy.

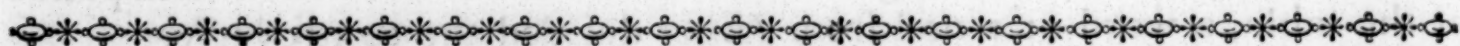
After a short pause, *Augustus* appeared looking round him with a serene and affable countenance upon all the writers of his age, who strove among themselves which of them should shew him the greatest marks of gratitude and respect. *Virgil* rose from the table to meet him; and though he was an acceptable guest to all, he appeared more such to the Learned, than the military Worthies. The next man astonished the whole table with his appearance: he was slow, solemn, and silent in his behavior; and wore a raiment curiously wrought with Hieroglyphics. As he came into the middle of the room, he threw back the skirt of it, and discovered a Golden Thigh. *Socrates*, at the sight of it, declared against keeping company with any who were not made of flesh and blood; and therefore desired *Diogenes* the *Laertian* to lead him to the apartment allotted for Fabulous Heros, and Worthies of dubious Existence. At his going out he told them, That they did not know whom they dismissed; that he was now *Pythagoras*, the first of Philosophers, and that formerly he had been a very brave man at the siege of *Troy*. That may be very true, said *Socrates*; but you forget that you have likewise been a very great Harlot in your time. This exclusion made way for *Archimedes*, who came forward with a scheme of Mathematical figures in his hand; among which, I observed a Cone or Cylinder.

Seeing this table full, I desired my guide for variety to lead me to the Fabulous apartment, the roof of which was painted with Gorgons, Chimæras, and Centaurs, with many other Emblematical figures, which I wanted both time and skill to unriddle. The first Table was almost full. At the upper end sat *Hercules*, leaning an arm upon his Club. On his right hand were *Achilles* and *Ulysses*, and between them *Æneas*. On his left were *Hector*, *Theseus* and *Jason*. The lower end had *Orpheus*, *Æsop*, *Phalaris* and *Musæus*. The Ushers seemed at a loss for a twelfth man, when methought, to my great joy and surprise, I heard some at the lower end of the table mention *Isaac Bickerstaffe*: but those of the upper end received it with disdain, and said, If they must have a *British* Worthy, they would have *Robin Hood*.

“ * While I was transported with the honor that was done me, and burning with envy against my Competitor, I was awakened by the noise of the Cannon which were then fired for the taking of *Mons*. I should have been

* This last paragraph written by Sir R. Steele.

“ very much troubled at being thrown out of so pleasing a vision on any
 “ other occasion; but thought it an agreeable change to have my thoughts
 “ diverted from the greatest among the dead and fabulous Heros, to the
 “ most famous among the real and living.

N^o 86.*Thursday, October 27. 1709.**From my own Apartment, October 25*

When I came home last night, my Servant delivered me the following
 Letter.

*S I R,**Octob. 24.*

“ **I** Have orders from Sir *Harry Quickset*, of *Staffordshire*, Bart. to acquaint
 “ you, That his Honor Sir *Harry* himself, Sir *Giles Wheelbarrow* Knt. *Thomas*
 “ *Rentfree* Esq; Justice of the *Quorum*, *Andrew Windmill* Esq; and Mr. *Nicholas*
 “ *Doubt* of the *Inner-Temple*, Sir *Harry's* Grandson, will wait upon you at
 “ the hour of nine to-morrow morning, being *Tuesday* the 25th of *October*,
 “ upon business which Sir *Harry* will impart to you by word of mouth. I
 “ thought it proper to acquaint you before-hand so many persons of Qua-
 “ lity came, that you might not be surpris'd therewith. Which concludes,
 “ though by many years absence since I saw you at *Stafford*, unknown,

*S I R, Your most humble servant,**John Thrifty.*

I received this message with less surprise than I believe Mr. *Thrifty* imagined; for I knew the good company too well to feel any palpitations at their approach: but I was in very great concern how I should adjust the Ceremonial, and demean myself to all these great men, who perhaps had not seen any thing above themselves for these twenty years last past. I am sure that is the case of Sir *Harry*. Besides which, I was sensible that there was a great point in adjusting my behavior to the simple 'Squire, so as to give him satisfaction, and not disoblige the Justice of the *Quorum*.

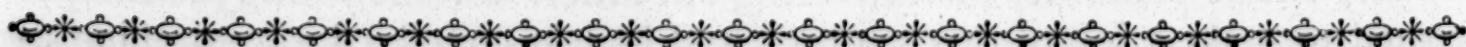
The hour of nine was come this morning, and I had no sooner set Chairs (by the Steward's Letter) and fixed my Tea-equipage, but I heard a knock at my door, which was opened, but no one entered; after which followed a long silence, which was broke at last by, Sir, I beg your pardon; I think I know

know better: and another voice, Nay, good Sir *Giles*——I looked out from my window, and saw the good company all with their hats off, and arms spread, offering the door to each other. After many offers, they entered with much solemnity, in the Order Mr. *Thrift* was so kind as to name them to me. But they are now got to my Chamber-door, and I saw my old friend Sir *Harry* enter. I met him with all the respect due to so reverend a Vegetable; for you are to know, that is my sense of a Person who remains idle in the same place for half a Century. I got him with great success into his Chair by the fire, without throwing down any of my Cups. The Knight-bachelor told me, he had a great respect for my whole family, and would, with my leave, place himself next to Sir *Harry*, at whose right-hand he had sat at every Quarter-Sessions this thirty years, unless he was sick. The Steward in the rear whispered the young Templer, That is true to my knowledge. I had the misfortune, as they stood Cheek by Jole, to desire the 'Squire to sit down before the Justice of the *Quorum*, to the no small satisfaction of the former, and resentment of the latter: but I saw my error too late, and got them as soon as I could into their seats. Well, said I, Gentlemen, after I have told you how glad I am of this great honor, I am to desire you to drink a dish of Tea. They answered one and all, That they never drank Tea in a morning. Not in a morning, said I! staring round me. Upon which the pert Jackanapes *Nick Doubt* tipped me the wink, and put out his tongue at his Grandfather. Here followed a profound silence, when the Steward in his boots and whip proposed, That we should adjourn to some Public-house, where every body might call for what they pleased, and enter upon the business. We all stood up in an instant, and Sir *Harry* filed off from the left very discreetly, counter-marching behind the chairs towards the door: after him, Sir *Giles* in the same manner. The simple 'Squire made a sudden start to follow; but the Justice of the *Quorum* whipped between upon the stand of the stairs. A maid going up with coals made us halt, and put us into such confusion, that we stood all in a heap, without any visible possibility of recovering our order: for the young Jackanapes seemed to make a jest of this matter, and had so contrived, by pressing amongst us under pretence of making way, that his Grandfather was got into the middle, and he knew nobody was of quality to stir a step, till Sir *Harry* moved first. We were fixed in this perplexity for some time, till we heard a very loud noise in the street; and Sir *Harry* asking what it was, I, to make them move, said it was Fire. Upon this, all ran down as fast as they could, without order or ceremony, till we got into the street, where we drew up in very good order, and filed off down *Sheer-Lane*, the impertinent Templer driving us before him, as in a string, and pointing to his acquaintance who passed by.

I must

I must confess, I love to use people according to their own sense of good breeding, and therefore whipped in between the Justice and the simple 'Squire. He could not properly take this ill; but I over-heard him whisper the Steward, That he thought it hard that a common Conjurer should take place of him, though an elder 'Squire. In this order we marched down *Sheer-Lane*, at the upper end of which I lodge. When we came to *Temple-Bar*, Sir *Harry* and Sir *Giles* got over; but a run of Coaches kept the rest of us on this side of the street: however we all at last landed, and drew up in very good order before *Ben. Tooke's* shop, who favored our rallying with great humanity. From hence we proceeded again, till we came to *Dick's* Coffee-house where I designed to carry them. Here we were at our old difficulty, and took up the street upon the same ceremony, We proceeded through the entry, and were so necessarily kept in order by the situation, that we were now got into the Coffee-house it self, where, as soon as we arrived, we repeated our civilities to each other; after which, we marched up to the high table, which has an ascent to it enclosed in the middle of the room. The whole house was alarmed at this entry, made up of persons of so much state and rusticity. Sir *Harry* called for a Mug of Ale, and *Dyer's* Letter. The Boy brought the Ale in an instant; but said, they did not take in the Letter. No! (says Sir *Harry*;) Then take back your Mug; we are like indeed to have good liquor at this house. Here the Templer tipped me a second wink, and if I had not looked very grave upon him, I found he was disposed to be very familiar with me. In short, I observed after a long pause, that the Gentlemen did not care to enter upon business till after their morning-draught, for which reason I called for a bottle of Mum; and finding that had no effect upon them, I ordered a second and a third: after which, Sir *Harry* reached over to me, and told me in a low voice, that the place was too public for business; but he would call upon me again to-morrow morning at my own lodgings, and bring some more friends with him.—*

* Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

N^o 88.*Tuesday November 1. 1709.**From my own Apartment, October 31.*

— I was this morning awaked by a sudden shake of the house; and as soon as I had got a little out of my consternation, I felt another, which was followed

followed by two or three repetitions of the same convulsion. I got up as fast as possible, girt on my rapier, and snatched up my hat, when my Landlady came up to me, and told me, That the Gentlewoman of the next house begged me to step thither; for that a Lodger she had taken in was run mad, and she desired my advice; as indeed every body in the whole Lane does upon important occasions. I am not like some Artists, sawcy, because I can be beneficial, but went immediately. Our neighbour told us, she had the day before let her second floor to a very genteel youngish Man, who told her, he kept extraordinary good hours, and was generally at home most part of the morning and evening at study; but that this morning he had for an hour together made this extravagant noise which we then heard. I went up stairs with my hand upon the hilt of my Rapier, and approached this new Lodger's door. I looked in at the key-hole, and there I saw a well-made man look with great attention on a book, and on a sudden, jump into the air so high, that his head almost touched the Cieling. He came down safe on his right foot, and again flew up alighting on his left; then looked again at his book, and holding out his right leg, put it into such a quivering motion, that I thought he would have shaken it off, He used the left after the same manner; when on a sudden, to my great surprise, he stooped himself incredibly low, and turned gently on his toes. After this circular motion, he continued bent in that humble posture for some time, looking on his book. After this, he recovered himself with a sudden spring and flew round the room in all the violence and disorder imaginable, till he made a full pause for want of breath. In this interim my woman asked what I thought: I whispered, That I thought this learned person an Enthusiast, who possibly had his first education in the Peripatetic way, which was a sect of Philosophers who always studied when walking. But observing him much out of breath, I thought it the best time to master him if he were disordered, and knocked at his door. I was surprised to find him open it, and say with great civility, and good Mien, That he hoped he had not disturbed us. I believed him in a lucid interval, and desired he would please to let me see his book. He did so, smiling. I could not make any thing of it, and therefore asked in what language it was writ. He said, It was one he studied with great application; but it was his profession to teach it, and could not communicate his knowledge without a consideration. I answered, That I hoped he would hereafter keep his Thoughts to himself; for his meditation this morning had cost me three Coffee-dishes, and a clean Pipe. He seemed concerned at that, and told me, he was a Dancing-master, and had been reading a Dance or two before he went out, which had been written by one who taught at an Academy in *France*. He observed me at a stand, and
went

went on to inform me, That no articulate motions, as well as sounds, were expressed by proper characters; and that there is nothing so common as to communicate a Dance by a Letter. I beseeched him hereafter to meditate in a ground room, for that otherwise it would be impossible for an Artist of any other kind to live near him; and that I was sure, several of his Thoughts this morning would have shaken my Spectacles off my nose, had I been my self at Study.

I then took my leave of this Virtuoso, and returned to my chamber, meditating on the various occupations of rational creatures.

N^o 90

Saturday November 5. 1709.

— *Amoto quæramus seria ludo.*

Hor.

— THE joining of pleasure and pain together in such devices, seems to me the only pointed thought I ever read which is natural; and it must have proceeded from its being the universal sense and experience of mankind, that they have all spoken of it in the same manner. I have in my own reading remarked an hundred and three Epigrams, fifty odes, and ninety one Sentences, tending to this sole purpose.

It is certain, there is no other Passion which does produce such contrary effects in so great a degree: but this may be said for Love, that if you strike it out of the Soul, life would be insipid, and our Being but half animated. Human Nature would sink into deadness and lethargy, if not quickned with some active principle; and as for all others, whether Ambition, Envy, or Avarice, which are apt to possess the mind in the absence of this passion, it must be allowed that they have greater pains, without the compensation of such exquisite pleasures as those we find in Love. The great skill is to heighten the satisfactions and deaden the sorrows of it, which has been the end of many of my labors, and shall continue to be so for the service of the world in general, and in particular of the Fair Sex, who are always the best or the worst part of it. It is pity that a passion, which has in it a capacity of making life happy, should not be cultivated to the utmost advantage. Reason, Prudence, and Good-nature, rightly apply'd, can thoroughly accomplish this great end, provided they have always a real and constant Love to work upon. But this subject I shall treat more at large in the History of my married Sister; and in the mean time shall conclude my reflection on the pains and pleasures which attend this passion with one of the finest Allegories which

which I think I have ever read. It is invented by the divine *Plato*, and to shew the opinion he himself had of it, ascribed by him to his admired *Socrates*, whom he represents as discoursing with his friends, and giving the History of Love in the following manner.

At the birth of *Beauty* (says he) there was a great feast made, and many guests invited: among the rest, was the God *Plenty*, who was the son of the Goddess *Prudence*, and inherited many of his Mother's virtues. After a full entertainment, he retired into the Garden of *Jupiter*, which was hung with a great variety of Ambrosial fruits, and seems to have been a very proper retreat for such a guest. In the mean time an unhappy female, called *Poverty*, having heard of this great feast, repaired to it in hopes of finding relief. The first place she lights upon was *Jupiter's* Garden, which generally stands open to people of all conditions. *Poverty* enters, and by chance finds the God *Plenty* asleep in it. She was immediately fired with his charms, laid herself down by his side, and managed matters so well that she conceived a child by him. The world was very much in suspense upon the occasion, and could not imagine to themselves what would be the nature of an Infant that was to have its Original from two such Parents. At the last, the Child appears; and who should it be but *Love*. This Infant grew up, and proved in all his behavior what he really was, a compound of opposite beings. As he is the Son of *Plenty*, (who was the Offspring of *Prudence*) he is subtle, intriguing, full of stratagems and devices; as the Son of *Poverty*, he is fawning, begging, serenading, delighting to lie at a threshold, or beneath a window. By the Father he is audacious, full of hopes, conscious of merit, and therefore quick of resentment: by the Mother he is doubtful, timorous, mean-spirited, fearful of offending, and abject in submissions. In the same hour you may see him transported with raptures, talking of immortal pleasures, and appearing satisfied as a God: and immediately after, as the mortal Mother prevails in his composition, you behold him pining, languishing, despairing, dying.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with Fables, Allegories and the like inventions, which the politest and the best instructors of mankind have always made use of: they take off from the severity of instruction, and inforce it at the same time that they conceal it: the supposing *Love* to be conceived immediately after the birth of *Beauty*, the parentage of *Plenty*, and the inconsistency of this passion with itself so naturally derived to it, are great master-strokes in this Fable; and if they fell into good hands, might furnish out a more pleasing Canto than any in *Spencer*.

N^o 93.

Saturday, November 12. 1709.

Dear Sir,

I Believe, this is the first Letter that was ever sent you from the middle Region, where I am at this present writing. Not to keep you in suspense, it comes to you from the top of the highest mountain in Switzerland, where I am now shivering among the eternal frosts and Snows. I can scarce forbear dating it in December, though they call it the first of August at the bottom of the mountain. I assure you, I can hardly keep my Ink from freezing in the middle of the Dog-days. I am here entertained with the prettiest variety of Snow-prospects that you can imagine, and have several pits of it before me that are very near as old as the mountain itself; for in this country, it is as lasting as Marble. I am now upon a spot of it, which they tell me fell about the reign of Charlemain, or King Pepin. The Inhabitants of the country are as great curiosities as the country itself: they generally hire themselves out in their youth, and if they are musquet-proof 'till about fifty, they bring home the money they have got, and the limbs they have left, to pass the rest of their time among their native mountains. One of the Gentlemen of the place, who is come off with the loss of an eye only, told me by way of boast, That there were now seven wooden legs in his family; and that for these four generations, there had not been one in his line that carried a whole body with him to the grave. I believe you will think the Style of this Letter a little extraordinary; but the Rehearsal will tell you, that People in clouds must not be confined to speak sense; and I hope we that are above them may claim the same privilege. Wherever I am, I shall always be,

SIR, Your most Obedient,

Most Humble Servant.

From my own Apartment, November 11,

I had several hints and Advertisements, from unknown hands, that some, who are enemies to my Labors, design to demand the fashionable way of satisfaction for the disturbance my Lucubrations have given them. I confess, as things now stand, I do not know how to deny such Inviters, and am preparing myself accordingly: I have bought Pumps and Files, and am every morning

morning practising in my chamber. My neighbour the Dancing-master, has demanded of me, why I take this liberty, since I would not allow it him? But I answered, His was an act of an Indifferent nature, and mine of Necessity. My late treatises against Duels have so far disoblighd the fraternity of the noble science of defence, that I can get none of them to shew me so much as one Pass. I am therefore obliged to learn by Book, and have accordingly several volumes, wherein all the postures are exactly delineated. I must confess, I am shy of letting people see me at this exercise, because of my Flannel waistcoat, and my Spectacles, which I am forced to fix on, the better to observe the posture of the enemy.

I have upon my Chamber-walls, drawn at full length, the figures of all sorts of men, from eight foot to three foot two inches. Within this height, I take it, that all the fighting men of *Great Britain* are comprehended. But as I push, I make allowances for my being of a lank and spare body, and have chalked out in every figure my own dimensions; for I scorn to rob any man of his life, or to take advantage of his breadth: therefore I press purely in a line down from his Nose, and take no more of him to assault, than he has of me: for to speak impartially, if a lean fellow wounds a fat one in any part to the right or left, whether it be in *Carte* or in *Tierce*, beyond the dimensions of the said lean fellow's own breadth, I take it to be murder, and such a murder as is below a Gentleman to commit. As I am spare, I am also very tall, and behave myself with relation to that advantage with the same punctilio; and I am ready to stoop or stand, according to the stature of my adversary. I must confess, I have had great success this morning, and have hit every figure round the room in a mortal part, without receiving the least hurt, except a little scratch by falling on my face, in pushing at one at the lower end of my chamber; but I recovered so quick, and jumped so nimbly into my Guard, that if he had been alive, he could not have hurt me. It is confessed I have writ against Duels with some warmth; but in all my discourses, I have not ever said, that I knew how a Gentleman could avoid a Duel if he were provoked to it; and since that custom is now become a Law, I know nothing but the Legislative power, with new animadversions upon it, can put us in a capacity of denying Challenges, though we are afterwards hanged for it. But no more of this at present. As things stand, I shall put up no more affronts; and I shall be so far from taking ill Words, that I will not take ill Looks. I therefore warn all young hot fellows, not to look hereafter more terrible than their neighbours; for if they stare at me with their Hats cocked higher than other people, I won't bear it. Nay, I give warning to all people in general to look kindly at me; for I'll bear no frowns, even from

Ladies; and if any Woman pretends to look scornfully at me, I shall demand satisfaction of the next of kin of the Masculine Gender.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this Paper.

N^o 97. Tuesday, November 22. 1709.

Illud maxime rarum genus est eorum, qui aut eccellente ingenii magnitudine, aut præclara eruditione atque doctrina, aut utraque re ornati, Spatium deliberandi habuerunt, quem potissimum vitæ cursum sequi vellent.

Tul. Offic.

From my own Apartment, November 21.

HAVING swept away prodigious multitudes in one of my late papers, and brought a great destruction upon my own Species, I must endeavor in this to raise fresh recruits, and, if possible, to supply the places of the unborn and the deceased. It is said of *Xerxes*, that when he stood upon a hill, and saw the whole country round him covered with his army, he burst out into tears, to think that not one of that multitude would be alive a hundred years after. For my part, when I take a survey of this populous city, I can scarce forbear weeping, to see how few of its inhabitants are now living. It was with this thought that I drew up my last Bill of Mortality, and endeavored to set out in it the great number of persons who have perished by a distemper (commonly known by the name of Idleness) which has long raged in the world, and destroys more in every great town than the Plague has done at *Dantzick*. To repair the mischief it has done, and stock the world with a better race of mortals, I have more hopes of bringing to life those that are young, than of reviving those that are old. For which reason, I shall here set down that noble Allegory which was written by an old Author called *Prodicus*, but recommended and embellished by *Socrates*. It is the description of *Virtue* and *Pleasure*, making their court to *Hercules* under the appearances of two beautiful women.

When *Hercules*, says the divine Moralist, was in that part of his youth in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a Desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favored his meditations. As he was musing on his present

present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should chuse, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble Air, and graceful Deportment; her beauty was natural and easy, her Person clean and unspotted, her Eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her Motion and Behavior full of Modesty, and her Raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of Health and Floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an Artificial white and red, and endeavored to appear more graceful than ordinary in her Mien, by a mixture of Affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful Confidence and Assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colors in her dress that she thought were the most proper to shew her complexion to an advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to *Hercules*, she stepped before the other Lady, (who came forward with a regular composed carriage) and running up to him, accosted him after the following manner.

My dear *Hercules*, (says she) I find you are very much divided in your own thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to chuse: be my friend and follow me; I'll lead you into the possession of Pleasure, and out of the reach of Pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of Business. The affairs of either War or Peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every Sense with its proper gratification. Sumptuous Tables, Beds of Roses, Clouds of Perfumes, Concerts of Music, Crouds of Beauties are all in a readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this Region of delights, this World of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to Care, to Pain, to Business—

Hercules hearing the Lady talk after this manner, desired to know her Name; to which she answered, My Friends, and those who are acquainted with me, call me *Happiness*; but my Enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of *Pleasure*.

By this time the other Lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young Hero in a very different manner.

Hercules (says she) I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the Gods, and give proofs of that descent by your love to virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain both for yourself and me an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my Society and Friendship, I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay down this as an established truth, That there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labor.

The

The Gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favor of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honored by your country, you must take care to serve it. In short, if you would be eminent in War or Peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose Happiness.

The Goddess of *Pleasure* here broke in upon her discourse; You see (said she) *Hercules*, by her own confession, the way to her pleasure is long and difficult, whereas that which I propose is short and easy.

Alas! (said the other Lady, whose visage glowed with a passion, made up of scorn and pity) What are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirst, sleep before you are tired, to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of one's self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your Votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are hoarding up anguish, torment and remorse for old age. As for me, I am the friend of Gods and of good Men, an agreeable companion to the Artizan, an household guardian to the Fathers of Families, a patron and protector of Servants, an associate in all true and generous Friendships. The Banquets of my Votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings chearful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years; and those who are in years, of being honored by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favored by the gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and (after the close of their labors) honored by posterity.

We know, by the life of this memorable Hero, to which of these two Ladies he gave up his heart; and I believe, every one who reads this will do him the justice to approve his choice.

I very much admire the Speeches of these Ladies, as containing in them the chief arguments for a life of Virtue, or a life of Pleasure, that could enter into the thoughts of an Heathen; but am particularly pleased with the different figures he gives the two Goddesses. Our modern Authors have represented *Pleasure* or *Vice* with an alluring face, but ending in snakes and monsters: here she appears in all the charms of beauty, though they are all false and borrowed; and by that means, composes a Vision entirely natural and pleasing.

I have translated this Allegory for the benefit of the youth of *Great Britain*; and particularly of those who are still in the deplorable state of Non-existence, and whom I most earnestly intreat to come into the world. Let my Embryo's shew the least inclination to any single virtue, and I shall allow it to be a struggling towards birth. I do not expect of them, that, like the Hero in the foregoing story, they should go about as soon as they are born, with a Club in their hands, and a Lion's skin on their shoulders, to root out Monsters, and destroy Tyrants; but, as the finest Author of all antiquity has said upon this very occasion, Though a man has not the abilities to distinguish himself in the most shining parts of a great character, he has certainly the capacity of being just, faithful, modest, and temperate.



N^o 100. *Tuesday, November 29. 1709.*



Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna. Virg.



Sheer-Lane, November 28.

I Was last week taking a solitary walk in the garden of *Lincolns-Inn*, (a favor that is indulged me by several of the Benchers who are my intimate friends, and grown old with me in this neighbourhood) when, according to the nature of men in years, who have made but little progress in the advancement of their fortune or their fame, I was repining at the sudden rise of many persons who are my Juniors, and indeed at the unequal distribution of wealth, honor, and all other blessings of life. I was lost in this thought when the night came upon me, and drew my mind into a far more agreeable contemplation. The Heaven above me appeared in all its glories, and presented me with such an Hemisphere of Stars, as made the most agreeable prospect imaginable to one who delights in the study of Nature. It happened to be a freezing night, which had purified the whole body of air into such a bright transparent Aether, as made every Constellation visible; and at the same time gave such a particular glowing to the Stars, that I thought it the richest Sky I had ever seen. I could not behold a scene so wonderfully adorned and lighted up, (if I may be allowed that expression) without suitable meditations on the Author of such illustrious and amazing objects. For on these occasions, Philosophy suggests motives to Religion, and Religion adds pleasures to Philosophy.

As

As soon as I had recovered my usual temper and serenity of Soul, I retired to my lodgings with the satisfaction of having passed away a few hours in the proper employments of a reasonable creature, and promising myself that my slumbers would be sweet. I no sooner fell into them, but I dreamed a Dream, or saw a Vision (for I know not which to call it) that seemed to rise out of my evening meditation, and had something in it so solemn and serious, that I cannot forbear communicating it; though I must confess, the wildness of imagination (which in a dream is always loose and irregular) discovers itself too much in several parts of it.

Methought I saw the azure Sky diversified with the same glorious Luminaries which had entertained me a little before I fell asleep. I was looking very attentively on that Sign in the Heavens which is called by the name of the *Balance*, when on a sudden there appeared in it an extraordinary light, as if the Sun should rise at midnight. By its increasing in breadth and lustre, I soon found that it approached towards the earth; and at length could discern something like a Shadow hovering in the midst of a great Glory, which in a little time after I distinctly perceived to be the figure of a Woman. I fancied at first it might have been the Angel or Intelligence that guided the Constellation from which it descended; but upon a nearer view, I saw about her all the Emblems with which the *Goddeſs of Justice* is usually described. Her Countenance was unspeakably awful and majestic, but exquisitely beautiful to those whose eyes were strong enough to behold it; her Smiles transported with rapture, her Frowns terrified to despair. She held in her hand a Mirror, endowed with the same qualities as that which the Painters put into the hand of *Truth*.

There streamed from it a light, which distinguished itself from all the splendors that surrounded her, more than a flash of lightning shines in the midst of day-light. As she moved it in her hand, it brightened the Heavens, the Air, or the Earth. When she had descended so low as to be seen and heard by mortals, to make the pomp of her appearance more supportable, she threw Darkness and Clouds about her, that tempered the light into a thousand beautiful shades and colors, and multiplied that lustre, which was before too strong and dazling, into a variety of milder glories.

In the mean time the world was in an alarm, and all the Inhabitants of it gathered together upon a spacious plain; so that I seemed to have all the Species before my eyes. A voice was heard from the Clouds, declaring the Intention of this visit, which was to restore and appropriate to every one living what was his due. The Fear and Hope, Joy and Sorrow, which appeared in that great assembly after this solemn declaration, are not to be expressed. The first Edict was then pronounced, *That all Titles and Claims to riches*

riches and Estates, or to any part of them, should be immediately vested in the rightful owner. Upon this, the inhabitants of the earth held up the instruments of their tenure, whether in parchment, paper, wax, or any other form of conveyance; and as the Goddess moved the Mirror of Truth which she held in her hand, so that the light which flowed from it fell upon the multitude, they examined the several instruments by the Beams of it. The Rays of this Mirror had a particular quality of setting fire to all Forgery and Falshood. The blaze of papers, the melting of seals, and crackling of parchments, made a very odd scene. The fire very often ran through two or three lines only, and then stopped; though I could not but observe, that the flame chiefly broke out among the Interlineations and Codicils. The light of the Mirror, as it was turned up and down, pierced into all the dark corners and recesses of the Universe, and by that means detected many writings and records which had been hidden or buried by time, chance, or design. This occasioned a wonderful revolution among the people. At the same time, the spoils of extortion, fraud, and robbery, with all the fruits of bribery and corruption, were thrown together into a prodigious pile, that almost reached to the Clouds, and was called the *Mount of Restitution*; to which all injured persons were invited, to receive what belonged to them.

One might see crowds of people in tattered garments come up, and change clothes with others that were dressed with lace and embroidery. Several who were *Plumbs* or very near it, became men of moderate fortunes; and many others, who were overgrown in wealth and possessions, had no more left than what they usually spent. What moved my concern most, was, to see a certain street of the greatest credit in *Europe* from one end to the other become Bankrupt.

The next command was, for the whole body of mankind to separate themselves into their proper Families; which was no sooner done, but an Edict was issued out, requiring all Children to repair to their true and natural Fathers. This put a great part of their assembly in motion: for as the Mirror was moved over them, it inspired every one with such a natural Instinct, as directed them to their real parents. It was a very melancholy spectacle to see the Fathers of very large families become childless, and Batchelors undone by a charge of Sons and Daughters. You might see a presumptive Heir of a great estate ask blessing of his Coachman, and a celebrated Toast paying her duty to a *Valet de Chambre*. Many under Vows of Celibacy appeared surrounded with a numerous Issue. This change of parentage would have caused great lamentation, but that the calamity was pretty common; and that generally those who lost their children, had the satisfaction of seeing them put into the hands of their dearest Friends. Men were no sooner settled in their

Right to their possessions and their progeny, but there was a third order proclaimed, *That all the Posts of Dignity and Honor in the Universe should be conferred on persons of the greatest Merit, Abilities and Perfection.* The handsome, the strong, and the wealthy, immediately pressed forward; but not being able to bear the splendor of the Mirror which played upon their faces, they immediately fell back among the croud: but as the Goddess tried the multitude by her Glass, as the Eagle does its young ones by the lustre of the Sun, it was remarkable, that every one turned away his face from it who had not distinguished himself either by Virtue, Knowledge, or Capacity in business, either military or civil. This select Assembly was drawn up in the centre of a prodigious multitude, which was diffused on all sides, and stood observing them, as idle people use to gather about a Regiment that were exercising their arms. They were drawn up in three bodies: in the first, were the men of Virtue; in the second, the men of Knowledge; and in the third, the men of Business. It was impossible to look at the first column without a secret veneration, their aspects were so sweetened with Humanity, raised with Contemplation, emboldened with Resolution, and adorned with the most agreeable Airs, which are those that proceed from secret habits of Virtue. I could not but take notice, That there were many faces among them which were unknown, not only to the multitude, but even to several of their own body.

In the second column, consisting of the men of Knowledge, there had been great disputes before they fell into their ranks, which they did not do at last, without positive command of the Goddess who presided over the Assembly. She had so ordered it, that men of the greatest Genius and strongest Sense were placed at the head of the Column; behind these, were such as had formed their minds very much on the thoughts and writings of others. In the Rear of the Column were men who had more Wit than sense, or more Learning than Understanding. All living Authors of any Value were ranged in one of these Classes; but I must confess, I was very much surprised to see a great body of Editors, Critics, Commentators, and Grammarians, meet with so very ill a reception. They had formed themselves into a body, and with a great deal of arrogance demanded the first station in the Column of Knowledge; but the Goddess, instead of complying with their request, clapped them all into Liveries, and bid them know themselves for no other but Lacqueys of the Learned.

The third Column were men of Business, and consisted of persons in military and civil capacities. The former marched out from the rest, and placed themselves in the Front, at which the other shook their heads at them, but did not think fit to dispute the post with them. I could not but make several observations upon this last column of people; but I have certain
private

private reasons why I do not think fit to communicate them to the public. In order to fill up all the posts of Honor, Dignity, and Profit, there was a draught made out of each Column, of men who were masters of all three qualifications in some degree, and were preferred to stations of the first rank. The second draught was made out of such as were possessed of any two of the qualifications, who were disposed of in stations of a second dignity. Those who were left, and were endowed only with one of them, had their suitable posts. When this was over, there remained many places of trust and profit, unfilled, for which there were fresh draughts made out of the surrounding multitude, who had any appearance of these excellencies, or were recommended by those who possessed them in reality.

All were surpris'd to see so many new faces in the most eminent Dignities; and for my own part, I was very well pleas'd to see that all my friends either kept their present posts, or were advanced to higher.

Having fill'd my paper with those particulars of Mankind, I must reserve for another occasion the sequel of it, which relates to the Fair Sex.

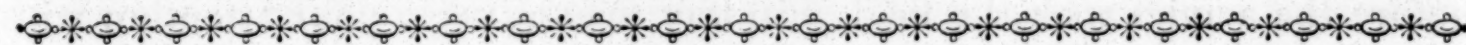
N^o 101.

Thursday, December 1. 1709.



— *Postquam fregit subsellia versu
Esurit intactam Paridi nisi vendit Agaven.*

Juv.



From my own Apartment, November 30

THE progress of my intended account of what happened when Justice visited mortals, is at present interrupted by the observation and sense of an Injustice against which there is no remedy, even in a kingdom more happy in the care taken of the Liberty and Property of the Subject, than any other nation upon earth. This Iniquity is committed by a most impregnable set of mortals, men who are Rogues within the law; and in the very commission of what they are guilty of, professedly own, that they forbear no injury but from the terror of being punished for it. These Miscreants are a set of wretches we Authors call *Pirates*, who print any Book, Poem, or Sermon, as soon as it appears in the world, in a smaller volume, and sell it (as all other thieves do stolen goods) at a cheaper rate. I was in my rage calling them Rascals, Plunderers, Robbers, Highwaymen — But they acknowledge all that, and are pleas'd with those, as well as any other titles; nay, will print them themselves to turn the penny.

I am extremely at a loss how to act against such open enemies, who have not shame enough to be touched with our reproaches, and are as well defended against what we can say, as what we can do. Railing therefore we must turn into complaint, which I cannot forbear making, when I consider that all the labors of my long life may be disappointed by the first man that pleases to rob me. I had flattered myself, that my stock of learning was worth 150*l. per Annum*, which would very handsomely maintain me and my little family, who are so happy or so wise as to want only necessaries. Before men had come up to this bare-faced impudence, it was an estate to have a competency of understanding.

An ingenious Drole, who is since dead, (and indeed it is well for him he is so, for he must have starved had he lived to this day) used to give me an account of his good husbandry in the management of his learning. He was a general dealer, and had his Amusements as well comical as serious. The merry Rogue said, when he wanted a dinner, he writ a Paragraph of *Table-Talk*, and his Bookseller upon sight paid the reckoning. He was a very good judge of what would please the people, and could aptly hit both the genius of his readers, and the season of the year in his writings. His brain, which was his estate, had as regular and different produce as other men's land. From the beginning of *November* till the opening of the Campaign he writ Pamphlets and *Letters to Members of Parliament*, or *Friends in the country*: But sometimes he would relieve his ordinary readers with a murder, and lived comfortably a week or two upon *strange and lamentable Accidents*. A little before the armies took the field, his way was to open your attention with a Prodigy; and a Monster well writ, was two guineas the lowest price. This prepared his readers for *his great and bloody news from Flanders* in *June* and *July*. Poor Tom! He is gone — But I observed, he always looked well after a battle, and was apparently fatter in a fighting year. Had this honest careless fellow lived till now, Famine had stared him in the face, and interrupted his merriment; as it must be a solid affliction to all those whose Pen is their Portion.

As for my part, I do not speak wholly for my own sake in this point; for Palmistry and Astrology will bring me in greater gains than these my Papers; so that I am only in the condition of a Lawyer, who leaves the Bar for Chamber-practice. However, I may be allowed to speak in the cause of Learning itself, and lament, that a liberal Education is the only one which a polite Nation makes unprofitable. All mechanic Artizans are allowed to reap the fruit of their invention and ingenuity without invasion; but he that has separated himself from the rest of mankind, and studied the wonders of the creation, the government of his passions, and the revolutions
of

of the world, and has an ambition to communicate the effect of half his life spent in such noble enquiries, has no property in what he is willing to produce, but is exposed to robbery and want, with this melancholy and just reflection, That he is the only man who is not protected by his country, at the same time that he best deserves it.

According to the ordinary rules of computation, the greater the Adventure is, the greater ought to be the profit of those who succeed in it; and by this measure, none have a pretence of turning their labors to greater advantage than persons brought up to Letters. A learned Education, passing through great Schools and Universities, is very expensive, and consumes a moderate fortune, before it is gone through in its proper forms. The purchase of an handsome Commission or Employment, which would give a man a good figure in another kind of life, is to be made at a much cheaper rate. Now, if we consider this expensive Voyage which is undertaken in the search of Knowledge, and how few there are who take in any considerable Merchandise, how less frequent it is to be able to turn what men have gained into profit: how hard is it, that the very small number who are distinguished with abilities to know how to vend their wares, and have the good fortune to bring them into Port, should suffer being plundered by Privateers under the very cannon that should protect them! The most eminent and useful Author of the age we live in, after having laid out a princely Revenue in works of Charity and Beneficence, as became the Greatness of his Mind, and the Sanctity of his Character, would have left the person in the world who was the dearest to him in a narrow condition, had not the sale of his immortal Writings brought her in a very considerable Dowry; though it was impossible for it to be equal to their value. Every one will know, that I here mean the works of the late Archbishop of *Canterbury*, the copy of which was sold for 2500 *l*.

I do not speak with relation to any Party; but it has happened, and may often so happen, that men of great Learning and Virtue cannot qualify themselves for being employed in Business, or receiving Preferments. In this case, you cut them off from all Support, if you take from them the benefit that may arise from their Writings. For my own part, I have brought myself to consider things in so unprejudiced a manner, that I esteem more a man who can live by the products of his understanding, than one who does it by the favor of Great Men.

The zeal of an Author has transported me thus far, though I think myself as much concerned in the capacity of a Reader. If this practice goes on, we must never expect to see again a beautiful Edition of a book in *Great Britain*.

We

We have already seen the *Memoirs of Sir William Temple* published in the same character and volume with the *History of Tom Thumb*, and the works of our greatest Poets shrunk into Penny books and garlands. For my own part, I expect to see my *Lucubrations*, printed on browner paper than they are at present; and, if the humor continues, must be forced to retrench my expensive way of living, and not smoke above two Pipes a day.

Sir Richard Steele joined in this Paper.

N^o 102.

Saturday, December 3. 1709.

From my own Apartment, December 3.

A Continuation of the Vision.

THE Male World were dismissed by the *Goddeſs of Juſtice*, and diſappeared; when on a ſudden the whole Plain was covered with Women. So charming a multitude filled my heart with unſpeakable pleaſure; and as the celeftial Light of the Mirror ſhone upon their faces, ſeveral of them ſeemed rather perſons that deſcended in the train of the Goddeſs, than ſuch who were brought before her to their Tryal. The clack of Tongues, and confuſion of Voices, in this new Aſſembly, was ſo very great, that the Goddeſs was forced to command ſilence ſeveral times, and with ſome ſeverity, before ſhe could make them attentive to her Edicts. They were all ſenſible, that the moſt important Affair among Womankind was then to be ſettled, which every one knows to be the point of Place. This had raiſed innumerable diſputes among them, and put the whole Sex into a tumult. Every one produced her claim, and pleaded her pretenſions. Birth, Beauty, Wit, or Wealth, were words that rung in my Ears from all parts of the Plain. Some boaſted of the Merit of their Huſbands; others of their own Power in governing them. Some pleaded their unſpotted Virginity; others their numerous Iſſue. Some valued themſelves as they were the Mothers, and others as they were the Daughters, of conſiderable Perſons. There was not a ſingle accompliſhment unmentioned, or unpractiſed. The whole congregation was full of ſinging, dancing, toſſing, ogling, ſqueaking, ſmiling, ſighing, fanning, frowning, and all thoſe irrefiſtible arts which women put in practice, to captivate the hearts of reaſonable creatures. The Goddeſs, to end this diſpute, cauſed it to be proclaimed, *That every one ſhould take place according as ſhe was more or leſs Beautiful.* This declaration gave great ſatisfaction

tisfaction to the whole Assembly, which immediately bridled up, and appeared in all its beauties. Such as believed themselves graceful in their motion, found an occasion of falling back, advancing forwards, or making a false step, that they might shew their persons in the most becoming air. Such as had fine necks and bosoms, were wonderfully curious to look over the heads of the multitude, and observe the most distant parts of the assembly. Several clapped their hands on their foreheads, as helping their sight to look upon the glories that surrounded the Goddesses, but in reality to shew fine hands and arms. The Ladies were yet better pleased when they heard, that in the decision of this great controversy, each of them should be her own Judge, and take her place according to her own opinion of herself, when she consulted her Looking-glass.

The Goddesses then let down the Mirror of Truth in a golden chain, which appeared larger in proportion as it descended and approached nearer to the Eyes of the beholders. It was the particular property of this Looking-glass to banish all false appearances, and shew people what they are. The whole woman was represented, without regard to the usual external features, which were made entirely conformable to their real characters. In short, the most accomplished (taking in the whole circle of female perfections) were the most beautiful; and the most defective, the most deformed. The Goddesses so varied the motion of the Glass, and placed it in so different lights, that each had an opportunity of seeing herself in it.

It is impossible to describe the Rage, the Pleasure, or Astonishment, that appeared in each face upon its representation in the Mirror: Multitudes started at their own Form, and would have broke the Glass if they could have reached it. Many saw their blooming Features wither as they looked upon them, and their Self-admiration turned into a loathing and abhorrence. The Lady who was thought so agreeable in her anger, and was so often celebrated for a woman of fire and spirit, was frightened at her own Image, and fancied she saw a Fury in the Glass. The interested Mistress beheld a Harpy, and the subtle Jilt a Sphinx. I was very much troubled in my own heart, to see such a destruction of fine faces; but at the same time had the pleasure of seeing several improved, which I had before looked upon as the greatest Master-pieces of Nature. I observed, that some few were so humble as to be surpris'd at their own charms; and that many a one, who had lived in the retirement and severity of a Vestal, shined forth in all the graces and attractions of a Syren. I was ravished at the sight of a particular Image in the Mirror, which I think the most beautiful Object that my eyes ever beheld. There was something more than human in her countenance: her eyes were so full of light, that they seemed to beautify every thing they
looked

looked upon. Her face was enlivened with such a florid bloom, as did not so properly seem the mark of Health, as of Immortality. Her shape, her stature, and her mein, were such as distinguished her even there where the whole Fair Sex was assembled.

I was impatient to see the Lady represented by so divine an Image, whom I found to be the person that stood at my Right hand, and in the same point of view with myself. This was a little old woman, who in her prime had been about five foot high, though at present shrunk to about three quarters of that measure. Her natural aspect was puckered up with wrinkles, and her head covered with grey hairs. I had observed all along an innocent cheerfulness in her face, which was now heightened into rapture as she beheld herself in the glass. It was an odd circumstance in my Dream, (but I cannot forbear relating it) I conceived so great an inclination towards her, that I had thoughts of discoursing her upon the point of marriage, when on a sudden she was carried from me; for the word was now given, that all who were pleased with their own Images, should separate, and place themselves at the head of their Sex.

This detachment was afterwards divided into three bodies, consisting of Maids, Wives, and Widows; the Wives being placed in the middle, with the Maids on the right, and the Widows on the left; though it was with difficulty that these two last bodies were hindred from falling into the Centre. This separation of those, who liked their real selves, not having lessened the number of the main Body so considerably as it might have been wished, the Goddess, after having drawn up her Mirror, thought fit to make new distinctions among those who did not like the figure which they saw in it. She made several wholesome Edicts, which are slipt out of my mind; but there were two which dwelt upon me, as being very extraordinary in their kind, and executed with great severity. Their design was, to make an example of two extremes in the Female world; of those who are very severe on the conduct of others, and of those who are very regardless of their own. The first sentence therefore the Goddess pronounced, was, *That all Females addicted to Censoriousness and Detraction, should lose the Use of Speech*; a punishment which would be the most grievous to the offender, and (what should be the end of all punishments) effectual for rooting out the crime. Upon this Edict, which was as soon executed as published, the noise of the Assembly very considerably abated. It was a melancholy spectacle, to see so many who had the reputation of rigid Virtue struck dumb. A Lady who stood by me, and saw my concern, told me, she wondered how I could be concerned for such a pack of —— I found, by the shaking of her head, she was going to give me their Characters; but by her saying no more, I perceived

ceived she had lost the command of her Tongue. This calamity fell very heavy upon that part of women who are distinguished by the name of *Prudes*, a courtly word for Female Hypocrites, who have a short way to being virtuous, by shewing that others are vicious. The second Sentence was then pronounced against the loose part of the Sex, *That all should immediately be pregnant, who in any part of their lives had ran the hazard of it.* This produced a very goodly appearance, and revealed so many misconducts, that made those who were lately struck dumb, repine more than ever at their want of utterance, though at the same time (as afflictions seldom come single) many of the Mutes were also seized with this new calamity. The Ladies were now in such a condition, that they would have wanted room, had not the Plain been large enough to let them divide their ground, and extend their Lines on all sides. It was a sensible affliction to me, to see such a multitude of Fair ones either dumb or big-bellied: But I was something more at ease, when I found that they agreed upon several regulations to cover such misfortunes. Among others, that it should be an established Maxim in all nations, That a woman's first child might come into the world within six months after her acquaintance with her Husband; and that Grief might retard the birth of her last till fourteen months after his decease.

This Vision lasted till my usual hour of waking, which I did with some surprise, to find myself alone, after having been engaged almost a whole night in so prodigious a multitude. I could not but reflect with wonder, at the partiality and extravagance of my Vision; which, according to my thoughts, has not done Justice to the Sex. If Virtue in men is more venerable, it is in women more lovely; which *Milton* has very finely expressed in his *Paradise Lost*, where *Adam*, speaking of *Eve*, after having asserted his own Preeminence, as being first in the Creation and internal faculties, breaks out into the following rapture:

—— Yet when I approach
*Her loveliness, so absolute she seems;
 And in herself complete, so well to know
 Her Own, that what she wills to do, or say,
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
 All higher Knowledge in her presence falls
 Degraded. Wisdom, in discourse with her,
 Loses, discountenanced, and like Folly shews.
 Authority and Reason on her wait,
 As one intended first, not after made*

*Occasionally: and to consummate all,
Greatness of Mind and Nobleness their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard Angelic placed.*

N^o 103.*Tuesday, December 6. 1709.*

— *Hæ nugæ seria ducunt
In mala, derisum semel exceptumque sinistrè.*

Hor.

From my own Apartment, December 5.

THERE is nothing gives a man greater satisfaction, than the sense of having dispatched a great deal of Business, especially when it turns to the public Emolument. I have much pleasure of this kind upon my spirits at present, occasioned by the fatigue of Affairs which I went through last *Saturday*. It is some time since I set apart that day for examining the pretensions of several who had applied to me, for Canes, Perspective-glasses, Snuff-boxes, Orange-flower-waters, and the like Ornaments of Life. In order to adjust this matter, I had before directed *Charles Lillie* of *Beauford-buildings* to prepare a great bundle of blank Licences in the following words:

You are hereby required to permit the Bearer of this Cane to pass and repass through the streets and suburbs of London, or any place within ten miles of it, without lett or molestation; provided that he does not walk with it under his Arm, brandish it in the Air, or hang it on a Button: In which case it shall be forfeited; and I hereby declare it forfeited to any one who shall think it safe to take it from him.

Isaac Bickerstaffe.

The same form, differing only in the Proviso's, will serve for a Perspective, Snuff-box, or perfumed Handkerchief. I had placed myself in my Elbow-chair at the upper end of my great Parlor, having ordered *Charles Lillie* to take his place upon a Joint-stool with a Writing-desk before him. *John Morpew* also took his station at the door; I having for his good and faithful services, appointed him my Chamber-keeper upon Court-days. He let me know, That there were a great number attending without. Upon which

which, I ordered him to give notice, That I did not intend to sit upon Snuff-boxes that day; but that those who appeared for Canes might enter. The first presented me with the following Petition, which I order'd Mr. *Lillie* to read.

To *Isaac Bickerstaffe* Esq; Censor of Great Britain.

The humble Petition of Simon Trippit,

Sheweth,

That your Petitioner having being bred up to a Cane from his youth, it is now become as necessary to him as any other of his limbs.

That a great part of his Behavior depending upon it, he should be reduced to the utmost necessities if he should lose the use of it.

That the Knocking of it upon his shoe, Leaning one leg upon it, or Whistling with it on his mouth, are such great reliefs to him in conversation, that he does not know how to be good company without it.

That he is at present engaged in an Amour, and must despair of success, if it be taken from him.

Your Petitioner therefore hopes, that (the premises tenderly considered) your Worship will not deprive him of so useful and so necessary a support.

And your Petitioner shall ever, &c.

Upon hearing of his case, I was touched with some compassion, and the more so when upon observing him nearer I found he was a *Prig*. I bid him produce his Cane in Court, which he had left at the door. He did so, and I finding it to be very curiously clouded, with a transparent Amber head, and a blue Ribbon to hang upon his wrist, I immediately ordered my Clerk *Lillie* to lay it up, and deliver out to him a plain joint, headed with Walnut; and then, in order to wean him from it by degrees, permitted him to wear it three days in the week, and so abate proportionably till he found himself able to go alone.

The second who appeared, came limping into the court: and setting forth in his petition many pretences for the use of a Cane, I caused them to be examined one by one; but finding him in different stories, and confronting him with several witnesses who had seen him walk upright, I ordered Mr. *Lillie* to take in his Cane, and rejected his petition as frivolous.

A third made his entry with great difficulty, leaning upon a slight Stick, and in danger of falling every step he took. I saw the weakness of his arms, and hearing that he had married a young wife about a fortnight before, I bid him leave his Cane, and gave him a new pair of Crutches, with which he went off in great vigor and alacrity. This Gentleman was

succeeded by another, who seemed very much pleased while his petition was reading, in which he had represented, That he was extremely afflicted with the Gout, and set his foot upon the ground with the caution and dignity which accompany that distemper. I suspected him for an Impostor, and having ordered him to be searched, I committed him into the hands of Dr. *Thomas Smith* in *King-street* (my own Corn-cutter) who attended in an outward room; and wrought so speedy a cure upon him, that I thought fit to send Him also away without his Cane.

While I was thus dispensing Justice, I heard a noise in my outward room; and inquiring what was the occasion of it, my door-keeper told me, that they had taken up one in the very fact as he was passing by my door. They immediately brought in a lively fresh-colored young man, who made great resistance with hand and foot, but did not offer to make use of his Cane, which hung upon his fifth Button. Upon examination, I found him to be an *Oxford* scholar, who was just entered at the *Temple*. He at first disputed the Jurisdiction of the court; but being driven out of his little law and logic, he told me very pertly, That he looked upon such a perpendicular creature as man to make a very imperfect figure without a Cane in his hand. It is well known (says he) we ought, according to the natural situation of our bodies, to walk upon our hands and feet; and that the wisdom of the ancients had described man to be an Animal of four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night; by which they intimated, that a Cane might very properly become part of us in some period of life. Upon which I asked him, Whether he wore it at his breast to have it in readiness when that period should arrive? My young lawyer immediately told me, He had a property in it, and a right to hang it where he pleased, and to make use of it as he thought fit, provided that he did not break the peace with it: And further said, That he never took it off his Button, unless it were to lift it up at a Coachman, hold it over the head of a Drawer, point out the Circumstances of a story, or for other services of the like nature, that are all within the laws of the land. I did not care for discouraging a young man, who, I saw, would come to good; and because his heart was set upon his new purchase, I only ordered him to wear it about his Neck, instead of hanging it upon his Button, and so dismissed him.

There were several appeared in court, whose pretensions I found to be very good, and therefore gave many their Licences upon paying their fees; as many others had their Licences renewed, who required more time for recovery of their lameness than I had before allowed them.

Having dispatched this set of my Petitioners, there came in a well-dressed Man, with a Glass-tube in one hand, and his Petition in the other. Upon his entering

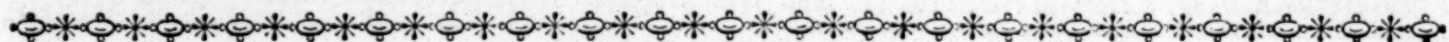
entering the room, he threw back the right side of his Wig, put forward his right Leg, and advancing the Glafs to his right Eye, aimed it directly at me. In the mean while, to make my observations also, I put on my Spectacles; in which posture we surveyed each other for some time. Upon the removal of our Glasses, I desired him to read his Petition, which he did very promptly and easily; though at the same time it set forth, that he could see nothing distinctly, and was within very few degrees of being utterly blind; concluding with a prayer, That he might be permitted to strengthen and extend his sight by a Glafs. In answer to this, I told him, he might sometimes extend it to his own destruction. As you are now (said I) you are out of the reach of Beauty; the shafts of the finest Eyes lose their force before they can come at you; you cannot distinguish a Toast from an Orangewench; you can see a whole circle of beauty without any interruption from an impertinent face to discompose you. In short, what are snares for others,—My Petitioner would hear no more, but told me very seriously, Mr *Bickerstaffe*, you quite mistake your Man; it is the Joy, the Pleasure, the Employment of my Life, to frequent public Assemblies, and gaze upon the Fair. In a word, I found his use of a Glafs was occasioned by no other infirmity but his Vanity, and was not so much designed to make him see, as to make him be seen and distinguished by others. I therefore refused him a Licence for a Perspective, but allowed him a pair of Spectacles, with full permission to use them in any public Assembly as he should think fit. He was followed by so very few of this order of men, that I have reason to hope this sort of cheats are almost at an end.

The Orange-flower-men appeared next with Petitions, perfumed so strongly with Musk, that I was almost overcome with the scent; and for my own sake, was obliged forthwith to license their Handkerchiefs, especially when I found they had sweetned them at *Charles Lillie's*, and that some of their persons would not be altogether inoffensive without them. *John Morphew*, whom I have made the General of my dead men, acquainted me, That the Petitioners were all of that order, and could produce certificates to prove it if I required it. I was so well pleased, with this way of their embalming themselves, that I commanded the abovesaid *Morphew* to give it in orders to his whole army, That every one who did not surrender himself up to be disposed of by the Upholders, should use the same method to keep himself sweet during his present state of putrefaction.

I finished my Session with great content of mind, reflecting upon the good I had done; for however slightly men may regard these particularities and little follies in dress and behavior, they lead to greater Evils. The bearing to be laugh'd at for such singularities, teaches us insensibly an impertinent fortitude,

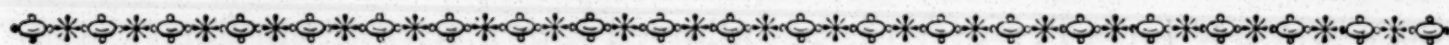
fortitude, and enables us to bear public censure for things which more substantially deserve it. By this means they open a gate to Folly, and oftentimes render a man so ridiculous, as discredit his virtues and capacities, and unqualify them from doing any good in the world. Besides, the giving into uncommon habits of this nature, is a want of that humble deference which is due to mankind; and (what is worst of all) the certain indication of some secret flaw in the mind of the person that commits them. When I was a young man, I remember a gentleman of great integrity and worth was very remarkable for wearing a broad Belt, and a Hanger instead of a fashionable Sword, though in all other points a very well-bred man. I suspected him at first sight to have something wrong in him, but was not able for a long while to discover any collateral proofs of it. I watched him narrowly, for six and thirty years, when at last, to the surprise of every body but myself, who had long expected to see the Folly break out, he married his own Cook-maid.

Sir Richard Steele joined in this Paper.



N^o 108.

Saturday, December 17, 1709.



*Pronaque cum spectant animalia cætera terram,
Os homini Sublime dedit, cælumque tueri
Jussit*—————

Ovid. Met.



Sheer-Lane, December 16,

IT is not to be imagined, how great an effect well-disposed Lights, with proper Forms and Orders in Assemblies, have upon some tempers. I am sure I feel it in so extraordinary a manner, that I cannot in a day or two get out of my imagination any very beautiful or disagreeable impression which I receive on such occasions. For this reason, I frequently look in at the Playhouse, in order to enlarge my thoughts, and warm my mind with some new Ideas, that may be serviceable to me in my Lucubrations.

In this disposition I entered the Theatre the other day, and placed myself in a corner of it, very convenient for seeing, without being myself observed. I found the Audience hushed in a very deep attention, and did not question but some noble Tragedy was just then in its crisis, or that an incident was to be unravelled which would determine the fate of an Hero. While

I was in this suspense, expecting every moment to see my friend Mr. *Bellerton* appear in all the Majesty of Distress, to my unspeakable amazement, there came up a Monster with a face between his feet; and as I was looking on, he raised himself on one leg in such a perpendicular posture, that the other grew in a direct line above his head. It afterwards twisted itself into the motions and wreathings of several different Animals, and after great variety of Shapes and Transformations, went off the Stage in the figure of an human Creature. The admiration, the applause, the satisfaction of the audience, during this strange entertainment, is not to be expressed. I was very much out of countenance for my dear Countrymen, and looked about with some apprehension for fear any Foreigner should be present. Is it possible (thought I) that human nature can rejoice in its disgrace, and take pleasure in seeing its own figure turned to Ridicule, and distorted into forms that raise Horror and Aversion? There is something disingenuous and immoral in the being able to bear such a sight. Men of elegant and noble minds, are shocked at seeing the characters of persons who deserve Esteem for their Virtue, Knowledge, or Services to their country, placed in wrong lights, and by misrepresentation made the subject of Buffoonry. Such a nice abhorrence is not indeed to be found among the vulgar; but methinks it is wonderful, that those who have nothing but the outward figure to distinguish them as men, should delight in seeing it abused, vilified and disgraced.

I must confess, there is nothing that more pleases me, in all that I read in books, or see among mankind, than such passages as represent human nature in its proper dignity. As man is a Creature made up of different Extremes, he has something in him very great and very mean: a skilful Artist may draw an excellent picture of him in either view. The finest Authors of Antiquity have taken him on the more advantageous side. They cultivate the natural Grandeur of the Soul, raise in her a generous Ambition, feed her with hopes of Immortality and perfection, and do all they can to widen the partition between the Virtuous and the Vicious, by making the difference betwixt them as great as between Gods and Brutes. In short, it is impossible to read a page in *Plato*, *Tully*, and a thousand other antient Moralists, without being a greater and a better man for it. On the contrary, I could never read any of our modish *French* Authors, or those of our own country who are the Imitators and Admirers of that trifling nation, without being for some time out of humor with myself, and at every thing about me. Their business is, to depreciate Human Nature, and consider it under its worst appearances. They give mean Interpretations and base Motives to the worthiest Actions: they resolve Virtue and vice into Constitution. In short, they endeavor to make no distinction between man and man, or between
the

the Species of Men and that of Brutes. As an Instance of this kind of Authors, among many others, let any one examine the celebrated *Roche foucault*, who is the great Philosopher for administering of consolation to the Idle, the Envious, and Worthless part of Mankind.

I remember a young Gentleman of moderate Understanding, but great Vivacity who by dipping into many Authors of this nature, had got a little smattering of Knowledge, just enough to make an Atheist or a Free-thinker, but not a Philosopher or a man of Sense. With these Accomplishments, he went to visit his Father in the country, who was a plain, rough, honest man, and wise, though not learned. The Son, who took all opportunities to shew his Learning, began to establish a new Religion in the family, and to enlarge the narrowness of their country notions, in which he succeeded so well, that he had seduced the Butler by his table-talk, and flattered his eldest Sister. The old Gentleman began to be alarmed at the Schisms that arose among his children, but did not yet believe his Son's doctrine to be so pernicious as it really was, 'till one day talking of his Setting-dog, the Son said, He did not question but *Tray* was as Immortal as any one of the family; and in the heat of the Argument told his Father, That for his own Part, he expected to die like a Dog. Upon which, the old man starting up in a very great passion, cried out, Then, Sirrah, you shall live like one; and taking his Cane in his hand, cudgelled him out of his System. This had so good an effect upon him, that he took up from that day, fell to reading good books, and is now a Bencher in the *Middle-Temple*,

I do not mention this Cudgelling part of the Story with a design to engage the Secular Arm in matters of this nature; but certainly, if it ever exerts itself in affairs of Opinion and Speculation, it ought to do it on such shallow and despicable Pretenders to knowledge, who endeavor to give man dark and uncomfortable prospects of his Being, and destroy those Principles which are the Support, Happiness, and Glory, of all public societies, as well as private persons.

I think it is one of *Pythagoras's* Golden Sayings, *That a man should take care above all things to have a due respect for himself*: and it is certain, that this licentious sort of Authors, who are for depreciating Mankind, endeavored to disappoint and undo what the most refined Spirits have been laboring to advance since the beginning of the world. The very design of Dress, Good-breeding, outward Ornaments, and Ceremony, were to lift up human Nature, and set it off to an advantage. Architecture, Painting, and Statuary, were invented with the same design; as indeed every Art and Science contributes to the embellishment of Life, and to the wearing off or throwing into shades the mean and low parts of our nature. Poetry carries on this
great

great end more than all the rest, as may be seen in the following passage, taken out of Sir Francis Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, which gives a truer and better account of this Art than all the Volumes that were ever written upon it.

Poetry, especially heroical, seems to be raised altogether from a noble foundation, which makes much for the dignity of man's nature. For seeing this sensible world is in dignity inferior to the Soul of man, Poesy seems to endow human Nature with that which History denies; and to give satisfaction to the mind, with at least the shadow of things, where the Substance cannot be had. For if the matter be thoroughly considered, a strong Argument may be drawn from Poesy, that a more stately greatness of things, a more perfect order, and a more beautiful variety, delights the Soul of man, than any way can be found in nature since the fall. Wherefore seeing the acts and events, which are the subjects of true history, are not of that amplitude as to content the mind of man; Poesy is ready at hand to feign acts more heroical. Because true history reports the successes of business not proportionable to the merit of Virtues and Vices, Poesy corrects it, and presents events and fortunes according to desert, and according to the law of Providence: because true History, through the frequent satiety and similitude of things, works a distaste and misprision in the mind of man, Poesy cheereth and refresheth the Soul, chanting things rare and various, and full of vicissitudes. So as Poesy serveth and conferreth to delectation, Magnanimity and Morality; and therefore it may seem deservedly to have some participation of Divineness, because it doth raise the Mind, and exalt the Spirit with high raptures, by proportioning the Shews of things to the desires of the mind; and not submitting the mind to things, as Reason and History do. And by these allurements and congruities, whereby it cherishes the Soul of man, joined also with consort of Music, whereby it may more sweetly insinuate itself, it hath won such access, that it hath been in estimation even in rude times, and barbarous nations, when other learning stood excluded.

But there is nothing which favors and falls in with this natural greatness and Dignity of human Nature so much as Religion, which does not only promise the entire refinement of the Mind, but the glorifying of the Body, and the Immortality of Both.

N^o 110.

Thursday, December 22. 1709.

—*Quæ lucis miseris tam dira cupido?*

Virg.

Sheer-Lane, December 21.

AS soon as I had placed myself in my Chair of Judicature, I ordered my Clerk Mr. *Lillie* to read to the Assembly (who were gathered together according to notice) a certain Declaration, by way of charge to open the purpose of my Session, which tended only to this explanation, That as other Courts were often called to demand the Execution of persons Dead in Law, so this was held to give the last orders relating to those who are Dead in Reason. The Solicitor of the new company of Upholders near the *Hay-Market* appeared in behalf of that useful society, and brought in an accusation of a young woman, who herself stood at the Bar before me. Mr. *Lillie* read her Indictment, which was in substance, That whereas Mrs. *Rebecca Pindust*, of the Parish of St. *Martin in the Fields*, had, by the use of one instrument called a Looking-glass, and by the further use of certain attire, made either of Cambrick, Muslin, or other Linen wares, upon her head, attained to such an evil art and magical force in the motion of her eyes and turn of her countenance, that she the said *Rebecca* had put to death several young men of the said Parish; and that the said young men had acknowledged in certain papers, commonly called *Love-Letters* (which were produced in court, gilded on the edges, and sealed with a particular wax; with certain amorous and enchanting words wrought upon the said Seals) that they died for the said *Rebecca*: and whereas the said *Rebecca* persisted in the said evil practice; this way of life the said Society construed to be, according to former Edicts, a state of Death, and demanded an order for the Interment of the said *Rebecca*.

I looked upon the Maid with great humanity, and desired her to make answer to what was said against her. She said, It was indeed true, that she had practised all the arts and means she could to dispose of herself happily in marriage, but thought she did not come under the censure expressed in my writings for the same; and humbly hoped, I would not condemn her for the ignorance of her Accusers, who, according to their own words, had rather represented her Killing than Dead. She further alledged, That the Expressions mentioned in the papers written to her, were become meer words,

words, and that she had been always ready to marry any of those who said they Died for her; but that they made their escape as soon as they found themselves pitied or believed. She ended her discourse, by desiring I would for the future settle the meaning of the words, *I die*, in Letters of Love.

Mrs. *Pindust* behaved herself with such an Air of Innocence, that she easily gained credit, and was acquitted. Upon which occasion, I gave it as a standing Rule, That any persons, who in any Letter, Billet, or Discourse, should tell a Woman he Died for her, should, if she pleased, be obliged to Live with her, or be immediately interred upon such their own confession, without Bail or Mainprise.

It happened, that the very next who was brought before me was one of her Admirers, who was indicted upon that very head. A Letter, which he acknowledged to be his own hand, was read; in which were the following words; *Cruel Creature, I die for you*. It was observable that he took Snuff all the time his Accusation was reading. I asked him, How he came to use these words, if he were not a dead Man? He told me, He was in love with a Lady, and did not know any other way of telling her so; and that all his acquaintance took the same method. Though I was moved with compassion towards him by reason of the weakness of his parts, yet for Example's-sake, I was forced to answer, Your Sentence shall be a warning to all the rest of your Companions; not to tell lies for want of wit. Upon this, he began to beat his Snuff-box with a very saucy air; and opening it again, Faith *Isaac*, said he, thou art a very unaccountable old Fellow——Pr'ythee, who gave thee Power of Life and Death? What-a-pox hast thou to do with Ladies and Lovers? I suppose thou wouldst have a Man be in company with his Mistress, and say nothing to her. Dost thou call breaking a Jest, telling a Lie? Ha! Is that thy wisdom, old Stiffump, ha? He was going on with this insipid common-place mirth, sometimes opening his box, sometimes shutting it, then viewing the Picture on the Lid, and then the workmanship of the Hinge, when, in the midst of his Eloquence, I ordered his box to be taken from him; upon which he was immediately struck speechless, and carried off stone dead.

The next who appeared, was a hale old Fellow of sixty. He was brought in by his relations, who desired leave to bury him. Upon requiring a distinct account of the Prisoner, a credible Witness deposed, That he always rose at ten of the clock, played with his Cat till twelve, smoked Tobacco till one, was at Dinner till two, then took another Pipe, played at Backgammon till six, talked of one Madam *Frances*, an old Mistress of his, till eight, repeated the same account at the Tavern till ten, then returned home, took the other Pipe, and then to bed. I asked him, what he had to say for him-

self? As to what (said he) they mention concerning Madam *Frances*——I did not care for hearing a *Canterbury Tale*, and therefore thought myself seasonably interrupted by a young Gentleman who appeared in the behalf of the old Man, and prayed an Arrest of Judgment; for that he the said young Man held certain lands by his the said old Man's life. Upon this, the Solicitor of the Upholders took an occasion to demand him also, and thereupon produced several Evidences that witnessed to his Life and Conversation. It appeared, that each of them divided their hours in matters of equal moment and importance to themselves and to the public. They rose at the same hour: while the old Man was playing with his Cat, the young one was looking out of his Window; while the old Man was smoking his Pipe, the young Man was rubbing his Teeth; while one was at dinner, the other was dressing; while one was at Backgammon, the other was at dinner; while the old Fellow was talking of Madam *Frances*, the young one was either at Play, or toasting Women whom he never conversed with. The only difference was, That the young Man had never been good for any thing; the old Man, a Man of Worth, before he knew Madam *Frances*. Upon the whole, I ordered them both to be interred together, with Inscriptions proper to their Characters, signifying, That the old Man died in the year 1689, and was buried in the year 1709. And over the young one it was said, That he departed this world in the 25th year of his Death.

The next Class of Criminals, were Authors in Prose and Verse. Those of them who had produced any still-born work were immediately dismissed to their Burial, and were followed by others, who, notwithstanding some sprightly Issue in their Life-time, had given proofs of their Death, by some Posthumous Children, that bore no resemblance to their elder brethren. As for those who were the Fathers of a mixed Progeny, provided always they could prove the last to be a live Child, they escaped with life, but not without loss of limbs; for in this case, I was satisfied with Amputation of the Parts which were mortified.

These were followed by a great crowd of superannuated Benchers of the Inns of Court, Senior Fellows of Colleges, and defunct Statesmen; all whom I ordered to be decimated indifferently, allowing the rest a reprieve for one year, with a promise of a free Pardon in case of Resuscitation.

There were still great Multitudes to be examined; but finding it very late, I adjourned the Court; not without the secret pleasure that I had done my Duty, and furnished out an handsome Execution.

Going out of the Court, I received a Letter, informing me, That in Pursuance of the Edict of Justice in one of my late Visions, all those of the Fair Sex began to appear Pregnant who had run any hazard of it; as was manifest

fest by a particular Swelling in the Petticoats of several Ladies in and about this great City. I must confess, I do not attribute the rising of this part of the Dress to this occasion, yet must own, that I am very much disposed to be offended with such a new and unaccountable Fashion. I shall however pronounce nothing upon it, till I have examined all that can be said for and against it. And in the mean time, think fit to give this notice to the Fair Ladies who are now making up their Winter-suits, that they may abstain from all Dresses of that kind, till they shall find what Judgment will be passed upon them; for it would very much trouble me, that they should put themselves to an unnecessary expence; and I could not but think myself to blame, if I should hereafter forbid them the wearing of such Garments, when they have laid out money upon them, without having given them any previous admonitions.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

N^o III.*Saturday, December 24. 1709.*

— *Procul O! Procul este profani!*

Virg.

*Sheer-Lane, December 23.*

THE Watchman, who does me particular Honors, as being the chief man in the Lane, gave so very great a thump at my door last night, that I awakened at the knock, and heard myself complimented with the usual Salutation of *Good Morrow Mr. Bickerstaffe, Good Morrow my Masters all.* The silence and darkness of the night disposed me to be more than ordinarily serious: and as my attention was not drawn out among exterior objects, by the avocations of sense, my thoughts naturally fell upon myself. I was considering, amidst the stillness of the night, What was the proper employment of a Thinking being? What were the Perfections it should propose to itself? And, What the End it should aim at? My Mind is of such a particular cast, that the falling of a shower of rain, or the whistling of wind, at such a time, is apt to fill my thoughts with something awful and solemn. I was in this disposition, when our Bellman began his midnight Homily (which he has been repeating to us every winter night for these twenty years) with the usual exordium.

Oh!

Oh! mortal Man, thou that art born in Sin!

Sentiments of this nature, which are in themselves just and reasonable, however debased by the circumstances that accompany them, do not fail to produce their natural effect in a mind that is not perverted and depraved by wrong notions of Gallantry, Politeness, and Ridicule. The temper which I now found myself in, as well as the time of the year, put me in mind of those lines in *Shakespeare*, wherein, according to his agreeable wildness of Imagination, he has wrought a country tradition into a beautiful piece of Poetry. In the tragedy of *Hamlet*, where the Ghost vanishes upon the Cock's crowing, he takes occasion to mention its crowing all hours of the night about *Christmas* time, and to insinuate a kind of religious veneration for that season.

*It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some say, That ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long;
And then, say they, no Spirit dares walk abroad:
The nights are wholsom, then no Planets strike,
No Fairy takes, no witch has power to charm;
So hallowed, and so gracious is the time.*

This admirable Author, as well as the best and greatest men of all ages, and of all nations, seems to have had his mind thoroughly seasoned with Religion, as is evident by many passages in his plays, that would not be suffered by a modern audience; and are therefore certain instances, that the age he lived in had a much greater sense of Virtue than the present.

It is indeed a melancholy reflection to consider, That the *British* nation, which is now at a greater height of glory for its Councils and Conquests than it ever was before, should distinguish itself by a certain Looseness of Principles, and a falling off from those Schemes of Thinking, which conduce to the happiness and perfection of human nature. This evil comes upon us from the works of a few solemn Blockheads, that meet together with the zeal and seriousness of Apostles, to extirpate common sense, and propagate Infidelity. These are the wretches, who, without any shew of Wit, Learning, or Reason, publish their crude conceptions with the ambition of appearing more wise than the rest of mankind, upon no other pretence, than that of dissenting from them. One gets by heart a Catalogue of Title Pages and Editions; and immediately to become conspicuous, declares that

that he is an unbeliever. Another knows how to write a Receipt, or cut up a Dog, and forthwith argues against the Immortality of the Soul. I have known many a little Wit, in the ostentation of his parts, rally the truth of the Scripture, who was not able to read a chapter in it. These poor wretches talk Blasphemy for want of discourse, and are rather the objects of Scorn or Pity, than of our Indignation; but the grave Disputant, that reads, and writes, and spends all his time in convincing himself and the world that he is no better than a Brute, ought to be whipped out of a Government, as a Blot to a civil Society, and a Defamer of Mankind. I love to consider an Infidel, whether distinguished by the title of Deist, Atheist, or Free-thinker, in three different lights, in his Solitudes, his Afflictions, and his last Moments.

A wise man, that lives up to the principles of Reason and Virtue, if one considers him in his Solitude, as taking in the System of the Universe, observing the mutual dependance and harmony, by which the whole frame of it hangs together, beating down his Passions, or swelling his thoughts with magnificent Ideas of Providence, makes a nobler figure in the eye of an intelligent Being, than the greatest Conqueror amidst the pomps and solemnities of a Triumph. On the contrary, there is not a more ridiculous animal than an Atheist in his retirement. His Mind is incapable of Rapture or Elevation: he can only consider himself as an insignificant figure in a Landscape, and wandering up and down in a Field or Meadow, under the same terms as the meanest Animals about him, and subject to as total a Mortality as they, with this aggravation, That he is the only one amongst them who lies under the Apprehension of it.

In Distresses, he must be of all creatures the most helpless and forlorn; he feels the whole pressure of a present calamity, without being relieved by the memory of any thing that is passed, or the prospect of any thing that is to come. Annihilation is the greatest Blessing that he proposes to himself, and an Halter or a Pistol the only Refuge he can fly to. But if you would behold one of these gloomy Miscreants in his poorest figure, you must consider him under the terrors, or at the approach, of Death.

About thirty years ago I was a shipboard with one of these Vermin, when there arose a brisk Gale, which could frighten nobody but himself. Upon the rowling of the Ship he fell upon his knees, and confessed to the Chaplain, that he had been a vile Atheist, and had denied a Supreme Being ever since he came to his Estate. The good man was astonished, and a report immediately ran through the ship, That there was an Atheist upon the Upper-deck. Several of the common Seamen, who had never heard the word before, thought it had been some strange Fish; but they were more surprised

surprised when they saw it was a Man, and heard out of his own mouth That he never believed till that day that there was a God. As he lay in the agonies of Confession, one of the honest Tars whispered to the Boat-swain, That it would be a good deed to heave him over board. But we are now within sight of Port, when of a sudden the wind fell, and the Penitent relapsed, begging all of us that were present, as we were Gentlemen, not to say any thing of what had passed.

He had not been ashore above two days, when one of the company began to rally him upon his Devotion on Shipboard, which the other denied in so high terms, that it produced the Lie on both sides, and ended in a Duel. The Atheist was run through the body, and after some loss of blood became as good a Christian as he was at Sea, till he found that his wound was not mortal. He is at present one of the Free-thinkers of the Age, and now writing a Pamphlet against several received opinions concerning the Existence of Fairies.

As I have taken upon me to censure the faults of the age, and country which I live in, I should have thought myself inexcusable to have passed over this crying one, which is the subject of my present discourse. I shall therefore from time to time give my countrymen particular cautions against this distemper of the mind, that is almost become fashionable, and by that means more likely to spread. I have somewhere either read or heard a very memorable sentence, That a man would be a most insupportable Monster, should he have the faults that are incident to his Years, Constitution, Profession, Family, Religion, Age and Country; and yet every man is in danger of them all. For this reason, as I am an old man, I take particular care to avoid being covetous, and telling long stories: as I am choleric, I forbear not only Swearing, but all Interjections of Fretting, as Pugh! Pish! and the like. As I am a Layman, I resolve not to conceive an aversion for a 'wise and good man, because his Coat is of a different color from mine. As I am descended of the ancient Family of the *Bickerstaffes*, I never call a man of merit an Upstart. As a Protestant, I do not suffer my zeal so far to transport me, as to name the Pope and the Devil together. As I am fallen into this degenerate age, I guard myself particularly against the folly I have been now speaking of. And as I am an *Englishman*, I am very cautious not to hate a Stranger, or despise a poor *Palatine*.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.

Saturday,

N^o 114.

Saturday, December 31. 1709.

Ut in vitâ, sic in studiis, pulcherrimum et humanissimum existimo, severitatem comitatemque miscere, ne illa in tristitiam, hæc in petulantiam procedat.

Plin. Epist.

Sheer-Lane, December 30.

I WAS walking about my Chamber this morning in a very gay humor, when I saw a Coach stop at my door, and a Youth about fifteen alighting out of it, whom I perceived to be the eldest Son of my Bosom-friend that I gave some account of in my paper of the 17th of the last month. I felt a sensible pleasure rising in me at the sight of him, my Acquaintance having begun with his Father when he was just such a Stripling, and about that very age. When he came up to me, he took me by the hand, and burst into tears, I was extremely moved, and immediately said, Child, How does your Father do? He began to reply, My Mother——but could not go on for weeping. I went down with him into the Coach, and gathered out of him, that his Mother was then dying, and that while the Holy Man was doing the last offices to her, he had taken that time to come and call me to his Father, who (he said) would certainly break his heart if I did not go and comfort him. The Child's discretion in coming to me of his own head, and the tenderness he shewed for his Parents, would have quite overpowered me, had I not resolved to fortify myself for the seasonable performances of those duties which I owed to my Friend. As we were going, I could not but reflect upon the character of that excellent Woman, and the greatness of his grief for the loss of one who has ever been the support to him under all other afflictions. How (thought I) will he be able to bear the hour of her death, that could not, when I was lately with him, speak of a sickness, which was then past, without sorrow. We were now got pretty far into *Westminster*, and arrived at my Friend's house. At the door of it I met *Favonius*, not without a secret Satisfaction to find he had been there. I had formerly conversed with him at his house; and as he abounds with that sort of Virtue and Knowledge which makes Religion beautiful, and never leads the Conversation into the violence and rage of Party-disputes, I listened to him with great Pleasure. Our discourse chanced to be upon the subject of

Death, which he treated with such a Strength of reason, and Greatness of soul, that instead of being terrible, it appeared to a mind rightly cultivated, altogether to be contemned, or rather to be desired. As I met him at the door, I saw in his face a certain glowing of grief and humanity, heightened with an Air of fortitude and resolution which as I afterwards found, had such an irresistible force, as to suspend the pains of the dying, and the lamentation of the nearest friends who attended her. I went up directly to the room where she lay, and was met at the entrance by my Friend, who, notwithstanding his thoughts had been composed a little before, at the sight of me, turned away his face and wept. The little family of Children renewed the expressions of their sorrow according to their several ages and degrees of understanding. The eldest Daughter was in tears, busied in attendance upon her Mother; others were kneeling about the Bed-side: And what troubled me most was, to see a little Boy, who was too young to know the reason, weeping only because his Sisters did. The only one in the room who seemed resigned and comforted, was the dying person. At my approach to the Bed-side, she told me, with a low broken voice, This is kindly done——Take care of your Friend——Do not go from him. She had before taken leave of her Husband and Children, in a manner proper for so solemn a parting, and with a gracefulness peculiar to a Woman of her Character. My Heart was torn to pieces to see the Husband on one side suppressing and keeping down the swellings of his Grief, for fear of disturbing her in her last Moments; and the Wife even at that time concealing the Pains she endured, for fear of encreasing his affliction. She kept her eyes upon him for some moments after she grew speechless, and soon after closed them for ever. In the moment of her Departure, my friend (who had thus far commanded himself) gave a deep Groan, and fell into a Swoon by her Bed-side. The distraction of the Children, who thought they saw both their Parents expiring together, and now lying dead before them, would have melted the hardest heart; but they soon perceived their Father recover, whom I helped to remove into another room, with a resolution to accompany him till the first Pangs of his Affliction were abated. I knew Consolation would now be impertinent; and therefore contented myself to sit by him, and condole with him in silence: For I shall here use the method of an ancient Author, who in one of his Epistles relating the Virtues and Death of *Macrinus's* Wife, expresses himself thus; “ I shall suspend my advice to
 “ this best of Friends, till he is made capable of receiving it by those three
 “ great Remedies, (*necessitas ipsa, dies longa, et satiety doloris*) the Necessity of
 “ submission, Length of time, and Satiety of grief.

In

In the mean time, I cannot but confider, with much commiseration, the melancholy state of one who has had such a part of himself torn from him, and which he misses in every circumstance of Life. His Condition is like that of one who has lately lost his right Arm, and is every moment offering to help himself with it. He does not appear to himself the same person in his house, at his table, in company, or in retirement; and loses the relish of all the Pleasures and diversions that were before entertaining to him by her Participation of them. The most agreeable objects recal the Sorrow for her with whom he used to enjoy them. This additional satisfaction, from the taste of pleasures in the Society of one we love, is admirably described by *Milton*, who represents *Eve*, though in Paradise itself, no further pleased with the beautiful objects around her, than as she sees them in Company with *Adam*, in that passage so inexpressibly charming.

*With Thee conversing, I forget all time,
All seasons, and their change; all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet
With charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft showers! and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening mild; the silent Night,
With this her solemn Bird, and this fair Moon,
And these the Gems of Heaven her starry train.
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun
In this delightful land, nor Herb, Fruit, Flower,
Glist'ring with dew nor Fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night,
With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,
Or glittering Star-light, without Thee is sweet.*

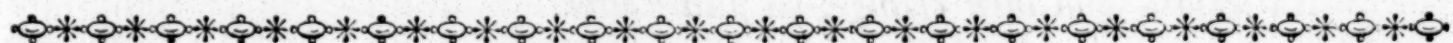
The variety of Images in this passage is infinitely pleasing, and the recapitulation of each particular Image, with a little varying of the Expression, makes one of the finest turns of Words that I have ever seen: which I rather mention, because Mr. *Dryden* has said in his Preface to *Juvenal*, That he could meet with no Turn of Words in *Milton*.

It may further be observed, That though the sweetness of these Verses has something in it of a Pastoral, yet it excels the ordinary kind, as much as the

Scene of it is above an ordinary Field or Meadow. I might here, since I am accidentally led into this subject, shew several passages in *Milton* that have as excellent turns of this nature, as any of our *English* Poets whatsoever; but shall only mention that which follows, in which he describes the fallen Angels engaged in the intricate disputes of Predestination, Free-will, and Fore-knowledge; and to humor the Perplexity, makes a kind of Labyrinth in the very words that describe it.

*Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of Providence, Fore-knowledge, Will and Fate,
Fix'd Fate, Free-will, Fore-knowledge absolute,
And found no end in wand'ring mazes lost.*

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this Paper.



N^o 116.

Thursday, January 5. 1709.



—*Pars minima est ipsa puella sui.*

Ovid.



Sheer-Lane, January 4.

THE Court being prepared for proceeding on the cause of the *Petticoat*, I gave orders to bring in a Criminal who was taken up as she went out of the Puppet-show about three nights ago, and was now standing in the street with a great concourse of people about her. Word was brought me that she had endeavored twice or thrice to come in, but could not do it by reason of her Petticoat, which was too large for the Entrance of my house, though I had ordered both the Folding-doors to be thrown open for its reception. Upon this, I desir'd the Jury of Matrons, who stood at my right hand, to inform themselves of her condition, and know whether there were any private reasons why she might not make her appearance separate from her petticoat. This was managed with great discretion, and had such an effect, that upon the return of the Verdict from the Bench of Matrons, I issued out an order forthwith, That the Criminal should be stripped of her incumbrances, till she became little enough to enter my house. I had before given directions for an Engine of several legs, that could contract or open itself

itself like the top of an Umbrello, in order to place the Petticoat upon it; by which means I might take a leisurely survey of it, as it should appear in its proper Dimensions. This was all done accordingly; and forthwith, upon the closing of the Engine, the Petticoat was brought into Court. I then directed the Machine to be set upon the table, and dilated in such a manner as to shew the Garment in its utmost Circumference; but my great Hall was too narrow for the Experiment; for before it was half unfolded, it described so immoderate a Circle, that the lower part of it brushed upon my face as I sat in my Chair of Judicature. I then enquired for the Person that belonged to the Petticoat; and to my great surprise, was directed to a very beautiful young Damsel, with so pretty a Face and Shape, that I bid her come out of the crowd, and seated her upon a little Crock at my left hand. “ My pretty Maid (said I) do you own yourself to have been the Inhabitant of the Garment before us? The Girl I found had good Sense, and told me with a Smile, That notwithstanding it was her own Petticoat, she should be very glad to see an Example made of it; and that she wore it for no other reason, but that she had a mind to look as big and burly as other persons of her Quality; That she had kept out of it as long as she could, and ’till she began to appear little in the eyes of all her Acquaintance: That if she laid it aside, people would think she was not made like other women. I always give great allowances to the Fair Sex upon account of the Fashion, and therefore was not displeased with the defence of the pretty Criminal. I then ordered the Vest which stood before us to be drawn up by a Pully to the top of my great Hall, and afterwards to be spread open by the Engine it was placed upon, in such a manner, that it formed a very splendid and ample Canopy over our heads, and covered the whole Court of Judicature with a kind of Silken Rotunda, in its form not unlike the Cupola of St. Paul’s. I entered upon the whole Cause with great satisfaction, as I sat under the shadow of it.

The Council for the Petticoat was now called in, and ordered to produce what they had to say against the popular cry which was raised against it. They answered the Objections with great strength and solidity of argument, and expatiated in very florid harangues, which they did not fail to set off and furbelow (if I may be allowed the metaphor) with many periodical sentences and turns of oratory. The chief arguments for their Client were taken, first, from the great benefit that might arise to our Woollen Manufactory from this invention, which was calculated as follows: The common Petticoat has not above four yards in the Circumference; whereas this over our heads had more in the Semi-diameter; so that by allowing it twenty-four yards in the Circumference, the five Millions of Woollen Petticoats, which

which according to Sir *William Petty* (supposing what ought to be supposed in a well-governed State, that all Petticoats are made of that Stuff,) would amount to thirty Millions of those of the ancient Mode. A prodigious improvement of the Woollen trade! and what could not fail to sink the power of *France* in a few years.

To introduce the second Argument, they begged leave to read a Petition of the Rope-makers, wherein it was represented, That the demand for Cords, and the price of them, were much risen since this Fashion came up. At this, all the Company who were present lifted up their eyes into the Vault; and I must confess, we did discover many Traces of Cordage which were interwoven in the Stiffening of the Drapery.

A third Argument was founded upon a Petition of the *Greenland* trade, which likewise represented the great consumption of Whale-bone which would be occasioned by the present Fashion, and the benefit which would thereby accrue to that branch of the *British* trade.

To conclude, they gently touched upon the weight and unweildiness of the garment, which they insinuated might be of great use to preserve the Honor of Families.

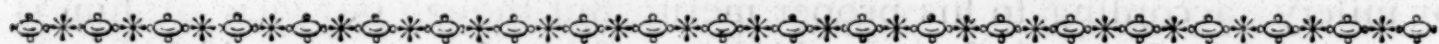
These Arguments would have wrought very much upon me, (as I then told the company in a long and elaborate discourse) had I not considered the great and additional expence which such Fashions would bring upon Fathers and Husbands; and therefore by no means to be thought of 'till some years after a Peace. I further urg'd, That it would be a prejudice to the Ladies themselves, who could never expect to have any money in the Pocket, if they laid out so much on the Petticoat. To this I added, the great Temptation it might give to Virgins, of acting in Security like married women, and by that means give a check to Matrimony, an Institution always encouraged by wise Societies.

At the same time, in answer to the several Petitions produced on that side, I shewed one subscribed by the Women of several persons of Quality, humbly setting forth, That since the introduction of this mode, their respective Ladies had (instead of bestowing on them their Cast-gowns) cut them into shreds, and mixed them with the cordage and buckram, to compleat the stiffening of their Under-petticoats. For which, and sundry other reasons, I pronounced the Petticoat a Forfeiture: But to shew that I did not make that judgment for the sake of filthy lucre, I ordered it to be folded up, and sent it as a present to a Widow-gentlewoman, who has Five Daughters, desiring she would make each of them a Petticoat out of it, and send me back the remainder, which I design to cut into Stomachers, Caps, Facings of my waistcoat-sleeves, and other garnitures suitable to my Age and Quality.

I would

I would not be understood, (that while I discard this monstrous invention) I am an enemy to the proper ornaments of the Fair Sex. On the contrary, as the hand of Nature has poured on them such a profusion of Charms and Graces, and sent them into the world more amiable and finished than the rest of her works; so I would have them bestow upon themselves all the additional Beauties that Art can supply them with, provided it does not interfere with, disguise, or pervert, those of Nature.

I consider Woman as a beautiful Romantic Animal, that may be adorned with Furs and Feathers, Pearls and Diamonds, Ores and Silks. The Lynx shall cast its skin at her feet to make her a Tippet; the Peacock, Parrot, and Swan, shall pay contributions to her Muff; the Sea shall be searched for Shells, and the Rocks for Gems; and every part of Nature furnish out its share towards the embellishment of a Creature that is the most consummate work of it. All this I shall indulge them in; but as for the Petticoat I have been speaking of, I neither can, nor will allow it.

N^o 117.*Saturday, January 7. 1709.**Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.*

Virg.

*Sheer-Lane, January 6.*

WHEN I look into the frame and constitution of my own Mind, there is no part of it which I observe with greater satisfaction, than that Tendernefs and Concern which it bears for the Good and Happiness of Mankind. My own circumstances are indeed so narrow and scanty, that I should taste but very little pleasure, could I receive it only from those enjoyments which are in my own possession; but by this great tincture of Humanity, which I find in all my thoughts and reflections, I am happier than any single person can be, with all the Wealth, Strength, Beauty, and Success, that can be conferred upon a Mortal, if he only relishes such a proportion of these blessings as is vested in himself, and is his own private property. By this means, every man that does Himself any real service, does Me a kindness. I come in for my share in all the good that happens to a man of Merit and Virtue, and partake of many gifts of Fortune and Power that I was never born to. There is nothing in particular in which I so much rejoice, as the deliverance of good and generous Spirits out of dangers,

gers, difficulties, and distresses. And because the world does not supply Instances of this kind to furnish out sufficient entertainments for such an Humanity and Benevolence of temper, I have ever delighted in reading the History of Ages past, which draws together into a narrow compass the great Occurrences and Events that are but thinly sown in those tracts of time which lie within our own knowledge and observation. When I see the life of a great Man, who has deserved well of his country, after having struggled through all the oppositions of Prejudice and Envy, breaking out with Lustre, and shining forth in all the splendor of Success, I close my book; and am an happy man for a whole evening

But since in History events are of a mixed nature, and often happen alike to the worthless and deserving, insomuch that we frequently see a virtuous man dying in the midst of disappointments and calamities, and the vicious ending their days in prosperity and peace; I love to amuse myself with the accounts I meet with in fabulous Histories and Fictions: For in this kind of writings we have always the pleasure of seeing Vice punished, and Virtue rewarded. Indeed, were we able to view a Man in the whole circle of his Existence, we should have the satisfaction of seeing it close with happiness or misery, according to his proper merit: But though our view of him is interrupted by Death before the finishing of his Adventures, (if I may so speak) we may be sure that the Conclusion and Catastrophe is altogether suitable to his Behavior. On the contrary, the whole Being of a Man considered as an Hero, or a Knight-errant, is comprehended within the limits of a Poem or Romance, and therefore always ends to our satisfaction; so that Inventions of this kind are like food and exercise to a good-natured Disposition, which they please and gratify at the same time that they nourish and strengthen. The greater the affliction is in which we see our Favorites in these relations engaged, the greater is the Pleasure we take in seeing them relieved.

Among the many feigned Histories which I have met with in my reading, there is none in which the Hero's perplexity is greater, and the winding out of it more difficult, than that in a *French* Author whose name I have forgot. It so happens, that the Hero's Mistress was the Sister of his most intimate Friend, who for certain reasons was given out to be dead, while he was preparing to leave his Country in quest of Adventures. The Hero having heard of his Friend's death, immediately repaired to his Mistress, to condole with her, and comfort her. Upon his arrival in her garden, he discovered at a distance a Man clasped in her arms, and embraced with the most endearing tenderness. What should he do? It did not consist with the gentleness of a Knight-errant either to kill his Mistress, or the Man whom she
was

was pleased to favor. At the same time, it would have spoiled a Romance, should he have laid violent hands on himself. In short, he immediately entered upon his Adventures; and after a long series of exploits, found out by degrees, that the Person he saw in his Mistress's arms was her own Brother, taking leave of her before he left his Country, and the Embrace she gave him nothing else but the affectionate Farewel of a Sister: So that he had at once the two greatest satisfactions that could enter into the heart of Man, in finding his Friend alive, whom he thought dead; and his Mistress faithful, whom he had believed inconstant.

There are indeed some Disasters so very fatal, that it is impossible for any Accidents to rectify them. Of this kind was that of poor *Lucretia*; and yet we see *Ovid* has found an expedient even in a case like hers. He describes a beautiful and royal Virgin walking on the sea-shore, where she was discovered by *Neptune*, and violated after a long and unsuccessful importunity. To mitigate her sorrow, he offers her whatever she would wish for. Never certainly was the wit of Woman more puzzled in finding out a stratagem to retrieve her Honor. Had she desired to be turned into a Stock or Stone, a Beast, Fish or Fowl, she would have been a loser by it: Or had she desired to have been made a Sea-nymph, or a Goddess, her Immortality would but have perpetuated her Disgrace. Give me therefore, said she, such a shape as may make me incapable of suffering again the like calamity, or of being reproached for what I have already suffered. To be short, she was turned into a Man, and by that only means avoided the danger and imputation she so much dreaded.

I was once myself in agonies of grief that are unutterable, and in so great a distraction of mind, that I thought myself even out of the possibility of receiving comfort. The occasion was as follows: When I was a Youth in a part of the Army which was then quartered at *Dover*, I fell in love with an agreeable young woman, of a good family in those parts, and had the satisfaction of seeing my addresses kindly received, which occasioned the perplexity I am going to relate.

We were in a calm Evening diverting ourselves upon the top of the Cliff with a prospect of the Sea, and trifling away the time in such little Fondnesses as are most ridiculous to people in business, and most agreeable to those in love.

In the midst of these our innocent endearments, she snatched a Paper of Verses out of my hand, and ran away with them. I was following her, when on a sudden the ground, though at a considerable distance from the verge of the precipice, sunk under her, and threw her down from so prodigious an height upon such a range of Rocks, as would have dashed her into

ten thousand pieces, had her body been made of Adamant. 'Tis much easier for my Reader to imagine my state of mind upon such an occasion, than for me to express it. I said to myself, It is not in the Power of Heaven to relieve me! when I Awaked, equally transported and astonished, to see myself drawn out of an Affliction which the very moment before appeared to me altogether inextricable.

The Impressions of Grief and Horror were so lively on this occasion, that while they lasted, they made me more miserable than I was at the real Death of this beloved Person, (which happened a few months after, at a time when the match between us was concluded) inasmuch as the Imaginary Death was untimely, and I myself in a sort an Accessary; whereas her Decease had at least these alleviations, of being Natural and Inevitable.

The memory of the Dream I have related still dwells so strongly upon me, that I can never read the description of *Dover-Cliff* in *Shakespear's* Tragedy of *King Lear*, without a fresh sense of my escape. The prospect from that place is drawn with such proper Incidents, that whoever can read it without growing giddy, must have a good head, or a very bad one.

*Come on, Sir, here's the place; stand still! how fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast ones Eyes so low?
The Crows and Choughs that wing the midway air
Shew scarce as gross as Beetles. Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers Samphire. Dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The Fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like Mice, and yon tall anchoring Bark
Diminish'd to her Boat; her Boat a Buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring Surge
(That on the unnumber'd idle Pebble beats)
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Left my Brain turn.*

Thursday,

N^o 119.*Thursday, January 12. 1709.**In tenui labor.* _____

Virg.

Sheer-Lane, January 11.

I HAVE lately applied myself with much satisfaction to the curious Discoveries that have been made by the help of Microscopes, as they are related by Authors of our own and other Nations. There is a great deal of pleasure in prying into this World of Wonders, which Nature has laid out of sight, and seems industrious to conceal from us. Philosophy had ranged over all the Visible creation, and began to want objects for her enquiries, when the present age, by the invention of Glasses, opened a new and inexhaustible Magazine of Rarities, more wonderful and amazing than any of those which astonished our Forefathers. I was yesterday amusing myself with Speculations of this kind, and reflecting upon Myriads of Animals that swim in those little Seas of Juices that are contained in the several Vessels of an human Body. While my Mind was thus filled with that secret wonder and delight, I could not but look upon myself as in an Act of Devotion, and am very well pleased with the thought of the great Heathen Anatomist, who calls his description of the parts of an human Body, *An Hymn to the Supreme Being*. The reading of the day produced in my Imagination an agreeable Morning's Dream, if I may call it such; for I am still in doubt, whether it passed in my sleeping or waking thoughts. However it was, I fancied that my good Genius stood at my bed's-head, and entertained me with the following Discourse; for upon my rising, it dwelt so strongly upon me, that I writ down the substance of it, if not the very words.

If (said he) you can be so transported with those Productions of Nature which are discovered to You by those artificial eyes that are the works of human Invention, how great will Your surprise be, when you shall have it in your power to model your Own eye as you please, and adapt it to the bulk of objects, which, with all these helps, are by infinite degrees too minute for your perception. We who are unbodied Spirits, can sharpen our sight to what degree we think fit, and make the least work of the Creation distinct and visible. This gives us such Ideas as cannot possibly enter into your present Conceptions. There is not the least Particle of Matter

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which

which may not furnish one of us sufficient Employment for a whole Eternity. We can still divide it, and still open it, and still discover new Wonders of Providence, as we look into the different Texture of its parts, and meet with beds of Vegetables, Mineral and Metallic Mixtures, and several kinds of Animals that lie hid, and as it were lost in such an endless Fund of Matter. I find you are surpris'd at this discourse; but as your Reason tells you there are infinite parts in the smallest portion of matter, it will likewise convince you, that there is as great a variety of secrets, and as much room for discoveries, in a particle no bigger than the point of a pin, as in the globe of the whole earth. Your Microscopes bring to light shoals of living Creatures in a spoonful of Vinegar; but we who can distinguish them in their different magnitudes, see among them several huge *Leviathans*, that terrify the little Fry of Animals about them, and take their pastime as in an Ocean, or the great Deep. I could not but smile at this part of his relation, and told him, I doubted not but he could give me the history of several invisible Giants, accompanied with their respective Dwarfs, in case that any of these little Beings are of an human shape. You may assure yourself (said he) that we see in these little Animals different Natures, Instincts, and Modes of life, which correspond to what you observe in Creatures of bigger dimensions. We descry millions of Species subsisted on a green Leaf, which your Glasses represent only in crowds and swarms. What appears to your eye but as an Hair or Down rising on the surface of it, we find to be Woods and Forests, inhabited by Beasts of Prey, that are as dreadful in those their haunts, as Lions and Tigers in the deserts of *Libya*. I was much delighted with his discourse, and could not forbear telling him, that I should be wonderfully pleas'd to see a natural History of Imperceptibles, containing a true account of such Vegetables and Animals as grow and live out of sight. Such Disquisitions (answered he) are very suitable to reasonable Creatures; and you may be sure, there are many curious Spirits amongst us who employ themselves in such amusements. For as our hands, and all our senses, may be formed to what degree of strength and delicacy we please, in the same manner as our sight, we can make what experiments we are inclin'd to, how small soever the matter be in which we make them. I have been present at the dissection of a Mite, and have seen the Skeleton of a Flea. I have been shewn a Forest of numberless trees, which has been picked out of an Acorn. Your Microscopie can shew you in it a compleat Oak in miniature; and could you suit all your Organs as we do, you might pluck an Acorn from this little Oak, which contains another tree; and so proceed from tree to tree, as long as you would think fit to continue your disquisitions. It is almost impossible (added he) to talk of things so remote from common life
and

and the ordinary notions which Mankind receive from blunt and gross organs of Sense, without appearing extravagant and ridiculous. You have often seen a Dog opened, to observe the Circulation of the blood, or make any other useful enquiry; and yet would be tempted to laugh if I should tell you, that a circle of much greater Philosophers than any of the Royal Society, were present at the cutting up of one of those little Animals which we find in the Blue of a plumb: that it was tied down alive before them; and that they observed the palpitations of the Heart, the course of the Blood, the working of the Muscles, and the convulsions in the several Limbs, with great accuracy and improvement. I must confess, said I, for my own part, I go along with you in all your discoveries with great pleasure; but it is certain they are too fine for the gross of mankind, who are more struck with the description of every thing that is great and bulky. Accordingly we find the best judge of human Nature setting forth his wisdom, not in the formation of these Minute Animals, (though indeed no less wonderful than the other) but in that of the *Leviathan* and *Behemoth*, the *Horse* and the *Crocodile*. Your observation (said he) is very just; and I must acknowledge for my own part, that although it is with much delight that I see the traces of Providence in these instances, I still take greater pleasure in considering the works of the Creation in their Immensity, than in their Minuteness. For this reason, I rejoice when I strengthen my sight so as to make it pierce into the most remote spaces, and take a view of those heavenly bodies which lie out of the reach of human eyes though assisted by Telescopes. What you look upon as one confused White in the Milky-way, appears to me a long tract of Heavens, distinguished by Stars that are ranged in proper figures and constellations. While you are admiring the Sky in a starry night, I am entertained with a variety of Worlds and Suns placed one above another, and rising up to such an immense distance, that no created eye can see an end of them.

The latter part of his discourse flung me into such an astonishment, that he had been silent for some time before I took notice of it; when on a sudden I started up and drew my curtains, to look if any one was near me, but saw no-body, and cannot tell to this moment, whether it was my good Genius or a Dream that left me.

Saturday,

N^o 120.

Saturday, January 14. 1709.

——*Velut silvis, ubi passim**Palantes error certo de tramite pellit;**Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit.*

Hor.

Sheer-Lane, January 13.

INSTEAD of considering any particular Passion or Character in any one Set of men, my thoughts were last night employed on the contemplation of human life in general; and truly it appears to me, that the whole Species are hurried on by the same desires, and engaged in the same pursuits, according to the different stages and divisions of Life. Youth is devoted to Lust, Middle-age to Ambition, Old age to Avarice. These are the three general motives and principles of action both in good and bad men; though it must be acknowledged, that they change their names, and refine their natures, according to the temper of the person whom they direct and animate. For with the Good, Lust becomes Virtuous Love; Ambition, true Honor; and Avarice, the Care of Posterity. This scheme of thought amused me very agreeably till I retired to rest, and afterwards formed itself into a pleasing and regular Vision, which I shall describe in all its circumstances, as the objects presented themselves, whether in a serious or ridiculous manner.

I dreamed that I was in a Wood, of so prodigious an extent, and cut into such a variety of walks and alleys, that all Mankind were lost and bewildered in it. After having wandered up and down some time, I came into the Centre of it, which opened into a wide Plain, filled with multitudes of both Sexes. I here discovered Three great Roads, very wide and long, that led into three different parts of the Forest. On a sudden, the whole multitude broke into three parts, according to their different ages, and marched in their respective bodies into the Three great Roads, that lay before them. As I had a mind to know how each of these Roads terminated, and whither it would lead those who passed through them, I joined myself with the assembly that were in the flower and vigor of their age, and called themselves *The Band of Lovers*. I found, to my great surprise, that several Old men besides myself had intruded into this agreeable company; as I had before observed,

served, there were some young men who had united themselves to the Band of Misers, and were walking up the Path of *Avarice*; though both made a very ridiculous figure, and were as much laughed at by those they joined, as by those they forsook. The Walk which we marched up, for thickets of shades, embroidery of flowers, and melody of birds, with the distant purling of streams, and falls of water, was so wonderfully delightful, that it charmed our senses, and intoxicated our Minds with pleasure. We had not been long here, before every Man singled out some Woman to whom he offered his Addresses, and professed himself a Lover; when on a sudden we perceived this delicious Walk to grow more narrow as we advanced in it, till it ended in many intricate thickets, mazes and labyrinths, that were so mixed with roses and brambles, brakes of thorns, and beds of flowers, rocky paths, and pleasing grotto's, that it was hard to say, whether it gave greater delight or perplexity to those who travelled in it.

It was here that the Lovers began to be eager in their pursuits. Some of their Mistresses, who only seemed to retire for the sake of form and decency, led them into Plantations that were disposed into regular walks; where, after they had wheeled about in some turns and windings, they suffered themselves to be overtaken, and gave their hands to those who pursued them. Others withdrew from their followers into little Wildernesses, where there were so many paths interwoven with each other in so much confusion and irregularity, that several of the Lovers quitted the pursuit, or broke their hearts in the chace. It was sometimes very odd to see a Man pursuing a fine Woman that was following another, whose eye was fixed upon a fourth, that had her own game in view in some other quarter of the Wilderness. I could not but observe two things in this place which I thought very particular, That several persons who stood only at the End of the Avenues, and cast a careless eye upon the Nymphs during their whole flight, often caught them, when those who pressed them the most warmly through all their turns and doubles, were wholly unsuccessful; And that some of my own Age, who were at first looked upon with aversion and contempt, by being well acquainted with the Wilderness, and by dodging their Women in the particular corners and allies of it, caught them in their arms, and took them from those whom they really loved and admired. There was a particular Grove, which was called *The Labyrinth of Coquettes*; where many were enticed to the chace, but few returned with purchase. It was pleasant enough to see a celebrated Beauty, by smiling upon one, casting a glance upon another, beckoning to a third, and adapting her Charms and Graces to the several Follies of those that admired her, drawing into the Labyrinth a whole pack of Lovers, that lost themselves in the maze, and never could find their way out of it. However,

ever, it was some satisfaction to me, to see many of the Fair ones, who had thus deluded their followers, and left them among the Intricacies of the Labyrinth, obliged when they came out of it, to surrender to the first Partner that offered himself. I now had crossed over all the difficult and perplexed Passages that seemed to bound our walk, when on the other side of them, I saw the same great road running on a little way, till it was terminated by two beautiful Temples. I stood here for some time, and saw most of the Multitude who had been dispersed amongst the Thickets, coming out two by two, and marching up in pairs towards the Temples that stood before us. The Structure on the right hand was (as I afterwards found) consecrated to *Virtuous Love*, and could not be entered but by such as received a Ring, or some other token, from a Person who was placed as a Guard at the gate of it. He wore a Garland of Roses and Myrtles on his Head, and on his shoulders a Robe like an Imperial Mantle, white and unspotted all over, excepting only, that where it was clasped at his breast, there were two golden Turtle Doves that buttoned it by their bills, which were wrought in rubies. He was called by the name of *Hymen*, and was seated near the Temple, in a delicious Bower, made up of several trees, that were embraced by Woodbines, Jessamins, and Amaranths, which were as so many emblems of Marriage, and ornaments to the trunks that supported them. As I was single and unaccompanied, I was not permitted to enter the Temple, and for that reason am a stranger to all the Mysteries that were performed in it. I had however the curiosity to observe how the several couples that entered were disposed of; which was after the following manner. There were two great gates on the backside of the edifice, at which the whole crowd was let out. At one of these gates were two women, extremely beautiful, though in a different kind, the one having a very careful and composed air, and the other a sort of smile and ineffable sweetness in her countenance. The name of the first was *Discretion*, and of the other *Complacency*. All who came out of this gate, and put themselves under the direction of these two Sisters, were immediately conducted by them into Gardens, Groves, and Meadows, which abounded in delights, and were furnished with every thing that could make them the proper seats of happiness. The second gate of this Temple let out all the couples that were unhappily married, who came out linked together by Chains, which each of them strove to break, but could not. Several of these were such as had never been acquainted with each other before they met in the great Walk, or had been too well acquainted in the Thicket. The entrance of this gate was possessed by three Sisters, who joined themselves with these wretches, and occasioned most of their miseries. The youngest of the Sisters was known by the name of *Levity*,
who

who with the innocence of a Virgin, had the dress and behavior of a Harlot. The name of the second was *Contention*, who bore on her right arm a Muff made of the skin of a Porcupine; and on her left carried a little Lapdog, that barked and snapped at every one that passed by her.

The eldest of the Sisters, who seemed to have an haughty and imperious Air, was always accompanied with a Tawny *Cupid*, who generally marched before her with a little Mace on his shoulder, the end of which was fashioned into the horns of a Stag. Her Garments were yellow, and her Complexion pale. Her eyes were piercing, but had odd casts in them, and that particular distemper, which makes persons who are troubled with it, see objects double. Upon enquiry, I was informed that her name was *Jealousy*.

Having finished my observations upon this Temple, and its Votaries, I repaired to that which stood on the left hand, and was called *The Temple of Lust*. The front of it was raised on *Corinthian* pillars, with all the meretricious ornaments that accompany that Order; whereas that of the other was composed of the chaste and matron-like *Ionic*. The sides of it were adorned with several grotesque figures of Goats, Sparrows, Heathen Gods, Satyrs, and Monsters made up of half Man half Beast. The gates were unguarded and open to all that had a mind to enter. Upon my going in, I found the windows were blinded, and let in only a kind of twilight, that served to discover a prodigious number of dark corners and apartments, into which the whole temple was divided. I was here stunned with a mixed noise of clamor and jollity: on one side of me, I heard singing and dancing: on the other, brawls and clashing of swords. In short, I was so little pleased with the place, that I was going out of it; but found I could not return by the gate where I entered, which was barred against all that were come in, with Bolts of Iron, and Locks of Adamant. There was no going back from this Temple through the Paths of Pleasure which led to it: All who passed through the ceremonies of the place, went out at an Iron Wicket, which was kept by a dreadful Giant call'd *Remorse*, that held a scourge of Scorpions in his hand and drove them into the only outlet from that Temple. This was a passage, so rugged, so uneven, and choaked with so many Thorns and Briars, that it was a melancholy spectacle to behold the pains and difficulties which both Sexes suffered who walked through it. The Men, though in the prime of their youth, appeared weak and infeeble with old age: The women wrung their hands, and tore their hair; and several lost their Limbs before they could extricate themselves out of the perplexities of the Path in which they were engaged. The remaining part of this Vision, and the adventures I met with in the two great roads of *Ambition* and *Avarice*, must be the subject of another paper.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*I have this Morning received the following Letter from the famous
Mr. Thomas Dogget.*

S I R,

ON Monday next will be acted for my benefit, the Comedy of Love for Love: If you will do me the honor to appear there, I will publish on the Bills, That it is to be performed at the request of Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq. and question not but it will bring me as great an Audience, as ever was at the House since the Morocco Ambassador was there. I am,

(With the greatest Respect)

Your most Obedient, and most Humble Servant,

Thomas Dogget.

*Being naturally an encourager of Wit, as well as bound to it in the quality of
Censor, I returned the following answer.*

Mr. Dogget,

I Am very well pleased with the choice you have made of so excellent a Play, and have always looked upon you as the best of Comedians; I shall therefore come in between the first and second Act, and remain in the right-hand Box over the Pit till the end of the fourth, provided you take care that every thing be rightly prepared for my reception.



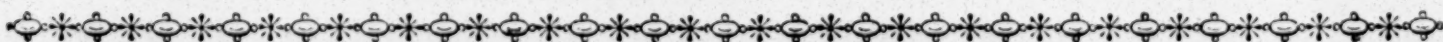
N^o 121.

Tuesday, January 17, 1709.



—— Similis tibi, Cynthia, vel tibi cujus
Turbavit nitidos extinctus passer ocellos.

Juv.



From my own Apartment, January 16.

I WAS recollecting the remainder of my Vision, when my Maid came to me, and told me, there was a Gentlewoman below who seemed to be in great trouble, and pressed very much to see me. When it lay in my power to remove the distress of an unhappy person, I thought I should very
ill

ill employ my time in attending matters of Speculation, and therefore desired the Lady would walk in. When she entered, I saw her eyes full of tears: However, her grief was not so great as to make her omit rules; for she was very long and exact in her Civilities, which gave me time to view and consider her. Her Clothes were very rich, but tarnished; and her words very fine, but ill applied. These distinctions made me without hesitation (though I had never seen her before) ask her, If her Lady had any commands for me? She then began to weep afresh, and with many broken sighs told me, That their Family was in very great Affliction — I beseeched her to compose herself, for that I might possibly be capable of assisting them — She then cast her eye upon my little Dog, and was again transported with too much passion to proceed; but with much ado, she at last gave me to understand, that *Cupid*, her Lady's Lap-dog, was dangerously ill, and in so bad a condition, that her Lady neither saw company, nor went abroad, for which reason she did not come herself to consult me; that as I had mentioned with great affection my own Dog, (here she curtsied, and looking first at the Cur, and then on me, said, Indeed I had reason, for he was very pretty) her Lady sent to me rather than to any other Doctor, and hoped I would not laugh at her sorrow, but send her my advice. I must confess I had some indignation to find myself treated like something below a Farrier; yet well knowing, that the best as well as most tender way of dealing with a woman, is to fall in with her humors, and by that means to let her see the absurdity of them; I proceeded accordingly: Pray, Madam, said I, can you give me any methodical account of this Illness, and how *Cupid* was first taken? Sir, (said she) we have a little ignorant Country-Girl, who is kept to tend him: she was recommended to our family by one that my Lady never saw but once, at a visit; and you know, persons of Quality are always inclined to strangers; for I could have helped her to a Cousin of my own, but — Good Madam (said I) you neglect the account of the sick body, while you are complaining of this Girl. No, no, Sir (said she) begging your pardon: but it is the general fault of Physicians, they are so in haste, that they never hear out the case. I say, this silly Girl, after washing *Cupid*, let him stand half an hour in the window without his Collar, where he caught cold, and in an hour after began to bark very hoarse. He had however a pretty good night, and we hoped the danger was over; but for these two nights last past, neither he nor my Lady have slept a wink. Has he (said I) taken any thing? No (said she,) but my Lady says, he shall take any thing that you prescribe, provided you do not make use of Jesuits Powder, or the Cold Bath. Poor *Cupid* (continued she) has always been Phthifical, and as he lies under something like a Chin-cough, we are afraid it will end in a Con-

I i 2 sumption.

sumption. I then asked her, if she had brought any of his Water to shew me. Upon this, she stared me in the face, and said, I am afraid, Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, you are not serious; but if you have any Receipt that is proper on this occasion, pray let us have it; for my Mistress is not to be comforted. Upon this, I paused a little without returning any answer: and after some short silence, I proceeded in the following manner: I have considered the Nature of the Distemper, and the Constitution of the Patient, and by the best observation that I can make on both, I think it safest to put him into a course of Kitchen physick. In the mean time, to remove his hoarseness, it will be the most natural way to make *Cupid* his own Druggist; for which reason I shall prescribe to him, three mornings successively, as much powder as will lie on a groat, of that noble remedy which the Apothecaries call *Album Græcum*. Upon hearing this advice, the young woman smiled, as if she knew how ridiculous an errand she had been employed in; and indeed I found by the sequel of her discourse, that she was an arch Baggage, and of a character that is frequent enough in persons of her employment, who are so used to conform themselves in every thing to the humors and passions of their Mistresses, that they sacrifice superiority of Sense to superiority of Condition, and are insensibly betrayed into the passions and prejudices of those whom they serve, without giving themselves leave to consider, that they are extravagant and ridiculous. However I thought it very natural, when her eyes were thus open, to see her give a new turn to her discourse, and from sympathizing with her Mistress in her follies, to fall a railing at her. You cannot imagine, said she, Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, what a life she makes us lead for the sake of this ugly Cur: If he dies we are the most unhappy family in town. She chanced to lose a Parrot last year, which to tell you truly, brought me into her service; for she turned off her Woman upon it, who had lived with her ten years, because she neglected to give him water, though every one of the family says, she was as innocent of the Bird's death as the Babe that is unborn. Nay, she told me this very morning, that if *Cupid* should die, she would send the poor innocent Wench I was telling you of, to *Bridewell*, and have the Milk-woman tried for her life at the *Old-Baily*, for putting water into his milk. In short, she talks like any distracted Creature.

Since it is so, young Woman, (said I) I will by no means let you offend her, by staying on this message longer than is absolutely necessary; and so forced her out.

While I am studying to cure those Evils and distresses that are necessary or natural to human life, I find my task growing upon me, since by these accidental Cares, and acquired Calamities, (if I may so call them) my Pa-
tients

tients contract distempers to which their constitution is of itself a stranger. But this is an evil I have for many years remarked in the Fair Sex; and as they are by nature very much formed for affection and dalliance, I have observed, that when by too obstinate a cruelty, or any other means, they have disappointed themselves of the proper objects of Love, as Husbands, or Children, such Virgins have exactly at such a year grown fond of Lap-dogs, Parrots, or other Animals. I know at this time a celebrated Toast, whom I allow to be one of the most agreeable of her sex, that in the presence of her Admirers, will give a torrent of kisses to her Cat, any one of which a Christian would be glad of. I do not at the same time deny but there are as great enormities of this kind committed by our Sex as theirs. A *Roman* Emperor had so very great an esteem for an horse of his, that he had thoughts of making him a Consul; and several Moderns of that rank of men, whom we call Country Squires, will not scruple to kiss their Hounds before all the world, and declare in the presence of their Wives, that they had rather salute a Favorite of the pack, than the finest Woman in *England*. These voluntary friendships between Animals of different Species, seem to arise from Instinct: for which reason, I have always looked upon the mutual good-will between the 'Squire and the Hound, to be of the same nature with that between the Lion and the Jackall.

The only extravagance of this kind which appears to me excusable, is one that grew out of an excess of gratitude, which I have somewhere met with in the life of a *Turkish* Emperor. His Horse had brought him safe out of a field of battle, and from the pursuit of a victorious enemy. As a reward for such his good and faithful service, his Master built him a stable of Marble, shod him with Gold, fed him in an Ivory Manger, and made him a Rack of Silver. He annexed to the stable several fields and meadows, lakes and running streams. At the same time he provided for him a Seraglio of Mares, the most beautiful that could be found in the whole *Ottoman* Empire. To these were added a suitable train of Domestics, consisting of Grooms, Farriers, Rubbers, &c. accommodated with proper Liveries and Pensions. In short, nothing was omitted that could contribute to the ease and happiness of his life who had preserved the Emperor's.

By reason of the extreme cold, and the changeableness of the weather, I have been prevailed upon to allow the free use of the Fardingal till the 20th of February next ensuing.

Thursday,

N^o 122. Thursday, January 19, 1709.

Cur in Theatrum Cato severe venisti?

Mart.

From my own Apartment, January 18.

I FIND it is thought necessary, that I (who have taken upon me to censure the Irregularities of the age) should give an account of my actions when they appear doubtful, or subject to misconstruction. My appearing at the Play on *Monday last is looked upon as a step in my conduct, which I ought to explain, that others may not be misled by my Example. It is true in matter of fact, I was present at the ingenious entertainment of that day, and placed myself in a box which was prepared for me with great civility and distinction. It is said of *Virgil*, when he entered a *Roman Theatre*, where there were many thousands of spectators present, that the whole assembly rose up to do him honor; a respect which was never before paid to any but the Emperor. I must confess, that universal Clap, and other testimonies of applause, with which I was received at my first appearance in the Theatre of *Great-Britain*, gave me as sensible a delight, as the above-mentioned reception could give to that immortal Poet. I should be ungrateful at the same time, if I did not take this opportunity of acknowledging the great civilities that were shewn me by Mr. *Thomas Dogget*, who made his compliments to me between the Acts after a most ingenuous and discreet manner; and at the same time communicated to me, that the company of Upholders desired to receive me at their door at the end of the *Haymarket*, and to light me home to my lodgings. That part of the ceremony I forbade, and took particular care during the whole Play to observe the Conduct of the *Drama*, and give no offence by my own behavior. Here I think it will not be foreign to my character, to lay down the proper duties of an Audience, and what is incumbent upon each individual Spectator in publick diversions of this nature. Every one should on these occasions shew his Attention, Understanding and Virtue. I would undertake to find out all the persons of sense and breeding by the effect of a single sentence, and to distinguish a Gentleman as much by his Laugh as his Bow. When we see the Footman and his Lord diverted by the same Jest, it very much turns to the diminution of the one, or the honor of

N. B. A Person dressed for Isaac Bickerstaffe did appear at the Play-house on this occasion.

the

the other. But though a man's Quality may appear in his Understanding and Taste, the regard to Virtue ought to be the same in all ranks and conditions of Men, however they make a profession of it under the name of honor, Religion, or Morality. When therefore we see any thing divert an Audience, either in Tragedy or Comedy, that strikes at the Duties of Civil Life or exposes what the best men in all ages have looked upon as sacred and inviolable, it is the certain sign of a Profligate race of men, who are fallen from the virtue of their Forefathers, and will be contemptible in the eyes of their Posterity. For this reason I took great delight in seeing the generous and disinterested passion of the Lovers in this Comedy (which stood so many trials, and was proved by such a variety of diverting incidents) received with an universal Approbation. This brings to my mind a passage in *Cicero*, which I could never read without being in love with the virtue of a *Roman* audience. He there describes the shouts and applauses which the people gave to the persons who acted the Parts of *Pylades* and *Orestes*, on the noblest occasion that a Poet could invent to shew friendship in perfection. One of them had forfeited his life by an action which he had committed; and as they stood in judgment before the Tyrant, each of them strove who should be the Criminal, that he might save the life of his friend. Amidst the vehemence of each asserting himself to be the offender, the *Roman* Audience gave a thunder of applause, and by that means, as the Author hints, approved in others what they would have done themselves on the like occasion. Methinks a people of so much virtue were deservedly placed at the head of mankind: But, alas! pleasures of this nature are not frequently to be met with on the *English* Stage.

The *Athenians*, at a time when they were the most Polite, as well as the most Powerful government in the world, made the care of the Stage one of the chief parts of the administration: and I must confess, I am astonished at the Spirit of Virtue which appeared in that people upon some expressions in a scene of a famous Tragedy; an account of which we have in one of *Seneca's* Epistles. A covetous Person is represented speaking the common sentiments of all who are possessed with that vice in the following Soliloquy, which I have translated literally.

Let me be called a Base man, so I am called, a Rich one. If a man is Rich, who asks if he is Good? The question is, How Much we have; not from Whence, or by what Means, we have it. Every one has so much Merit as he has Wealth. For my own part, let me be Rich, Oh ye Gods! or let me Die. The man dies Happily who dies increasing his Treasure. There is more pleasure in the Possession of Wealth, than in that of Parents, Children, Wife, or Friends.

The Audience were very much provoked by the first words of this speech; but when the Actor came to the close of it, they could bear no longer. In short,

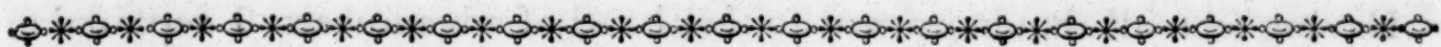
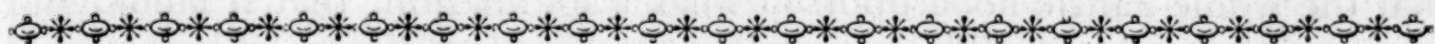
short, the whole Assembly rose up at once in the greatest fury with a design to pluck him off the Stage, and brand the work itself with infamy. In the midst of the tumult, the Author came out from behind the Scenes, begging the Audience to be compos'd for a little while and they should see the Tragical End which this wretch should come to immediately. The promise of Punishment appeas'd the people, who sat with great attention and pleasure to see an example made of so odious a Criminal. It is with shame and concern that I speak it; but I very much question, whether it is possible to make a Speech so impious, as to raise such a laudable horror and indignation in a Modern Audience.

It is very natural for an Author to make ostentation of his reading, as it is for an Old man to tell stories; for which reason I must beg the Reader will excuse me, if I for once indulge myself in both these inclinations. We see the attention, judgment, and virtue of a whole Audience, in the foregoing instances. If we would imitate the behavior of a single Spectator, let us reflect upon that of *Socrates*, in a particular which gives me as great an Idea of that extraordinary Man, as any circumstance of his life; or, what is more, of his death. This venerable person often frequented the Theatre, which brought a great many thither, out of a desire to see him. On which occasion it is recorded of him, That he sometimes stood to make himself the more conspicuous, and to satisfy the curiosity of the beholders. He was one day present at the first representation of a Tragedy of *Euripides*, who was his intimate friend, and whom he is said to have assisted in several of his Plays. In the midst of the Tragedy, which had met with very great success, there chanced to be a line that seem'd to encourage vice and immorality.

This was no sooner spoken, but *Socrates* rose from his seat, and without any regard to his affection for his friend, or to the success of the play, shew'd himself displeas'd at what was said, and walk'd out of the assembly. I question not but the reader will be curious to know what the line was that gave this divine Heathen so much offence. If my memory fails me not, it was in the part of *Hyppolytus*, who when he was press'd by an oath, which he had taken to keep silence, returned for answer, That he had taken the Oath with his Tongue, but not with his Heart. Had a person of a vicious character made such a Speech, it might have been allowed as a proper representation of the Baseness of his thoughts: but such an expression out of the mouth of the virtuous *Hyppolytus*, was giving a sanction to falsehood, and establishing perjury by a maxim.

Having got over all interruptions, I have set apart to-morrow for the closing of my Vision.

Saturday,

N^o 123.*Saturday, January 21, 1709.*

*Audire atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis
Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore.*

Hor.

From my own Apartment, *January 20.**A Continuation of the Vision.*

WITH much labor and difficulty I passed through the first part of my Vision, and recovered the centre of the wood, from whence I had the Prospect of the three great Roads. I here joined myself to the middle-aged party of mankind, who marched behind the Standard of Ambition. The great Road lay in a direct line, and was terminated by the *Temple of Virtue*. It was planted on each side with Laurels, which were intermixed with marble Trophies, carved Pillars, and Statues of Lawgivers, Heroes, Statesmen, Philosophers, and Poets. The persons who travelled up this great Path, were such whose thoughts were bent upon doing eminent services to mankind, or promoting the good of their country. On each side of this great Road were several Paths, that were also laid out in straight lines, and ran parallel with it. These were most of them covered walks, and received into them men of retired virtue, who proposed to themselves the same end of their journey, though they chose to make it in shade and obscurity. The Edifices at the extremity of the Walk were so contrived, that we could not see the *Temple of Honor* by reason of the *Temple of Virtue* which stood before it. At the gates of this Temple we were met by the Goddess of it, who conducted us into that of *Honor*, which was joined to the other Edifice by a beautiful triumphal Arch, and had no other entrance into it. When the Deity of the inner structure had received us, she presented us in a body to a Figure that was placed over the high Altar, and was the Emblem of *Eternity*. She sat on a Globe in the midst of a golden Zodiac, holding the figure of a Sun in one hand, and a Moon in the other. Her head was veiled, and her feet covered. Our hearts glowed within us as we stood amidst the Sphere of Light which this Image cast on every side of it.

Having seen all that happened to this band of adventurers, I repaired to another pile of building that stood within view of the *Temple of Honor*, and was raised in imitation of it, upon the very same model; but at my approach to it, I found, that the stones were laid together without mortar, and that the whole Fabric stood upon so weak a foundation, that it shook with every wind that blew. This was called the *Temple of Vanity*. The Goddess of it sat in the midst of a great many Tapers, that burned day and night, and made her appear much better than she would have done in open daylight. Her whole art, was to shew herself more beautiful and majestic than she really was. For which reason, she had painted her face, and wore a cluster of false jewels upon her breast: But what I more particularly observed, was, the breadth of her petticoat, which was made altogether in the fashion of a modern Fardingal. This place was filled with Hypocrites, Pedants, Free-thinkers, and prating Politicians; with a rabble of those who have only Titles to make them Great Men. Female votaries crowded the Temple, choaked up the Avenues of it, and were more in number than the sand upon the sea-shore. I made it my business in my return towards that part of the wood from whence I first set out, to observe the Walks which led to this Temple; for I met in it several who had begun their journey with the band of virtuous persons, and travelled some time in their company: But upon examination I found, that there were several paths which led out of the great road into the sides of the wood, and ran into so many crooked turns and windings, that those who travelled through them often turned their backs upon the *Temple of Virtue*, then crossed the straight road, and sometimes marched in it for a little space, till the crooked path which they were engaged in, again led them into the wood. The several Alleys of these wanderers had their particular ornaments: One of them I could not but take notice of in the walk of the mischievous pretenders to Politics, which had at every turn the figure of a person, whom by the Inscription I found to be *Machiavel*, pointing out the way with an extended finger like a *Mercury*.

I was now returned in the same manner as before, with a design to observe carefully every thing that passed in the Region of *Avarice*, and the occurrences in that Assembly, which was made up of persons of my own Age. This Body of travellers had not gone far in the third great Road, before it led them insensibly into a deep valley, in which they journied several days with great toil and uneasiness, and without the necessary refreshments of food and sleep. The only relief they met with, was in a river that ran through the bottom of the valley on a bed of Golden Sand: They often drank of the stream, which had such a particular quality in it, that though
it

it refreshed them for a time, it rather inflamed than quenched their thirst. On each side of the river was a range of hills full of precious Ore; for where the rains had washed off the earth, one might see in several parts of them veins of Gold, and rocks that looked like pure Silver. We were told, that the Deity of the place had forbid any of his Votaries to dig into the bowels of these hills, or convert the Treasures they contained to any use, under pain of starving. At the end of the valley stood *The Temple of Avarice*, made after the manner of a Fortification, and surrounded with a thousand triple-headed Dogs, that were placed there to keep off Beggars. At our approach they all fell a barking, and would have very much terrified us, had not an old woman who had called herself by the forged name of *Competency* offered herself for our guide. She carried under her garment a Golden Bough, which she no sooner held up in her hand, but the Dogs lay down, and the gates flew open for our reception. We were led through an hundred Iron doors, before we entered the Temple. At the upper end of it sat the God of *Avarice*, with a long filthy beard, and a meagre starved countenance, inclosed with heaps of Ingots and Pyramids of money, but half naked and shivering with cold. On his right hand was a Fiend called *Rapine*, and on his left a particular favorite to whom he had given the title of *Parimony*. The first was his collector, and the other his Cashier.

There were several long tables placed on each side of the Temple, with respective Officers attending behind them. Some of these I enquired into. At the first table was kept the Office of *Corruption*. Seeing a Solicitor extremely busy, and whispering every body that passed by, I kept my eye upon him very attentively, and saw him often going up to a person that had a pen in his hand, with a multiplication Table and an Almanack before him, which, as I afterwards heard, was all the Learning he was master of. The Solicitor would often apply himself to his ear, and at the same time convey money into his hand, for which the other would give him out a piece of paper or parchment, signed and sealed in form. The name of this dextrous and successful Solicitor was *Bribery*. At the next table was the Office of *Extortion*. Behind it sat a person in a bob-wig, counting over a great sum of money. He gave out little purses to several, who after a short tour, brought him in return, sacks full of the same kind of Coin. I saw at the same time a person called *Fraud*, who sat behind a Counter with false Scales, light Weights, and scanty Measures; by the skilful application of which Instruments, she had got together an immense heap of wealth. It would be endless to name the several Officers, or describe the Votaries that attended in this Temple. There were many Old men panting and breathless, reposing their heads on bags of money; nay many of them actually dying,

dying, whose very pangs and convulsions (which rendered their purses useless to them) only made them grasp them the faster. There were some tearing with one hand all things, even to the garments and flesh of many miserable persons who stood before them, and with the other hand throwing away what they had seized, to Harlots, Flatterers, and Panders, that stood behind them.

On a sudden the whole Assembly fell a trembling, and upon enquiry, I found, that the great room we were in was haunted with a Spectre, that many times a day appeared to them and terrified them to distraction.

In the midst of their terror and amazement the Apparition entered, which I immediately knew to be *Poverty*. Whether it were by my acquaintance with this Phantom, which had rendered the sight of her more familiar to me, or however it was, she did not make so indigent or frightful a figure in my eye, as the God of this loathsome Temple. The miserable Votaries of this place, were, I found, of another mind. Every one fancied himself threatened by the Apparition as she stalked about the room, and began to lock their Coffers, and tie their Bags, with the utmost fear and trembling.

I must confess, I look upon the Passion which I saw in this unhappy people to be of the same nature with those unaccountable Antipathies which some persons are born with, or rather as a kind of Phrenzy, not unlike that which throws a man into terrors and agonies at the sight of so useful and innocent a thing as water. The whole assembly was surpris'd, when, instead of paying my devotions to the Deity whom they all adored, they saw me address myself to the Phantom.

“ Oh *Poverty*! (said I) my first Petition to thee is, That thou would’st
 “ never appear to me hereafter; but if thou wilt not grant me this, that
 “ thou would’st not bear a Form more terrible than that in which thou appearest to me at present. Let not thy threats and menaces betray me to
 “ any thing that is ungrateful or unjust. Let me not shut my ears to
 “ the cries of the needy. Let me not forget the person that has deserved
 “ well of me. Let me not, for any fear of thee, desert my Friend, my Principles, or my Honor. If *Wealth* is to visit me, and to come with her usual attendants, *Vanity* and *Avarice*, do thou, Oh *Poverty*! hasten to my
 “ rescue; but bring along with thee the two Sisters, in whose company
 “ thou art always chearful, *Liberty* and *Innocence*.

The conclusion of this Vision must be deferred to another opportunity.

Thursday,

N^o 131.*Thursday, February 9, 1709.*

—*Scelus est jugulare falernum,
Et dare Campano toxica sæva mero.*

Mart.

Sheer-Lane, February 8.

THERE is in this City a certain fraternity of Chymical Operators, who work under ground in holes, caverns, and dark retirements, to conceal their mysteries from the eyes and observation of mankind. These subterraneous Philosophers are daily employed in the Transmigration of Liquors, and, by the power of Magical Drugs and Incantations, raising under the streets of *London* the choicest product of the hills and valleys of *France*. They can squeeze *Bourdeaux* out of a *Sloe*, and draw *Champaign* from an *Apple*. *Virgil*, in that remarkable Prophecy,

Incultisque rubens pendebit Sentibus Uva.

“The ripening Grape shall hang on every Thorn,

seems to have hinted at this Art, which can turn a Plantation of *Northern* Hedges into a Vineyard. These adepts are known among one another by the name of Wine-brewers, and I am afraid do great injury, not only to Her Majesty's Customs, but to the Bodies of many of her good Subjects.

Having received fundry complaints against these invisible workmen, I ordered the proper Officer of my Court to ferret them out of their respective Caves, and bring them before me, which was yesterday executed accordingly.

The person who appeared against them was a Merchant, who had by him a great magazine of wines that he had laid in before the war: but these Gentlemen (as he said) had so vitiated the nation's palate, that no man could believe his to be *French*, because it did not taste like what they sold for such. As a man never pleads better than where his own personal interest is concerned, he exhibited to the Court with great eloquence, That this new Corporation of Druggists had inflamed the Bills of Mortality, and
puzzled

puzzled the College of Physicians with diseases, for which they neither knew a name or cure. He accused some of giving all their customers Cholics and Megrims; and mentioned one who had boasted, he had a tun of Claret by him, that in a fortnight's time should give the gout to a dozen of the healthfullest men in the city, provided that their Constitutions were prepared for it by wealth and idleness. He then enlarged, with a great shew of reason, upon the prejudice which these mixtures and compositions had done to the Brains of the *English* nation; as is too visible (said he) from many late Pamphlets, Speeches and Sermons, as well as from the ordinary conversations of the youth of this age. He then quoted an ingenious person, who would undertake to know by a man's writings, the wine he most delighted in; and on that occasion named a certain Satyrist, whom he had discovered to be the Author of a Lampoon, by a manifest taste of the Sloe, which shewed itself in it by much Roughness, and little Spirit.

In the last place, he ascribed to the unnatural Tumults and Fermentations, which these mixtures raise in our blood, the divisions, heats and animosities that reign among us; and in particular, asserted most of the modern Enthusiasms and Agitations to be nothing else but the effects of adulterated *Port*.

The Council for the Brewers had a face so extremely inflamed and illuminated with carbuncles, that I did not wonder to see him an advocate for these sophistifications. His rhetoric was likewise such as I should have expected from the common draught, which I found he often drank to a great excess. Indeed, I was so surpris'd at his figure and parts, that I ordered him to give me a taste of his usual liquor; which I had no sooner drank, but I found a pimple rising in my forehead; and felt such a sensible decay in my understanding, that I would not proceed in the trial till the fume of it was entirely dissipated.

This notable Advocate had little to say in the defence of his Clients, but that they were under a necessity of making Claret if they would keep open their doors, it being the nature of mankind to love every thing that is prohibited. He further pretended to reason, That it might be as profitable to the nation to make *French* wine as *French* hats; and concluded with the great advantage that this had already brought to part of the Kingdom. Upon which he informed the Court, That the lands in *Herefordshire* were raised two years purchase since the beginning of the war.

When I had sent out my summons to these people, I gave at the same time orders to each of them to bring the several ingredients he made use of in distinct Phials, which they had done accordingly, and ranged them
into

into two rows on each side of the Court. The workmen were drawn up in ranks behind them. The Merchant informed me, That in one row of Phials were the several colors they dealt in, and in the other the tastes. He then shewed me on the right hand one who went by the name of *Tom Tintoret*, who (as he told me) was the greatest master in his Coloring of any Vintner in *London*. To give me a proof of his art, he took a Glafs of fair water; and by the infusion of three drops out of one of his Phials, converted it into a most beautiful pale *Burgundy*. Two more of the same kind heightened it into a perfect *Languedoc*: from thence it passed into a florid *Hermitage*: and after having gone through two or three other changes, by the addition of a single drop, ended in a very deep *Pontack*. This ingenious Virtuoso seeing me very much surpris'd at his art, told me, That he had not an opportunity of shewing it in perfection, having only made use of water for the ground-work of his coloring: But that if I were to see an operation upon liquors of stronger bodies, the art would appear to much greater advantage. He added, That he doubted not but it would please my curiosity to see the Cyder of one Apple take only a Vermilion, when another, with a less quantity of the same infusion, would rise into a dark Purple, according to the different texture of parts in the liquor. He informed me also, That he could hit the different shades and degrees of Red, as they appear in the Pink and the Rose, the Clove and the Carnation, as he had *Rhenish* or *Moselle*, *Perry* or *White Port* to work in.

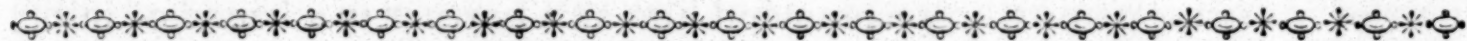
I was so satisfied with the ingenuity of this Virtuoso, that, after having advised him to quit so dishonest a profession, I promised him, in consideration of his great genius, to recommend him as a partner to a friend of mine, who has heaped up great riches, and is a Scarlet-Dyer.

The Artists on my other hand were ordered in the second place to make some experiments of their skill before me: Upon which the famous *Harry Sippet* stepped out, and asked me, What I would be pleas'd to drink? At the same time he fill'd out three or four White liquors in a glafs, and told me, That it should be what I pleas'd to call for; adding very learnedly, That the liquor before him was as the naked Substance or First Matter of his compound, to which he and his friend, who stood over-against him, could give what Accidents or Form they pleas'd. Finding him so great a Philosopher, I desired he would convey into it the qualities and essence of right *Bourdeaux*. Coming, Coming, Sir, (said he) with the air of a Drawer; and after having cast his eye on the several tastes and flavors that stood before him, he took up a little Cruet that was fill'd with a kind of Inky juice, and pouring some of it out into the glafs of white-wine, presented it to me, and told me, This was the wine over which most of the business of the last Term had

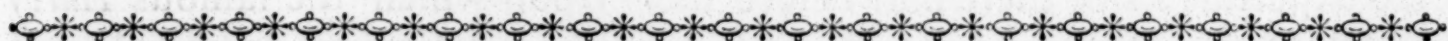
had been dispatched. I must confess, I looked upon that footy drug which he held up in his Cruet as the Quintessence of *English Bourdeaux*, and therefore desired him to give me a glass of it by itself, which he did with great unwillingness. My Cat at that time sat by me upon the elbow of my chair; and as I did not care for making the experiment upon myself, I reached it to her to sip of it, which had like to have cost her her life; for notwithstanding it flung her at first into freakish tricks, quite contrary to her usual gravity, in less than a quarter of an hour she fell into convulsions; and had it not been a Creature more tenacious of life than any other, would certainly have died under the operation.

I was so incensed by the tortures of my innocent Domestic, and the unworthy dealings of these men, that I told them, if each of them had as many lives as the injured Creature before them, they deserved to forfeit them for the pernicious arts which they used for their profit. I therefore bid them look upon themselves as no better than a kind of Assassins and Murderers within the law. However, since they had dealt so clearly with me, and laid before me their whole practice, I dismissed them for that time; with a particular request, That they would not poison any of my friends and acquaintance, and take to some honest livelihood without loss of time.

For my own part, I have resolved hereafter to be very careful in my liquors, and have agreed with a friend of mine in the army, upon their next march, to secure me two hogsheds of the best Stomach-wine in the cellars of *Versailles*, for the good of my lucubrations, and the comfort of my old age.

N^o 133.

Tuesday, February 14. 1709.

*Dum tacent, clamant.*

Tull.

*Sheer-Lane, February 13.*

SILENCE is sometimes more significant and sublime than the most noble and most expressive Eloquence, and is on many occasions the indication of a Great Mind. Several Authors have treated of Silence as a part of duty and discretion, but none of them have considered it in this light. *Homer* compares the noise and clamor of the *Trojans* advancing towards the enemy, to the cackling of cranes when they invade an army of pygmies.

pygmies. On the contrary, he makes his countrymen and favorites, the *Greeks*, move forward in a regular determined march, and in the depth of silence. I find in the accounts which are given us of some of the more *Eastern* nations, where the inhabitants are disposed by their constitutions and climates to higher strains of thought, and more elevated raptures than what we feel in the *Northern* regions of the world, that Silence is a religious exercise among them. For when their public devotions are in the greatest fervor, and their hearts lifted up as high as words can raise them, there are certain suspensions of sound and motion for a time, in which the mind is left to itself, and supposed to swell with such secret conceptions as are too big for utterance. I have myself been wonderfully delighted with a masterpiece of music, when in the very tumult and ferment of their harmony, all the voices, and instruments have stopped short on a sudden, and after a little pause recovered themselves again as it were, and renewed the concert in all its parts. Methought this short interval of silence has had more music in it than any of the same space of time before or after it. There are two instances of Silence in the two greatest Poets that ever wrote, which have something in them as sublime as any of the speeches in their whole works. The first is that of *Ajax*, in the eleventh book of the *Odysssey*. *Ulysses*, who had been the Rival of this great man in his life, as well as the occasion of his death, upon meeting his Shade in the region of departed Heroes, makes his submission to him with an humility next to adoration, which the other passes over with dumb fullen majesty, and such a silence, as (to use the words of *Longinus*) had more greatness in it than any thing he could have spoken.

The next instance I shall mention is in *Virgil*, where the Poet, doubtless, imitates this silence of *Ajax* in that of *Dido*; though I do not know that any of his commentators have taken notice of it. *Aeneas* finding among the shades of despairing Lovers, the Ghost of her who had lately died for him, with the wound still fresh upon her, addresses himself to her with expanded arms, floods of tears, and the most passionate professions of his own innocence as to what had happened; all which *Dido* receives with the dignity and disdain of a resenting Lover, and an injured Queen; and is so far from vouchsafing him an answer, that she does not give him a single look. The Poet represents her as turning away her face from him while he spoke to her; and after having kept her eyes for some time upon the ground, as one that heard and contemned his protestations, flying from him into the grove of Myrtle, and into the arms of Another, whose fidelity had deserved her love.

I have often thought our writers of Tragedy have been very defective in this particular, and that they might have given great beauty to their works, by certain stops and pauses in the representation of such passions, as it is not in the power of language to express. There is something like this in the last act of *Venice preserved*, where *Pierre* is brought to an infamous execution, and begs of his friend, as a reparation of past injuries, and the only favor he could do him, to rescue him from the ignominy of the Wheel, by stabbing him. As he is going to make this dreadful request, he is not able to communicate it, but withdraws his face from his friend's ear, and bursts into tears. The melancholy silence that follows hereupon, and continues till he has recovered himself enough to reveal his mind to his friend, raises in the spectators a grief that is inexpressible, and an Idea of such a complicated distress in the Actor as words cannot utter. It would look as ridiculous to many Readers to give rules and directions for proper Silences, as for *Penning a Whisper*: but it is certain, that in the extremity of most Passions, particularly Surprise, Admiration, Astonishment, nay, Rage itself, there is nothing more graceful than to see the Play stand for a few moments, and the Audience fixed in an agreeable suspense during the Silence of a skilful Actor.

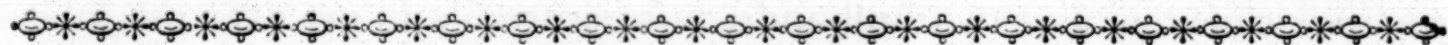
But Silence never shews itself to so great an advantage, as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no just occasion for them. We might produce an example of it in the behavior of one in whom it appeared in all its majesty, and one whose silence, as well as his person, was altogether Divine. When one considers this subject only in its Sublimity, this great Instance could not but occur to me; and since I only make use of it to shew the highest example of it, I hope I do not offend in it. To forbear replying to an unjust reproach, and overlook it with a generous, or (if possible) with an entire neglect of it, is one of the most heroic acts of a Great Mind. And I must confess, when I reflect upon the behavior of some of the greatest men of Antiquity, I do not so much admire them that they deserved the praise of the whole age they lived in, as because they contemned the envy and detraction of it.

All that is incumbent on a man of Worth, who suffers under so ill a treatment, is to lie by for some time in silence and obscurity, till the prejudice of the times be over, and his reputation cleared. I have often read with a great deal of pleasure a Legacy of the famous Lord *Bacon*, one of the greatest Genius's that our own or any country has produced; After having bequeathed his Soul, Body, and Estate, in the usual form, he adds, " My Name " and Memory I leave to foreign Nations, and to my Countrymen, after " some time be passed over.

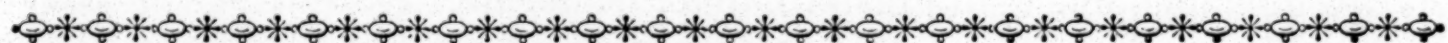
At the same time that I recommend this Philosophy to others, I must confess,

fess, I am so poor a Proficient in it myself, that if in the course of my Lucubrations it happens, as it has done more than once, that my paper is duller than in conscience it ought to be, I think the time an age till I have an opportunity of putting out another, and growing famous again for two days.

I must not close my discourse upon Silence, without informing my Reader, that I have by me an elaborate Treatise on the *Aposiopesis* called an *Et cætera*, it being a Figure much used by some learned Authors, and particularly by the great *Littleton*, who, as my Lord Chief Justice *Coke* observes, had a most admirable Talent at an &c.

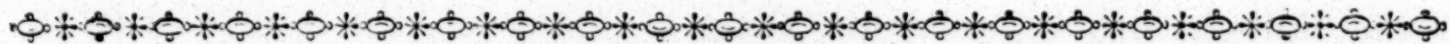
N^o 146.

Thursday, March 16, 1709.



*Permittes ipsis expendere numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris.
Nam pro jucundis aptissima quæque dabunt Dii.
Charior est illis homo, quam sibi. Nos animorum
Impulsu et cæca magnaue cupidine ducti
Conjugium petimus, partumque uxoris; at illis
Notum, qui pueri, qualisque futura sit uxor.*

Juv.



From my own Apartment, March 15.

AMONG the various sets of Correspondents who apply to me for advice, and send up their Cases from all parts of *Great-Britain*, there are none who are more importunate with me, and whom I am more inclined to answer, than the *Complainers*. One of them dates his Letter to me from the Banks of a purling Stream, where he used to ruminate in Solitude upon the divine *Clarissa*, and where he is now looking about for a convenient Leap, which he tells me he is resolved to take, unless I support him under the loss of that charming perjured woman. Poor *Lavinia* presses as much for consolation on the other side, and is reduced to such an extremity of despair by the inconstancy of *Philander*, that she tells me she writes her Letter with her Pen in one hand, and her Garter in the other. A Gentleman of an ancient family in *Norfolk* is almost out of his wits upon account of a Greyhound, that after having been his inseparable companion for ten years,

is at last run mad. Another (who I believe is serious) complains to me, in a very moving manner, of the loss of a wife; and another, in terms still more moving, of a purse of money that was taken from him on *Bagshot Heath*, and which, he tells me, would not have troubled him if he had given it to the poor. In short, there is scarce a Calamity in human life that has not produced me a Letter.

It is indeed wonderful to consider, how men are able to raise affliction to themselves out of every thing. Lands and Houses, Sheep and Oxen, can convey happiness and misery into the hearts of reasonable creatures. Nay, I have known a Muff, a Scarf, or a Tippet, become a solid blessing or misfortune. A Lap-dog has broke the hearts of thousands. *Flavia*, who has buried five children, and two husbands, was never able to get over the loss of her Parrot. How often has a divine creature been thrown into a fit by a neglect at a Ball or an Assembly? *Mopsa* has kept her chamber ever since the last Masquerade, and is in greater danger of her life upon being left out of it, than *Clarinda* from the violent cold which she caught at it. Nor are these dear creatures the only sufferers by such Imaginary calamities: Many an Author has been dejected at the censure of one whom he ever looked upon as an Idiot; and many an Hero cast into a fit of Melancholy, because the Rabble have not hooted at him as he passed through the streets. *Theron* places all his happiness in a running Horse, *Suffenus* in a gilded Chariot, *Fulvius* in a Blue string, and *Florio* in a Tulip-root. It would be endless to enumerate the many fantastical afflictions that disturb mankind; but as a misery is not to be measured from the Nature of the Evil, but from the Temper of the Sufferer, I shall present my Readers, who are unhappy either in Reality or Imagination, with an Allegory, for which I am indebted to the great Father and Prince of Poets.

As I was sitting after dinner in my Elbow-chair, I took up *Homer*, and dipped into that famous Speech of *Achilles* to *Priam*, in which he tells him, that *Jupiter* has by him two great vessels, the one filled with Blessings, and the other with Misfortunes; out of which he mingles a composition for every man that comes into the world. This passage so exceedingly pleased me, that as I fell insensibly into my afternoon's slumber, it wrought my Imagination into the following Dream.

When *Jupiter* took into his hands the government of the world, the several parts of Nature, with the presiding Deities, did homage to him. One presented him with a mountain of Winds, another with a magazine of Hail, and a third with a pile of Thunder-bolts. The Stars offered up their Influences, the Ocean gave in his Trident, the Earth her Fruits, and the Sun his Seasons. Among the several Deities who came to make their Court on this occasion,

occasion, the Destinies advanced with two great Tuns carried before them, one of which they fixed at the Right hand of *Jupiter* as he sat upon his Throne, and the other on his Left. The first was filled with all the Blessings, and the other with all the Calamities of human life. *Jupiter*, in the beginning of his reign, finding the world much more innocent than it is in this Iron age, poured very plentifully out of the Tun that stood at his Right hand; but as mankind degenerated, and became unworthy of his Blessings, he set abroach the other vessel, that filled the world with pain and poverty, battles and distempers, Jealousy and falsehood, intoxicating pleasures and untimely deaths.

He was at length so very much incensed at the great depravation of human nature, and the repeated provocations which he received from all parts of the earth, that having resolved to destroy the whole Species, except *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha*, he commanded the Destinies to gather up the Blessings which he had thrown away upon the sons of men, and lay them up till the world should be inhabited by a more virtuous and deserving race of mortals.

The three sisters immediately repaired to the earth, in search of the several Blessings that had been scattered on it; but found the task which was enjoined them, to be much more difficult than they had imagined. The first places they resorted to, as the most likely to succeed in, were Cities, Palaces, and Courts; but instead of meeting with what they looked for here, they found nothing but Envy, Repining, Uneasiness, and the like bitter ingredients of the Left-hand vessel. Whereas, to their great surprise, they discovered Content, Cheerfulness, Health, Innocence, and other the most substantial Blessings of life, in Cottages, Shades, and Solitudes.

There was another circumstance no less unexpected than the former, and which gave them very great perplexity in the discharge of the Trust which *Jupiter* had committed to them. They observed, that several Blessings had degenerated into Calamities, and that several Calamities had improved into Blessings, according as they fell into the possession of wise or foolish men. They often found Power with so much Insolence and Impatience cleaving to it, that it became a Misfortune to the person on whom it was conferred. Youth had often distempers growing about it, worse than the infirmities of Old age: Wealth was often united to such a sordid Avarice, as made it the most uncomfortable and painful kind of Poverty. On the contrary, they often found Pain made glorious by Fortitude, Poverty lost in Content, Deformity beautified with Virtue. In a word, the Blessings were often like good fruits planted in a bad soil, that by degrees fall off from their natural relish, into tastes altogether insipid or unwholesome; and the Calamities
like

like harsh fruits, cultivated in a good soil, and enriched by proper grafts and inoculations, till they swell with generous and delightful juices.

There was still a third circumstance that occasioned as great a surprise to the three sisters as either of the foregoing, when they discovered several Blessings and Calamities which had never been in either of the Tuns that stood by the Throne of *Jupiter*, and were nevertheless as great occasions of happiness or misery as any there. These were that spurious crop of Blessings and Calamities which were never sown by the hand of the Deity, but grow of themselves out of the fancies and dispositions of human creatures. Such are Dress, Titles, Place, Equipage, false Shame, and groundless Fear, with the like vain Imaginations that shoot up in trifling, weak, and irresolute minds.

The Destinies finding themselves in so great a perplexity, concluded, that it would be impossible for them to execute the commands that had been given them according to their first intention; for which reason they agreed to throw all the Blessings and Calamities together into one large vessel, and in that manner offer them up at the feet of *Jupiter*.

This was performed accordingly, the eldest sister presenting herself before the vessel, and introducing it with an apology for what they had done.

O Jupiter! (says she) we have gathered together all the Good and Evil, the Comforts and Distresses of human life, which we thus present before thee in one promiscuous heap. We beseech thee that thou thyself wilt sort them out for the future, as in thy wisdom thou shalt think fit. For we acknowledge, that there is none beside thee that can judge what will occasion grief or joy in the heart of a human creature, and what will prove a Blessing or a Calamity to the person on whom it is bestowed.

N^o 147.

Saturday, March 18. 1709.

—*Ut ameris amabilis eslo.*

From my own Apartment, March 17.

READING is to the mind, what Exercise is to the body: As by the one, health is preserved, strengthened and invigorated; by the other, virtue (which is the health of the mind) is kept alive, cherished and confirmed. But as exercise becomes tedious and painful when we make use of it only as the means of health, so reading is apt to grow uneasy and burdensome, when we apply ourselves to it only for our improvement in virtue. For this reason, the virtue which we gather from a fable, or an allegory, is like the health we get by hunting; as we are engaged in an agreeable pursuit that draws us on with pleasure, and makes us insensible of the fatigues that accompany it.

After this Preface, I shall set down a very beautiful allegorical Fable of the great Poet whom I mentioned in my last paper, and whom it is very difficult to lay aside when one is engaged in the reading of him: And this I particularly design for the use of several of my fair correspondents, who in their letters have complained to me that they have lost the affections of their husbands, and desire my advice how to recover them.

Juno, says *Homer*, seeing her *Jupiter* seated on the top of mount *Ida*, and knowing that he conceived an aversion to her, began to study how she should regain his affections, and make herself amiable to him. With this thought she immediately retired into her chamber, where she bathed herself in *Ambrosia*, which gave her person all its beauty, and diffused so divine an odor, as refreshed all nature, and sweetned both Heaven and Earth. She let her immortal Tresses flow in the most graceful manner, and took a particular care to dress herself in several ornaments, which the Poet describes at length, and which the Goddess chose out as the most proper to set off her person to the best advantage. In the next place, she made a visit to *Venus*, the Deity who presides over Love, and begged of her, as a particular favor, that she would lend her for a while those charms with which she subdued the hearts both of gods and men. For, says the Goddess, I would make use of them

to

to reconcile the two Deities, who took care of me in my infancy, and who, at present, are at so great a variance, that they are estranged from each other's bed. *Venus* was proud of an opportunity of obliging so great a Goddess, and therefore made her a present of the *Cestus* which she used to wear about her own waist, with advice to hide it in her bosom, till she accomplished her intention. This *Cestus* was a fine party-colored girdle, which, as *Homer* tells us, had all the attractions of the Sex wrought into it. The four principal figures in the embroidery were Love, Desire, Fondness of speech, and Conversation, filled with that Sweetness and Complacency which, says the Poet, insensibly steal away the hearts of the Wisest men.

Juno, after having made these necessary preparations, came as by accident into the presence of *Jupiter*, who is said to have been as much inflamed with her beauty as when he first stole to her embraces without the consent of their parents. *Juno*, to cover her real thoughts, told him, as she had told *Venus*, that she was going to make a visit to *Oceanus* and *Tethys*. He prevailed upon her to stay with him, protesting to her, that she appeared more amiable in his eye, than ever any Mortal, Goddess, or even herself, had appeared to him till that day. The Poet then represents him in so great an ardor, that (without going up to the House which had been built by the hands of *Vulcan*, according to *Juno's* direction) he threw a golden cloud over their heads as they sat upon the top of mount *Ida*, while the earth beneath them sprung up in Lotus's, Saffrons, Hyacinths, and a bed of the softest flowers for their repose.

This close translation of one of the finest passages in *Homer*, may suggest abundance of instruction to a woman who has a mind to preserve or recal the Affection of her husband. The care of the person, and the dress, with the particular blandishments woven in the *Cestus*, are so plainly recommended by this fable, and so indispensibly necessary in every female who desires to please, that they need no further explanation. The discretion likewise in covering all matrimonial quarrels from the knowledge of others is taught in the pretended visit to *Tethys*, in the speech where *Juno* addresses herself to *Venus*; as the chaste and prudent management of a Wife's charms is intimated by the same pretence for her appearing before *Jupiter*, and by the concealment of the *Cestus* in her bosom.

I shall leave this Tale to the consideration of such good Housewives who are never well dressed but when they are abroad, and think it necessary to appear more agreeable to all men living than their husbands: as also to those prudent Ladies, who, to avoid the appearance of being over-fond, entertain their husbands with indifference, aversion, sullen silence, or exasperating language.

Sheer-

Sheer-Lane, March 17.

Upon my coming home last night, I found a very handsome present of wine left for me, as a taste of 216 *Hogsheads which are to be put to sale at 20l. a Hogshead, at Garraway's Coffee-house in Exchange-alley, on the 22d instant, at three in the afternoon, and to be tasted in Major Long's Vaults from the 20th instant till the time of sale.* This having been sent to me with a desire that I would give my judgment upon it, I immediately impannelled a Jury of men of nice palates and strong heads, who being all of them very scrupulous, and unwilling to proceed rashly in a matter of so great importance, refused to bring in their verdict till three in the morning; at which time the Fore-man pronounced, as well as he was able, Extra—a—ordinary *French Claret*. For my own part, as I love to consult my Pillow in all points of moment, I slept upon it before I would give my Sentence, and this morning confirmed the Verdict.

Having mentioned this tribute of wine, I must give notice to my Correspondents for the future, who shall apply to me on this occasion, that as I shall decide nothing unadvisedly in matters of this nature, I cannot pretend to give Judgment of a right good liquor, without examining at least three dozen bottles of it. I must at the same time do myself the justice to let the world know, that I have resisted great temptations in this kind; as it is well known to a Butcher in *Clare-Market*, who endeavored to corrupt me with a dozen and a half of Marrow-bones. I had likewise a bribe sent me by a Fishmonger, consisting of a Collar of Brawn, and a Joll of Salmon; but not finding them excellent in their kinds, I had the integrity to eat them both up without speaking one word of them. However, for the future, I shall have an eye to the Diet of this great City, and will recommend the best and most wholesome food to them, if I receive these proper and respectful notices from the sellers, that it may not be said hereafter, my Readers were better taught than fed.

N^o 148.

Tuesday, March 21, 1709.

— *Gustus elementa per omnia quærunt,*
Nunquam animo pretiis obstantibus —

Juv.

From my own Apartment, March 20.

HAVING intimated in my last paper, that I design to take under my inspection the Diet of this great City, I shall begin with a very earnest and serious exhortation to all my well-disposed Readers, that they would return to the food of their forefathers, and reconcile themselves to Beef and Mutton. This was that Diet which bred that hardy race of mortals who won the fields of *Cressy* and *Agincourt*. I need not go up so high as the history of *Guy Earl of Warwick*, who is well known to have eaten up a Dun Cow of his own killing. The renowned King *Arthur* is generally looked upon as the first who ever sat down to a whole roasted Ox, (which was certainly the best way to preserve the gravy;) and it is further added, that he and his Knights sat about it at his round table, and usually consumed it to the very bones before they would enter upon any debate of moment. The *Black Prince* was a professed Lover of the Brisket; not to mention the History of the Surloin, or the institution of the Order of Beef-eaters, which are all so many evident and undeniable marks of the great respect which our warlike Predecessors have paid to this excellent food. The tables of the ancient Gentry of this nation were covered thrice a day with hot Roast-beef; and I am credibly informed by an Antiquary who has searched the Registers in which the Bills of fare of the Court are recorded, that instead of Tea, and Bread and Butter, which have prevailed of late years, the Maids of Honor in Queen *Elizabeth's* time were allowed three Rumps of Beef for their breakfast. Mutton has likewise been in great repute among our valiant Countrymen, but was formerly observed to be the food rather of men of nice and delicate appetites, than those of strong and robust Constitutions. For which reason, even to this day, we use the word Sheep-biter as a term of reproach, as we do a Beef-eater in a respectful and honorable sense. As for the flesh of Lamb, Veal, Chicken and other Animals under Age, they were the invention of sickly and

and degenerate palates, according to that wholesome remark of *Daniel* the Historian, who takes notice, That in all taxes upon Provisions, during the reigns of several of our Kings, there is nothing mentioned besides the flesh of such Fowl and Cattle as were arrived at their full growth, and were mature for slaughter. The common people of this kingdom do still keep up the taste of their Ancestors; and it is to this that we in a great measure owe the unparalleled victories that have been gained in this reign: for I would desire my reader to consider, what work our Countrymen would have made at *Blenheim* and *Ramillies*, if they had been fed with Fricacies and Ragouts.

For this reason we at present see the florid Complexion, the strong Limb, and the hale Constitution, are to be found chiefly among the meaner sort of people, or in the wild Gentry, who have been educated among the woods and mountains. Whereas many great families are insensibly fallen off from the Athletic Constitution of their Progenitors, and are dwindled away into a pale, sickly, spindle-legged generation of Valetudinarians.

I may perhaps be thought extravagant in my notion; but I must confess, I am apt to impute the dishonors that sometimes happen in great families to the inflaming kind of diet which is so much in fashion. Many dishes can excite desire without giving strength, and heat the body without nourishing it: as Physicians observe, that the poorest and most dispirited blood is most subject to Fevers. I look upon a *French* Ragout to be as pernicious to the stomach as a glass of spirits; and when I have seen a young Lady swallow all the instigations of high Soups, seasoned Sauces, and forced Meats, I have wondered at the despair or tedious sighing of her lovers.

The rules among these false delicacies, are, to be as contradictory as they can be to nature.

Without expecting the return of hunger, they eat for an appetite, and prepare dishes not to allay, but to excite it.

They admit of nothing at their tables in its natural form, or without some disguise.

They are to eat every thing before it comes in season, and to leave it off as soon as it is good to be eaten.

They are not to approve any thing that is agreeable to ordinary palates; and nothing is to gratify their Senses, but what would offend those of their Inferiors.

I remember I was last summer invited to a friend's house, who is a great admirer of the *French* cookery, and (as the Phrase is) *eats well*. At our sitting down, I found the table covered with a great variety of unknown dishes. I was mightily at a loss to learn what they were, and therefore did not know where to help myself. That which stood before me I took to

be a roasted Porcupine, however did not care for asking questions; and have since been informed, that it was only a larded Turkey. I afterwards passed my eye over several Halhes, which I do not know the names of to this day; and hearing that they were Delicacies, did not think fit to meddle with them.

Among other Dainties, I saw something like a Pheasant, and therefore desired to be helped to a wing of it; but to my great surprise, my friend told me it was a Rabbit, which is a sort of meat I never cared for. At last I discovered, with some joy, a Pig at the lower end of the table, and begged a Gentleman that was near it to cut me a piece of it. Upon which the Gentleman of the house said, with great civility, I am sure you will like the Pig, for it was whipped to death. I must confess I heard him with horror, and could not eat of an Animal that died such a tragical death: I was now in great hunger and confusion, when, methought, I smelled the agreeable favor of Roast-beef, but could not tell from which dish it arose, though I did not question but it lay disguised in one of them. Upon turning my head, I saw a noble Surloin on the Side-table, smoking in the most delicious manner. I had recourse to it more than once, and could not see, without some indignation, that substantial *English* dish banished in so ignominious a manner, to make way for *French* kickshaws.

The Desert was brought up at last, which in truth was as extraordinary as any thing that had come before it. The whole, when ranged in its proper order, looked like a very beautiful winter-piece. There were several Pyramids of candy'd sweetmeats, that hung like Icicles, with fruits scattered up and down, and hid in an artificial kind of frost. At the same time, there were great quantities of Cream beaten up into a snow, and near them little plates of Sugar-plumbs, disposed like so many heaps of hail-stones, with a multitude of Congelations in Jellies of various colors. I was indeed so pleased with the several objects which lay before me, that I did not care for displacing any of them, and was half angry with the rest of the company, that for the sake of a piece of Lemon-peel, or a Sugar plumb, would spoil so pleasing a picture. Indeed, I could not but smile to see several of them cooling their mouths with lumps of Ice, which they had just before been burning with Salts and Peppers.

As soon as this show was over I took my leave, that I might finish my dinner at my own house: For as I in every thing love what is simple and natural, so particularly in my food; two plain dishes, with two or three good-natured, chearful, ingenious friends, would make me more pleased and vain, than all that pomp and luxury can bestow. For it is my Maxim, That he keeps the greatest table, who has the most valuable company at it.

Thursday,

N^o 152.

Thursday, March 30, 1710.

*Dii, quibus Imperium est animarum, umbræque silentes,
 Et Chaos, & Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late,
 Sit mihi fas audita loqui, sit numine vestro
 Pandere res alta terra & caligine mersas.*

Virg.

From my own Apartment, March 29.

A MAN who confines his speculations to the time present, has but a very narrow province to employ his thoughts in. For this reason, persons of studious and contemplative natures often entertain themselves with the history of past Ages, or raise schemes and conjectures upon Futurity. For my own part, I love to range through that half of Eternity which is still to come, rather than look on that which is already run out; because I know I have a real share and interest in the one, whereas all that was transacted in the other can be only matter of curiosity to me.

Upon this account, I have been always very much delighted with meditating on the Soul's Immortality, and in reading the several notions which the wisest of men, both ancient and modern, have entertained on that subject. What the opinions of the greatest Philosophers have been, I have several times hinted at, and shall give an account of them from time to time as occasion requires. It may likewise be worth while to consider, what men of the most exalted genius, and elevated imagination, have thought of this matter. Among these, *Homer* stands up as a Prodigy of mankind, that looks down upon the rest of human creatures as a species beneath him. Since he is the most ancient heathen Author, we may guess from his relation, what were the common opinions in his time concerning the state of the Soul after death.

Ulysses, he tells us, made a voyage to the Regions of the dead, in order to consult *Tiresias* how he should return to his own Country, and recommend himself to the favor of the Gods. The Poet scarce introduces a single Person, who doth not suggest some useful Precept to his Reader, and designs his description of the Dead for the amendment of the Living.

Ulysses,

Ulysses, after having made a very plenteous sacrifice, sat him down by the pool of Holy Blood, which attracted a prodigious assembly of Ghosts of all ages and conditions, that hovered about the Hero, and feasted upon the steams of his oblation. The first he knew, was the shade of *Elpenor*, who, to shew the activity of a spirit above that of body, is represented as arrived there long before *Ulysses*, notwithstanding the winds and seas had contributed all their force to hasten his voyage thither. This *Elpenor*, to inspire the Reader with a detestation of Drunkenness, and at the same time with a religious care of doing proper honors to the Dead, describes himself as having broken his neck in a debauch of wine; and begs *Ulysses*, that for the repose of his Soul, he would build a monument over him, and perform funeral rites to his memory. *Ulysses* with great sorrow of heart promises to fulfil his request, and is immediately diverted to an object much more moving than the former. The Ghost of his own Mother *Anticlea*, whom he still thought living, appears to him among the multitudes of Shades that surrounded him, and sits down at a small distance from him by the Lake of Blood, without speaking to him, or knowing who he was. *Ulysses* was exceedingly troubled at the sight, and could not forbear weeping as he looked upon her: but being all along set forth as a pattern of consummate wisdom, he makes his affection give way to prudence; and therefore, upon his seeing *Tiresias*, does not reveal himself to his Mother, till he had consulted that great Prophet, who was the occasion of this his descent into the Empire of the dead. *Tiresias* having cautioned him to keep himself and his Companions free from the guilt of Sacrilege, and to pay his devotions to all the Gods, promises him a safe return to his Kingdom and Family, and a happy old age in the enjoyment of them.

The Poet having thus with great art kept the curiosity of his Reader in suspense, represents his Wife man, after the dispatch of his business with *Tiresias*, as yielding himself up to the calls of natural affection, and making himself known to his Mother. Her eyes were no sooner opened, but she cries out in tears, *Oh my Son!* and enquires into the occasions that brought him thither, and the fortune that attended him.

Ulysses on the other hand desires to know, what the sickness was that had sent her into those Regions, and the condition in which she had left his Father, his Son, and more particularly his Wife. She tells him, they were all Three inconsolable for his absence; and as for myself, says she, *That was the sickness of which I died. My impatience for your return, my anxiety for your welfare, and my fondness for my dear Ulysses, were the only distempers that preyed upon my life, and separated my Soul from my Body.* *Ulysses* was melted with these expressions of tenderness, and thrice endeavored to catch the apparition
in

in his arms, that he might hold his Mother to his bosom and weep over her.

This gives the Poet occasion to describe the notion the Heathens at that time had of an unbodied Soul, in the excuse which the Mother makes for seeming to withdraw herself from her Son's embraces. *The Soul*, says she, *is compos'd neither of Bones, Flesh, nor Sinews, but leaves behind her all those incumbrances of mortality to be consumed on the funeral Pile. As soon as she has thus cast her burden, she makes her escape, and flies away from it like a dream.*

When this melancholy conversation is at an end, the Poet draws up to view as charming a Vision as could enter into man's imagination. He describes the next who appeared to *Ulysses*, to have been the Shades of the finest women that had ever lived upon the earth, and who had either been the Daughters of Kings, the Mistresses of Gods, or Mothers of Heroes; such as *Antiope*, *Alcmene*, *Leda*, *Ariadne*, *Iphimedia*, *Eriphyle*, and several others of whom he gives a Catalogue, with a short history of their adventures. The beautiful Assembly of Apparitions were all gathered together about the Blood: each of them, says *Ulysses*, (as a gentle Satire upon female vanity) *giving me an account of her Birth and Family.* This Scene of extraordinary women seems to have been designed by the Poet as a lecture of morality to the whole Sex, and to put them in mind of what they must expect, notwithstanding the greatest perfections, and highest honors, they can arrive at.

The Circle of Beauties at length disappeared, and was succeeded by the shades of several *Grecian* Heroes who had been engaged with *Ulysses* in the siege of *Troy*. The first that approached was *Agamemnon*, the Generalissimo of that great expedition, who at the appearance of his old friend wept very bitterly, and without saying any thing to him, endeavored to grasp him by the hand. *Ulysses*, who was much moved at the sight, poured out a flood of tears, and asked him the occasion of his death, which *Agamemnon* related to him in all its tragical circumstances; how he was murdered at a Banquet by the contrivance of his own Wife, in confederacy with her Adulterer: From whence he takes occasion to reproach the whole Sex, after a manner which would be inexcusable in a man who had not been so great a sufferer by them. *My Wife* (says he) *has disgraced all the women that shall ever be born into the world, even those who hereafter shall be innocent. Take care how you grow too fond of your Wife. Never tell her all you know. If you reveal some things to her be sure you keep others concealed from her. You indeed have nothing to fear from your Penelope, she will not use you as my Wife has treated me; however, take care how you trust a woman.* The Poet, in this and other instances, according to the System of many heathen as well as christian Philosophers, shews, how
anger,

anger, revenge, and other habits which the Soul had contracted in the body, subfist and grow in it under its state of feparation.

I am extremely pleased with the companions which the Poet in the next description affigns to *Achilles*. *Achilles* (fays the Hero) *came up to me with Patroclus and Antilochus*. By which we may fee that it was *Homer's* opinion, and probably that of the age he lived in, that the friendships which are made among the living, will likewise continue among the dead. *Achilles* enquires after the welfare of his Son, and of his Father, with a fierceness of the same character that *Homer* has every where expreffed in the actions of his life. The paffage relating to his Son is fo extremely beautiful, that I must not omit it. *Ulyffes*, after having described him as wife in council, and active in war, and mentioned the foes whom he had flain in battle, adds an observation that he himself had made of his Behavior whilst he lay in the wooden horse. *Most of the Generals* (fays he) *that were with us, either wept or trembled: As for your Son, I neither saw him wipe a tear from his cheeks, or change his countenance. On the contrary, he would often lay his hand upon his Sword, or grasp his Spear, as impatient to employ them against the Trojans.* He then informs his Father of the great honor and rewards which he had purchased before *Troy*, and of his return from it without a wound. The shade of *Achilles*, fays the Poet, was fo pleased with the account he received of his Son, that he enquired no further, but stalked away with more than ordinary majesty over the green meadow that lay before them.

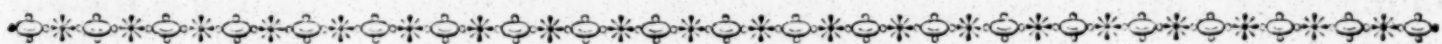
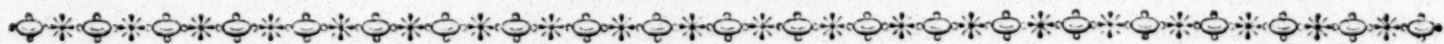
This last circumstance of a deceased Father's rejoicing in the behavior of his Son, is very finely contrived by *Homer*, as an incentive to virtue, and made use of by none that I know besides himself.

The description of *Ajax*, which follows, and his refusing to speak to *Ulyffes*, who had won the Armor of *Achilles* from him, and by that means occasioned his death, is admired by every one that reads it. When *Ulyffes* relates the fullness of his deportment, and confiders the greatness of the Hero, he expreffes himself with generous and noble sentiments. *Oh that I had never gained a prize which cost the life of so brave a man as Ajax! who, for the beauty of his person, and greatness of his actions, was inferior to none but the divine Achilles.* The same noble condescension, which never dwells but in truly great minds, and such as *Homer* would represent that of *Ulyffes* to have been, discovers itself likewise in the speech which he made to the Ghost of *Ajax* on that occasion. *Oh Ajax! fays he, Will you keep your resentments even after death? what destructions hath this fatal armor brought upon the Greeks by robbing them of you, who were their bulwark and defence? Achilles is not more bitterly lamented among us than you. Impute not then your death to any one but Jupiter, who out of his an-*
ger

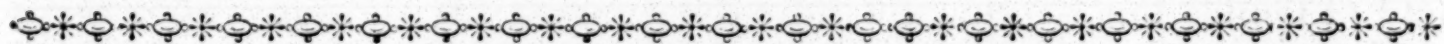
ger to the Greeks, took you away from among them: let me entreat you to approach me; restrain the fierceness of your wrath, and the greatness of your soul, and hear what I have to say to you. Ajax, without making any reply, turned his back upon him, and retired into a crowd of Ghosts.

Ulysses, after all these Visions, took a view of those impious Wretches who lay in tortures for the crimes they had committed upon the earth, whom he describes under all the varieties of pain, as so many marks of Divine Vengeance, to deter others from following their example. He then tells us, that notwithstanding he had a great curiosity to see the Heroes that lived in the ages before him, the Ghosts began to gather about him in such prodigious multitudes, and with such confusion of voices, that his heart trembled as he saw himself amidst so great a scene of horrors. He adds, that he was afraid lest some hideous Spectre should appear to him, that might terrify him to distraction; and therefore withdrew in time.

I question not but my Reader will be pleased with this description of a Future State, represented by such a noble and fruitful imagination, that had nothing to direct it besides the Light of Nature, and the opinions of a dark and ignorant age.

N^o 153.*Saturday, April 1, 1710.**Bombalio, Clangor, Strider, Taratantara, Murmur.*

Farn. Rhet.

*From my own Apartment, March 31.*

I Have heard of a very valuable Picture, wherein all the Painters of the Age in which it was drawn, are represented sitting together in a Circle, and joining in a Concert of Music. Each of them plays upon such a particular Instrument as is the most suitable to his character, and expresses that style and manner of painting which is peculiar to him. The famous Cupola-painter of those times, to shew the grandeur and boldness of his figures, hath a horn in his mouth, which he seems to wind with great strength and force. On the contrary, an eminent Artist, who wrought up his pictures with the greatest accuracy, and gave them all those delicate touches which are apt to please the nicest eyes, is represented as tuning a Theorbo. The same kind of humor runs through the whole piece.

I have often from this hint imagined to myself, that different talents in discourse might be shadowed out after the same manner by different kinds of music; and that the several conversable parts of mankind in this great City might be cast into proper characters and divisions, as they resemble several Instruments that are in use among the Masters of Harmony. Of these therefore in their order, and first of the Drum.

Your Drums are the Blusterers in conversation, that with a loud laugh, unnatural mirth, and a torrent of noise, domineer in public assemblies, overbear men of sense, stun their companions, and fill the place they are in with a rattling sound, that hath seldom any wit, humor, or good breeding in it. The Drum notwithstanding, by this boisterous vivacity, is very proper to impose upon the ignorant; and in conversation with Ladies, who are not of the finest taste, often passes for a man of mirth and wit, and for wonderful pleasant company. I need not observe, that the emptiness of the Drum very much contributes to its noise.

The Lute is a character directly opposite to the Drum, that sounds very finely by itself, or in a very small concert. Its notes are exquisitely sweet, and very low, easily drowned in a multitude of Instruments, and even lost among a few, unless you give a particular attention to it. A lute is seldom heard in a company of more than five, whereas a drum will shew itself to advantage in an Assembly of five hundred. The Lutanists therefore are men of a fine Genius, uncommon reflection, great affability, and esteemed chiefly by persons of a good taste, who are the only proper judges of so delightful and soft a melody.

The Trumpet is an Instrument that has in it no compass of music, or variety of sound, but is notwithstanding very agreeable, so long as it keeps within its pitch. It has not above four or five Notes, which are however very pleasing, and capable of exquisite turns and modulations. The Gentlemen who fall under this denomination, are your men of the most fashionable education and refined breeding, who have learned a certain smoothness of discourse, and sprightliness of air, from the polite company they have kept; but at the same time have shallow parts, weak Judgements, and a short reach of Understanding; a Play-house, a Drawing-room, a Ball, a Visiting-day, or a Ring at *Hyde-park*, are the few notes they are masters of, which they touch upon in all conversations. The Trumpet however is a necessary Instrument about a Court, and a proper enlivener of a Concert, though of no great harmony by itself,

Violins are the lively, forward, importunate Wits, that distinguish themselves by the flourish of Imagination, sharpness of Repartee, glances of Satire, and bear away the upper part in every Concert. I cannot however but observe,

observe, that when a man is not disposed to hear music, there is not a more disagreeable sound in harmony than that of a Violin.

There is another musical instrument, which is more frequent in this nation than any other; I mean your Bass-viol, which grumbles in the bottom of the Concert, and with a surly masculine sound strengthens the harmony, and tempers the sweetness of the several instruments that play along with it. The Bass-viol is an instrument of a quite different nature to the Trumpet, and may signify men of rough sense, and unpolished parts, who do not love to hear themselves talk, but sometimes break out with an agreeable bluntness, unexpected wit, and surly pleasantries, to the no small diversion of their friends and companions. In short, I look upon every sensible true-born *Britain* to be naturally a Bass-viol.

As for your Rural Wits, who talk with great eloquence and alacrity of Foxes, Hounds, Horses, Quickset-Hedges, and Six-bar gates, Double ditches, and Broken necks, I am in doubt, whether I should give them a place in the conversable world. However, if they will content themselves with being raised to the dignity of Hunting-horns, I shall desire for the future that they may be known by that name.

I must not here omit the Bagpipe Species, that will entertain you from morning to night with the repetition of a few Notes, which are played over and over, with the perpetual humming of a Drone running underneath them. These are your dull, heavy, tedious Story tellers, the load and burthen of conversations, that set up for men of importance, by knowing secret history, and giving an account of transactions, that whether they ever passed in the world or not, doth not signify an half-penny to its instruction, or its welfare. Some have observed, that the *Northern* Parts of this Island are more particularly fruitful in Bagpipes.

There are so very few persons who are masters in every kind of conversation, and can talk on all subjects, that I do not know whether we should make a distinct species of them: nevertheless, that my scheme may not be defective, for the sake of those few who are endowed with such extraordinary talents, I shall allow them to be Harpsicords, a kind of Music which every one knows is a Concert by itself.

As for your Passing-bells, who look upon mirth as criminal, and talk of nothing but what is melancholy in itself, and mortifying to human nature, I shall not mention them.

I shall likewise pass over in silence all the rabble of mankind, that crowd our streets, coffee-houses, feasts, and public tables. I cannot call their discourse conversation, but rather something that is practised in imitation of it. For which reason, if I would describe them by any musical instrument, it

should be by those modern inventions of the Bladder and String, Tongs and Key, Marrow-bone and Cleaver.

My reader will doubtless observe, that I have only touched here upon Male Instruments, having reserved my Female Concert to another occasion. If he has a mind to know where these several characters are to be met with, I could direct him to a whole club of Drums; not to mention another of Bagpipes, which I have before given some account of in my description of our nightly meetings in *Sheer-Lane*. The Lutes may often be met with in couples upon the banks of a chrystal stream, or in the retreats of shady woods and flowry meadows; which for different reasons are likewise the great resort of your Hunting-horns. Bass-violis are frequently to be found over a glass of Stale-beer, and a pipe of Tobacco; whereas those who set up for Violins, seldom fail to make their appearance at *Will's* once every evening. You may meet with a Trumpet any where on the other side of *Charing-Cross*.

That we may draw something for our advantage in life out of the foregoing discourse, I must intreat my Reader to make a narrow search into his life and conversation, and upon his leaving any company, to examine himself seriously, whether he has behaved himself in it like a Drum or a Trumpet, a Violin or a Bass-viol; and accordingly endeavor to mend his music for the future. For my own part, I must confess, I was a Drum for many years; nay, and a very noisy one, till having polished myself a little in good company, I threw as much of the Trumpet into my conversation as was possible for a man of an impetuous temper, by which mixture of different musics, I look upon myself, during the course of many years, to have resembled a Tabor and Pipe. I have since very much endeavored at the sweetness of the Lute; but in spite of all my resolutions, I must confess with great confusion that I find myself daily degenerating into a Bagpipe; whether it be the effect of my old age, or of the company I keep, I know not. All that I can do, is to keep a watch over my conversation, and to silence the Drone as soon as I find it begin to hum in my discourse, being determined rather to hear the notes of others, than to play out of time, and encroach upon their parts in the concert by the noise of so tiresome an Instrument.

I shall conclude this paper with a Letter which I received last night from a friend of mine, who knows very well my notions upon this subject, and invites me to pass the evening at his house, with a select company of Friends, in the following words:

Dear

Dear Isaac,

“ I Intend to have a Concert at my house this evening, having by great
 “ chance got a Harpsicord, which I am sure will entertain you very a-
 “ greeably. There will be likewise two Lutes and a Trumpet: let me beg
 “ you to put yourself in tune, and believe me

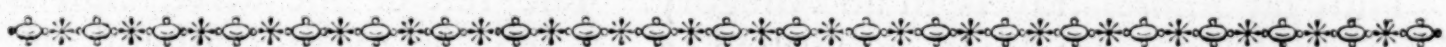
Your very faithful Servant,

Nicholas Humdrum.



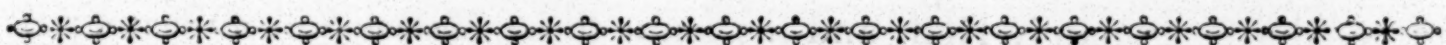
N^o 154.

Tuesday, April 4. 1710.



Obscuris vera involvens.

Virg. AEn. L. 6.



From my own Apartment, April 3.

WE have already examined *Homer's* description of a future State, and the condition in which he hath placed the Souls of the deceased. I shall in this paper make some observations on the account which *Virgil* hath given us of the same subject, who, besides a greatness of Genius, had all the lights of Philosophy and humane Learning to assist and guide him in his discoveries.

AEneas is represented as descending into the Empire of Death, with a Prophetess by his side, who instructs him in the secrets of those lower regions.

Upon the confines of the dead, and before the very gates of this infernal world, *Virgil* describes several inhabitants, whose natures are wonderfully suited to the situation of the place, as being either the occasions or resemblances of Death. Of the first kind are the Shadows of *Sickness*, *Old age*, *Fear*, *Famine*, and *Poverty* (Apparitions very terrible to behold;) with several others, as *Toil*, *War*, *Contention*, and *Discord*, which contribute all of them to people this common receptacle of humane Souls. As this was likewise a very proper residence for every thing that resembles *Death*, the Poet tells us, that *Sleep*, whom he represents as a near relation to *Death*, has likewise his habitation in these quarters, and describes in them a huge gloomy Elm-tree, which seems a very proper ornament for the place, and is possessed by an innumerable swarm of *Dreams*, that hang in clusters under every leaf of it. He then gives us a list of imaginary persons, who very naturally lie within the

the shadow of the *Dream-tree*, as being of the same kind of make in themselves, and the materials, or (to use *Shakespear's* phrase) the stuff of which dreams are made. Such are the shades of the Giant with a hundred hands, and of his brother with three bodies; of the double-shaped *Centaur*, and *Scylla*; the *Gorgon* with snaky hair; the *Harpy* with a Woman's face and Lion's talons; the seven-headed *Hydra*; and the *Chimæra*, which breathes forth a flame, and is a compound of three Animals. These several mixed natures, the creatures of imagination, are not only introduced with great art after the Dreams; but as they are planted at the very entrance, and within the very gates of those regions, do probably denote the wild deliriums and extravagancies of Fancy, which the Soul usually falls into when she is just upon the Verge of Death.

Thus far *AEneas* travels in an Allegory. The rest of the description is drawn with great exactness, according to the religion of the Heathens, and the opinions of the Platonic Philosophy. I shall not trouble my Reader with a common dull story, that gives an account why the Heathens first of all supposed a Ferryman in Hell, and his name to be *Charon*; but must not pass over in silence the point of doctrine which *Virgil* hath very much insisted upon in this book, that the Souls of those who are unburied, are not permitted to go over into their respective places of rest, till they have wandered a hundred years upon the banks of *Styx*. This was probably an invention of the Heathen Priesthood, to make the people extremely careful of performing proper Rites and Ceremonies to the memory of the dead. I shall not however, with the infamous Scribblers, of the age, take an occasion from such a circumstance, to run into declamations against Priestcraft, but rather look upon it even in this light as a religious artifice, to raise in the minds of men an esteem for the memory of their Forefathers, and a desire to recommend themselves to that of Posterity; as also to excite in them an ambition of imitating the Virtues of the deceased, and to keep alive in their thoughts the sense of the Soul's Immortality. In a word, we may say in defence of the severe opinions relating to the shades of unburied persons, what hath been said by some of our Divines in regard to the rigid Doctrines concerning the Souls of such who die without being initiated into our religion, that supposing they should be erroneous, they can do no hurt to the dead, and will have a good effect upon the living, in making them cautious of neglecting such necessary solemnities.

Charon is no sooner appeased, and the triple-headed Dog laid asleep, but *AEneas* makes his entrance into the dominions of *Pluto*. There are three kinds of persons described, as being situated on the Borders; and I can give no reason for their being stationed there in so particular a manner, but because

cause none of them seem to have had a proper right to a place among the dead, as not having run out the whole thread of their days, and finished the term of life that had been allotted them upon earth. The first of these are the Souls of Infants, who are snatched away by untimely ends: The second, are of those who are put to death wrongfully, and by an unjust sentence; and the third, of those who grew weary of their lives, and laid violent hands upon themselves. As for the second of these, *Virgil* adds with great beauty, that *Minos*, the Judge of the dead, is employed in giving them a rehearing, and assigning them their several quarters suitable to the parts they acted in life. The Poet, after having mentioned the Souls of those unhappy men who destroyed themselves, breaks out into a fine exclamation; *Oh! how gladly, says he, would they now endure life with all its miseries! But the Destinies forbid their return to earth, and the waters of Styx surround them with nine streams that are unpassable.* It is very remarkable, that *Virgil*, notwithstanding Self-murder was so frequent among the Heathens, and had been practis'd by some of the greatest Men in every age before him, hath here represented it as so heinous a Crime. But in this particular he was guided by the Doctrines of his Great Master *Plato*, who says on this subject, that a Man is placed in his station of life like a Soldier in his proper Post, which he is not to quit whatever may happen, until he is called off by his Commander who planted him in it.

There is another point in the Platonic Philosophy, which *Virgil* has made the ground-work of the greatest part in the piece we are now examining, having with wonderful art and beauty Materialized (if I may so call it) a scheme of abstracted Notions, and clothed the most nice refined conceptions of Philosophy in sensible Images, and Poetical Representations. The Platonists tell us, that the Soul, during her residence in the Body, contracts many virtuous and vicious Habits, so as to become a beneficent, mild, charitable, or an angry, malicious, revengeful Being; a substance inflamed with Lust, Avarice, and Pride; or, on the contrary, brightened with pure, generous, and humble dispositions: That these and the like Habits of virtue and vice growing into the very essence of the Soul, survive and gather strength in her after her dissolution: that the torments of a vicious Soul in a future State, arise principally from those importunate Passions which are not capable of being gratified without a Body; and that on the contrary, the happiness of virtuous minds very much consists in their being employed in sublime Speculations, innocent Diversions, sociable Affections, and all the ecstasies of Passion and Rapture which are agreeable to reasonable Natures, and of which they gained a relish in this life.

Upon

Upon this foundation, the Poet raises that beautiful description of the secret Haunts and Walks, which he tells us are inhabited by deceased Lovers.

Not far from hence, says he, lies a great waste of plains, that are called the *Fields of Melancholy*. In these there grows a Forest of Myrtle, divided into many shady retirements and covered walks, and inhabited by the Souls of those who pined away with love. The Passion, says he, continues with them after death. He then gives a list of this languishing tribe, in which his own *Dido* makes the principal figure, and is described as living in this soft romantic Scene, with the Shade of her first Husband *Sichæus*.

The Poet in the next place mentions another plain that was peopled with the Ghosts of Warriors, as still delighting in each other's company, and pleased with the exercise of arms. He there represents the *Grecian* Generals and common soldiers who perished in the Siege of *Troy*, as drawn up in Squadrons, and terrified at the approach of *AEneas*, which renewed in them those impressions of fear they had before received in battle with the *Trojans*. He afterwards likewise, upon the same notion, gives a view of the *Trojan* Heroes who lived in former ages, amidst a visionary Scene of Chariots and Arms, flowry Meadows, shining Spears, and generous Steeds, which he tells us were their pleasures upon Earth, and now make up their happiness in *Elysium*. For the same reason also, he mentions others as singing Pæans, and Songs of Triumph, amidst a beautiful Grove of Laurel. The chief of the Concert was the Poet *Musæus*, who stood inclosed with a circle of admirers, and rose by the head and shoulders above the throng of Shades that surrounded him. The habitations of unhappy Spirits, to shew the duration of their torments, and the desperate condition they are in, are represented as guarded by a Fury, moated round with a Lake of fire, strengthened with towers of Iron, encompassed with a triple Wall, and fortified with Pillars of Adamant, which all the Gods together are not able to heave from their foundations. The noise of Stripes, the clank of Chains, and the Groans of the Tortured, strike the pious *AEneas* with a kind of horror. The Poet afterwards divides the Criminals into two Classes: the first and blackest Catalogue consists of such as were guilty of outrages against the Gods; and the next, of such who were convicted of Injustice between man and man: the greatest number of whom, says the Poet, are those who followed the dictates of Avarice.

It was an opinion of the Platonists, that the Souls of men having contracted in the body great stains and pollutions of Vice and Ignorance, there were several purgations and cleansings necessary to be passed through both here and hereafter, in order to refine and purify them.

Virgil,

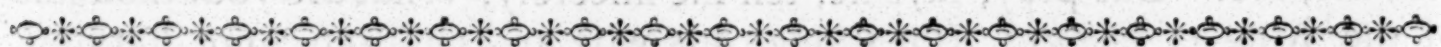
Virgil, to give this thought likewise a clothing of Poetry, describes some Spirits as bleaching in the winds, others as cleansing under great falls of waters, and others as purging in fire, to recover the primitive beauty and purity of their Natures.

It was likewise an opinion of the same sect of Philosophers, that the Souls of all men exist in a separate state long before their Union with their bodies; and that upon their immersion into flesh, they forget every thing which passed in the state of Pre-existence; so that what we here call knowledge, is nothing else but Memory, or the recovery of those things which we knew before.

In pursuance of this scheme, *Virgil* gives us a view of several Souls, who, to prepare themselves for living upon earth, flock about the banks of the river *Lethe*, and swill themselves with the waters of Oblivion.

The same scheme gives him an opportunity of making a noble compliment to his countrymen, where *Anchises* is represented taking a survey of the long train of Heroes that are to descend from him, and giving his Son *Aeneas* an account of all the Glories of his race.

I need not mention the Revolution of the Platonic year, which is but just touched upon in this book; and as I have consulted no Author's thoughts in this explication, shall be very well pleased, if it can make the noblest piece of the most accomplished Poet more agreeable to my Female Readers, when they think fit to look into *Dryden's* Translation of it.

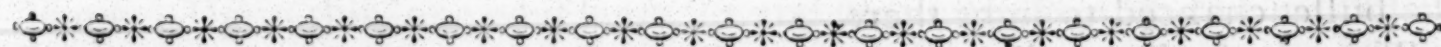
N^o 155.

Thursday, April 6, 1710.



— *Aliena negotia curat*
Excussus propriis. —

Hor.



From my own Apartment, April 5.

THERE lived some years since within my neighbourhood a very grave person, an *Upholsterer*, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matter of importance. Upon my enquiry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the

greatest News-monger in our quarter; that he rose before day to read the *Postman*; and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to see if there were any *Dutch Mails* come in. He had a wife and several children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in *Poland* than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for King *Augustus's* welfare than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a Westerly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop; for about the time that his favorite Prince left the Crown of *Poland*, he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, till about three days ago, as I was walking in St. *James's Park*, I heard somebody at a distance hemming after me: and who should it be but my old neighbour the Upholsterer? I saw he was reduced to extreme Poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress: for notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose great Coat and a Muff, with a long Campaign-wig out of curl; to which he had added the ornament of a pair of black Garters buckled under the knee. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to enquire into his present circumstances; but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, Whether the last Letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from *Bender*? I told him, None that I heard of; and asked him, Whether he had yet married his eldest Daughter? He told me, No. But pray, says he, tell me sincerely, What are your thoughts of the King of *Sweden*? (for though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great Monarch.) I told him that I looked upon him as one of the first Heroes of the Age. But pray, says he, do you think there is any thing in the story of his wound? and finding me surprised at the question, Nay, says he, I only propose it to you. I answered, that I thought there was no reason to doubt of it. But why in the Heel, says he, more than any other part of the body? Because, says I, the bullet chanced to light there.

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the *North*; and after having spent some time on them, he told me, he was in a great perplexity how to reconcile the *Supplement* with the *English-post*, and had been just now examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. The *Daily-Courant*, says he, has these words, *We have advices from very good hands, that a certain Prince has some matters of great importance under consideration.* This is very mysterious; but the *Post-boy* leaves us more in the dark, for he tells us, *That there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain Prince, which Time will bring*

bring to light. Now the *Post-man*, says he, who uses to be very clear, refers to the same news in these words; *The late conduct of a certain Prince affords great matter of Speculation.* This certain Prince, says the Upholsterer, whom they are all so cautious of naming, I take to be——upon which, though there was nobody near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worth my while to make him repeat.

We were now got to the upper end of the *Mall*, where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the Bench. These I found were all of them Politicians, who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner-time. Observing them to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I sat down among them.

The chief Politician of the bench was a great asserter of Paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, that by some news he had lately read from *Muscovy*, it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering in the Black sea, which might in time do hurt to the Naval Forces of this Nation. To this he added, that for his part, he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of *Europe*, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our Woollen Manufacture. He then told us, that he looked upon those extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in those parts of the world, to have risen chiefly from two persons who were not much talked of; and those, says he, are Prince *Menzikoff*, and the Dutchess of *Mirandola*. He backed his assertions with so many broken hints, and such a shew of depth and wisdom, that we gave ourselves up to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point which seldom escapes a knot of true-born *Englishmen*, whether in case of a religious war, the Protestants would not be too strong for the Papists? This we unanimously determined on the Protestant side. One who sat on my right hand, and, as I found by his discourse, had been in the *West-Indies*, assured us, that it would be a very easy matter for the Protestants to beat the Pope at Sea; and added, that whenever such a war does break out, it must turn to the good of the *Leeward Islands*. Upon this, one who sat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the Geographer of the Company, said, that in case the Papists should drive the Protestants from these parts of *Europe*, when the worst came to the worst, it would be impossible to beat them out of *Norway* and *Greenland*, provided the Northern Crowns hold together, and the Czar of *Muscovy* stand neuter.

He further told us for our comfort, that there were vast tracts of land about the Pole, inhabited neither by Protestants nor Papists, and of greater extent than all the *Roman Catholic* dominions in *Europe*.

When we had fully discussed this point, my friend the Upholsterer began to exert himself upon the present Negotiations of peace, in which he deposed Princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of *Europe* with great justice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away; but had not gone thirty yards, before the Upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me, with a Whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the Bench; but instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him Half-a-Crown. In compassion to so needy a Statesman, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleased, I would give him five Shillings, to receive five Pounds of him when the Great Turk was driven out of *Constantinople*; which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of *Europe* now stand.

This paper I design for the particular Benefit of those worthy Citizens who live more in a Coffee-house than in their shops, and whose thoughts are so taken up with the Affairs of the Allies, that they forget their Customers.

N^o 156.

Saturday, April 8. 1710



—Sequiturque Patrem non passibus æquis.

Virg.



From my own Apartment, April 7.

WE have already described out of *Homer* the voyage of *Ulysses* to the Infernal shades, with the several adventures that attended it. If we look into the beautiful Romance published not many years since by the Archbishop of *Cambray*, we may see the Son of *Ulysses* bound on the same expedition, and after the same manner making his discoveries among the Regions of the Dead. The story of *Telemachus* is formed altogether in the Spirit of *Homer*, and will give an unlearned Reader a notion of that great Poet's manner of writing, more than any Translation of him can possibly do. As it was written for the instruction of a young Prince, who may one day sit upon the Throne of *France*, the Author took care to suit the
several

several parts of his story, and particularly the description we are now entering upon, to the character and quality of his pupil. For which reason, he insists very much on the Misery of Bad, and the Happiness of Good Kings in the account he hath given of punishments and rewards in the other world.

We may however observe, notwithstanding the endeavors of this great and learned Author, to copy after the Style and Sentiments of *Homer*, that there is a certain tincture of Christianity running through the whole relation. The Prelate in several places mixes himself with the Poet; so that his Future State puts me in mind of *Michael Angelo's* last Judgment, where *Charon* and his Boat are represented as bearing a part in the dreadful Solemnities of that great day.

Telemachus, after having passed through the dark avenues of Death in the retinue of *Mercury*, who every day delivers up a certain tale of Ghosts to the Ferryman of *Styx*, is admitted into the infernal Bark. Among the companions of his voyage, is the Shade of *Nabopharzon*, a King of *Babylon*, and Tyrant of all the *East*. Among the ceremonies and pomps of his funeral, there were four Slaves sacrificed, according to the custom of the country, in order to attend him among the Shades. The Author having described this Tyrant in the most odious colors of Pride, Insolence, and Cruelty, tells us, that his four Slaves, instead of serving him after death, were perpetually insulting him with reproaches and affronts for his past usage; that they spurned him as he lay upon the ground, and forced him to shew his face, which he would fain have covered, as lying under all the confusions of guilt and infamy; and in short, that they kept him bound in a Chain, in order to drag him before the Tribunal of the dead.

Telemachus, upon looking out of the Bark, sees all the strand covered with an innumerable multitude of Shades, who, upon his jumping ashore, immediately vanished. He then pursues his course to the Palace of *Pluto*, who is described as seated on his Throne in terrible Majesty, with *Proserpine* by his side. At the foot of his throne was the pale hideous Spectre, who, by the Ghastliness of his visage, and the nature of the apparitions that surrounded him, discovers himself to be *Death*. His attendants are *Melancholy*, *Distrust*, *Revenge*, *Hatred*, *Avarice*, *Despair*, *Ambition*, *Envy*, *Impiety*, with frightful *Dreams*, and waking *Cares*, which are all drawn very naturally in proper actions and postures. The Author, with great beauty, places near his frightful Dreams an assembly of *Phantoms*, which are often employed to terrify the living, by appearing in the shape and likeness of the dead.

The young Hero, in the next place, takes a survey of the different kinds of Criminals, that lay in torture among Clouds of Sulphur, and Torrents of Fire. The first of these were such as had been guilty of impieties, which every one hath an horror for: to which is added, a catalogue of such offenders that scarce appear to be faulty in the eyes of the vulgar. Among these says the Author, are malicious Critics, that have endeavored to cast a blemish upon the perfections of others; with whom he likewise places such as have often hurt the reputation of the innocent, by passing a rash judgment on their actions, without knowing the occasion of them. These Crimes, says he, are more severely punished after death, because they generally meet with impunity upon earth.

Telemachus, after having taken a survey of several other wretches in the same circumstances, arrives at that Region of Torments in which wicked Kings are punished. There are very fine strokes of imagination in the description which he gives of this unhappy multitude. He tells us, that on one side of them there stood a revengeful Fury, thundering in their ears incessant repetitions of all the crimes they had committed upon earth, with the aggravations of Ambition, Vanity, Hardness of Heart, and all those secret Affections of mind that enter into the composition of a Tyrant. At the same time, she holds up to them a large Mirror, in which every one sees himself represented in the natural horror and deformity of his character. On the other side of them stands another Fury, that, with an insulting derision, repeats to them all the praises that their flatterers had bestowed upon them while they sat on their respective Thrones. She too, says the Author, presents a Mirror before their eyes, in which every one sees himself adorned with all those beauties and perfections in which they had been drawn by the vanity of their own hearts, and the flattery of others. To punish them for the wantonness of the cruelty which they formerly exercised, they are now delivered up to be treated according to the fancy and caprice of several Slaves, who have here an opportunity of tyrannizing in their turns.

The Author having given us a description of these ghastly Spectres, who, says he, are always calling upon Death, and are placed under the distillation of that burning Vengeance which falls upon them drop by drop, and is never to be exhausted, leads us into a pleasing Scene of Groves, filled with the Melody of Birds, and the Odors of a thousand different Plants. These Groves are represented as rising among a great many flowery meadows, and watered with streams that diffuse a perpetual freshness in the midst of an eternal day, and a never-fading spring. This, says the Author, was the habitation of those good Princes who were friends of the Gods, and parents of the people. Among these, *Telemachus* converses with the Shade of one of his ancestors,

tors, who makes a most agreeable relation of the Joys of *Elysium*, and the nature of its inhabitants. The Residence of *Sesostris* among these happy Shades, with his character and present employment, is drawn in a very lively manner, and with a great elevation of thought.

The description of that pure and gentle Light which overflows these happy Regions, and clothes the spirits of these virtuous persons, hath something in it of that Enthusiasm which this Author was accused of by his enemies in the Church of *Rome*; but however it may look in Religion, it makes a very beautiful figure in Poetry.

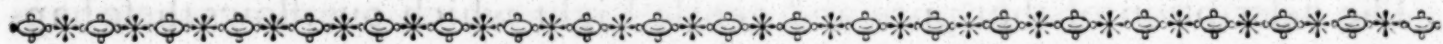
The rays of the Sun, says he, are darkness in comparison with this light, which rather deserves the name of Glory, than that of Light. It pierces the thickest bodies, in the same manner as the Sun-beams pass through chrystal; it strengthens the sight instead of dazzling it; and nourishes in the most inward recesses of the mind, a perpetual serenity that is not to be expressed. It enters and incorporates itself with the very substance of the Soul: The spirits of the blessed feel it in all their senses, and in all their perceptions. It produces a certain source of peace and joy that arises in them for ever, running through all the faculties, and refreshing all the desires of the Soul. External pleasures and delights, with all their charms and allurements, are regarded with the utmost indifference and neglect by these happy spirits who have this great principle of pleasure within them, drawing the whole mind to its self, calling off their attention from the most delightful objects, and giving them all the transports of Inebriation, without the confusion and the folly of it.

I have here only mentioned some master-touches of this admirable piece, because the original itself is understood by the greater part of my Readers. I must confess, I take a particular delight in these Prospects of Futurity, whether grounded upon the probable Suggestions of a fine Imagination, or the more severe Conclusions of Philosophy, as a man loves to hear all the Discoveries or Conjectures relating to a foreign Country which he is, at some time to inhabit. Prospects of this nature lighten the burden of any present evil, and refresh us under the worst and lowest circumstances of Mortality. They extinguish in us both the fear and envy of human Grandeur. Insolence shrinks its head, Power disappears; Pain, Poverty and Death, fly before them. In short, the mind that is habituated to the lively sense of an hereafter, can hope for what is the most terrifying to the generality of mankind, and rejoice in what is the most afflicting.

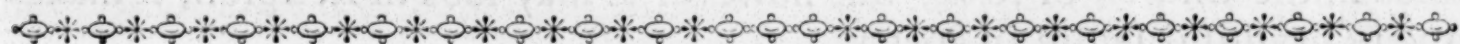
Thursday,

N^o 158.

Thursday, April 13. 1710.

*Faciunt næ intelligendo, ut nihil intelligent.*

Ter.

*From my own Apartment, April 12.*

TOM Folio is a broker in learning, employed to get together good Editions, and stock the Libraries of great men. There is not a Sale of books begins till *Tom Folio* is seen at the door. There is not an Auction where his name is not heard, and that too in the very nick of time, in the critical moment, before the last decisive stroke of the hammer. There is not a Subscription goes forward, in which *Tom* is not privy to the first rough draught of the Proposals; nor a Catalogue printed, that doth not come to him wet from the press. He is an universal Scholar, so far as the Title-page of all Authors, knows the Manuscripts in which they were discovered, the Editions through which they have passed, with the praises or censures which they have received from the several members of the learned world. He has a greater esteem for *Aldus* and *Elzevir*, than for *Virgil* and *Horace*. If you talk of *Herodotus*, he breaks out into a panegyric upon *Harry Stephens*. He thinks he gives you an account of the Author, when he tells the Subject he treats of, the name of the Editor, and the Year in which it was printed. Or if you draw him into further particulars, he cries up the goodness of the Paper, extols the diligence of the Corrector, and is transported with the beauty of the Letter. This he looks upon to be sound Learning, and substantial Criticism. As for those who talk of the Fineness of style, and the justness of thought, or describe the brightness of any particular passages; nay, though they write themselves in the Genius and Spirit of the Author they admire, *Tom* looks upon them as men of superficial learning, and flashy parts.

I had yesterday morning a visit from this learned Idiot, (for that is the light in which I consider every Pedant) when I discovered in him some little touches of the coxcomb, which I had not before observed. Being very full of the figure which he makes in the Republic of Letters, and wonderfully satisfied with his great stock of knowledge, he gave me broad intimations, that he did not *believe* in all points as his forefathers had done. He then communicated to me a thought of a certain Author upon a passage of *Virgil's*
account

account of the dead, which I made the subject of a late paper. This thought hath taken very much among men of *Tom*'s pitch and understanding, though universally exploded by all that know how to construe *Virgil*, or have any relish of Antiquity. Not to trouble my Reader with it, I found upon the whole, that *Tom* did not believe a future state of Rewards and Punishments, because *AEneas*, at his leaving the Empire of the dead, passed through the gate of Ivory, and not through that of Horn. Knowing that *Tom* had not sense enough to give up an opinion which he had once received, that he might avoid wrangling, I told him, that *Virgil* possibly had his oversights as well as another Author. Ah! Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, says he, you would have another opinion of him, if you would read him in *Daniel Heinsius*'s Edition. I have perused him myself several times in that Edition, continued he; and after the strictest and most malicious examination, could find but two faults in him: one of them is in the *AEneid*, where there are two comma's instead of a Parenthesis; and another in the third *Georgick*, where you may find a Semicolon turned upside down. Perhaps, said I, these were not *Virgil*'s faults, but those of the transcriber. I do not design it, says *Tom*, as a reflection on *Virgil*: on the contrary, I know that all the Manuscripts reclaim against such a Punctuation. Oh! Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, says he, what would a man give to see one Smile of *Virgil* writ in his own hand? I asked him which was the Smile he meant; but was answered, Any Smile in *Virgil*. He then told me all the secret history in the Commonwealth of learning; of modern pieces that had the names of ancient Authors annexed to them; of all the books that were now writing or printing in the several parts of *Europe*; of many Amendments which are made, and not yet published; and a thousand other particulars, which I would not have my memory burthened with for a Vatican.

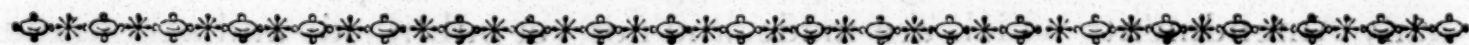
At length, being fully persuaded that I thoroughly admired him, and looked upon him as a prodigy of learning, he took his leave. I know several of *Tom*'s Class who are professed admirers of *Tasso* without understanding a word of *Italian*; and one in particular, that carries a *Pastor-fido* in his pocket, in which I am sure he is acquainted with no other beauty but the Clearness of the character.

There is another kind of Pedant, who, with all *Tom Folio*'s impertinencies, hath greater superstructures and embellishments of *Greek* and *Latin*, and is still more insupportable than the other, in the same degree as he is more learned. Of this kind very often are Editors, Commentators, Interpreters, Scholiasts, and Critics; and in short, all men of deep learning without common sense. These persons set a greater value on themselves for having found out the meaning of a passage in *Greek*, than upon the Author for

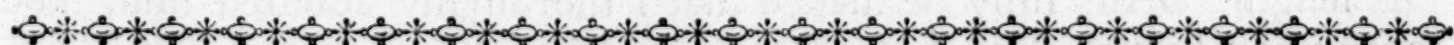
having written it; nay, will allow the passage itself not to have any beauty in it, at the same time that they would be considered as the greatest men of the age for having interpreted it. They will look with contempt upon the most beautiful Poems that have been composed by any of their Contemporaries; but will lock themselves up in their studies for a twelvemonth together, to correct, publish, and expound, such trifles of Antiquity, as a modern Author would be contemned for. Men of the strictest morals, severest lives, and the gravest professions, will write Volumes upon an idle Sonnet that is originally in *Greek* or *Latin*; give Editions of the most immoral Authors, and spin out whole pages upon the various readings of a lewd expression. All that can be said in excuse for them, is, that their works sufficiently shew they have no taste of their Authors; and that what they do in this kind, is out of their great learning, and not out of any levity or lasciviousness of temper.

A Pedant of this nature is wonderfully well described in six lines of *Boileau*, with which I shall conclude his character:

*Un Pédant enivré de sa vaine science,
Tout herissé de Grec, tout bouffi d'arrogance,
Et qui de mille Auteurs retenus mot pour mot,
Dans sa tête entassez n'a souvent fait qu'un Sot,
Croit qu'un Livre fait tout, et que sans Aristote
La Raïson ne voit goutte, & le bon Sens radote.*

N^o 160.

Tuesday, April 18. 1710.



From my own Apartment, April 17.

A Common civility to an impertinent fellow, often draws upon one a great many unforeseen troubles; and if one doth not take particular care, will be interpreted by him as an overture of friendship and intimacy. This I was very sensible of this morning. About two hours before day, I heard a great rapping at my door, which continued some time, till my Maid could get herself ready to go down and see what was the occasion of it. She then brought me up word, that there was a Gentleman who seemed very much in haste, and said he must needs speak with me. By the description she gave of him, and by his voice, which I could hear as I lay in my bed

bed, I fancied him to be my old acquaintance the *Upholsterer*, whom I met the other day in *St James's Park*. For which reason, I bid her tell the Gentleman, whoever he was, that I was indisposed, that I could see nobody, and that, if he had any thing to say to me, I desired he would leave it in writing. My Maid, after having delivered her message, told me, that the Gentleman said he would stay at the next Coffee-house till I was stirring, and bid her be sure to tell me, that the *French* were driven from the *Scarp*, and that *Douay* was invested. He gave her the name of another town, which I found she had dropped by the way.

As much as I love to be informed of the success of my brave countrymen, I do not care for hearing of a victory before day, and was therefore very much out of humor at this unseasonable visit. I had no sooner recovered my temper, and was falling asleep, but I was immediately startled by a second rap; and upon my Maid's opening the door, heard the same voice ask her, If her master was yet up? and at the same time bid her tell me, that he was come on purpose to talk with me about a piece of Home-news that every body in town will be full of two hours hence. I ordered my Maid as soon as she came into the room, without hearing her message, to tell the Gentleman, that whatever his News was, I would rather hear it two hours hence than now; and that I persisted in my resolution not to speak with any body that morning. The Wench delivered my answer presently, and shut the door. It was impossible for me to compose myself to Sleep after two such unexpected alarms; for which reason I put on my Clothes in a very peevish humor. I took several turns about my Chamber, reflecting with a great deal of anger and contempt on these Volunteers in Politics, that undergo all the pain, watchfulness, and disquiet of a first Minister, without turning it to the advantage either of themselves or their country; and yet it is surprising to consider how numerous this Species of men is. There is nothing more frequent than to find a Taylor breaking his rest on the affairs of *Europe*, and to see a cluster of Porters sitting upon the Ministry. Our streets swarm with Politicians, and there is scarce a shop which is not held by a Statesman. As I was musing after this manner, I heard the Upholsterer at the door delivering a Letter to my Maid, and begging her, in a very great hurry, to give it to her Master as soon as ever he was awake, which I opened, and found as follows:

Mr. Bickerstaffe,

I Was to wait upon you about a week ago, to let you know, that the honest Gentlemen whom you conversed with upon the Bench at the end of the Mall, having heard that I had received five Shillings of you, to give you a hundred Pounds upon the great

Turk's being driven out of Europe, desired me to acquaint you, that every one of that Company would be willing to receive five Shillings, to pay a hundred Pounds on the same Condition. Our last advices from Muscovy making this a fairer Bet than it was a week ago, I do not question but you will accept the wager.

But this is not my present business. If you remember, I whispered a word in your ear as we were walking up the Mall, and you see what has happened since. If I had seen you this morning, I would have told you in your ear another secret. I hope you will be recovered of your Indisposition by to-morrow morning, when I will wait on you at the same hour I did this; my private Circumstances being such, that I cannot well appear in this quarter of the town after it is day.

I have been so taken up with the late good news from Holland, and expectation of further particulars, as well as with other Transactions, of which I will tell you more to-morrow morning, that I have not slept a wink these three nights.

I have reason to believe that Picardy will soon follow the example of Artois, in case the enemy continue in their present resolution of flying away from us. I think I told you last time we were together my opinion about the Deulle.

The honest Gentlemen upon the Bench bid me tell you, they would be glad to see you often among them. We shall be there all the warm hours of the day during the present posture of affairs.

This happy opening of the Campaign will, I hope, give us a very joyful summer; and I propose to take many a pleasant walk with you, if you will sometimes come into the Park; for that is the only place in which I can be free from the malice of my enemies. Farewell till three-o' Clock to-morrow morning. I am

Your most Humble Servant, &c.

P. S. *The King of Sweden is still at Bender.*

I should have fretted myself to death at this promise of a second Visit, if I had not found in his Letter an intimation of the good news which I have since heard at large. I have however ordered my Maid to tie up the Knocker of my door in such a manner as she would do if I was really indisposed. By which means I hope to escape breaking my morning's rest.

Thursday,

N^o 161.*Thursday, April 20, 1710.*

— *Nunquam libertas gratior exstat*
Quam sub rege pio. —

From my own Apartment, April 19.

I WAS walking two or three days ago in a very pleasing retirement, and amusing myself with the reading of that ancient and beautiful Allegory, called *The Table of Cebes*. I was at last so tired with my walk, that I sat down to rest myself upon a Bench, that stood in the midst of an agreeable Shade. The music of the Birds, that filled all the Trees about me, lulled me asleep before I was aware of it; which was followed by a Dream, that I impute in some measure to the foregoing Author, who had made an impression upon my Imagination, and put me into his own way of thinking.

I fancied myself among the *Alps*, and, as it is natural in a Dream, seemed every moment to bound from one Summit to another, 'till at last, after having made this airy progress over the tops of several Mountains, I arrived at the very Centre of those broken Rocks and Precipices. I here, methought, saw a prodigious circuit of Hills, that reached above the clouds, and encompassed a large space of ground, which I had a great curiosity to look into. I thereupon continued my former way of travelling through a great variety of winter scenes, 'till I had gained the top of these white mountains, which seemed another *Alps* of Snow. I looked down from hence into a spacious Plain, which was surrounded on all sides by this Mound of hills, and which presented me with the most agreeable prospect I had ever seen. There was a greater variety of colors in the embroidery of the meadows, a more lively green in the leaves and grass, a brighter chrystal in the streams, than what I ever met with in any other region. The light itself had something more shining and glorious in it than that of which the day is made in other places. I was wonderfully astonished at the discovery of such a Paradise amidst the wildness of those cold hoary Landscapes which lay about it; but found at length, that this happy region was inhabited by the *Goddeſs of Liberty*; whose presence softened the rigors of the Climate, enriched the barrenness of the Soil, and more than supplied the absence of the Sun. The place was covered with a wonderful profusion of Flowers,

that

that without being disposed into regular borders and parterres, grew promiscuously, and had a greater beauty in their natural luxuriancy and disorder, than they could have received from the checks and restraints of art. There was a river that arose out of the south-side of the mountain, that by an infinite number of turns and windings, seemed to visit every plant, and cherish the several beauties of the Spring, with which the fields abounded. After having run to and fro in a wonderful variety of Meanders, it at last throws itself into the hollow of a mountain, from whence it passes under a long range of Rocks, and at length rises in that part of the *Alps* where the inhabitants think it the first source of the *Rhone*. This river, after having made its progress through those free Nations, stagnates in a huge Lake at the leaving of them, and no sooner enters into the regions of Slavery, but runs through them with an incredible rapidity, and takes its shortest way to the Sea.

I descended into the happy fields that lay beneath me, and in the midst of them, beheld the Goddess sitting upon a Throne. She had nothing to enclose her but the bounds of her own dominions, and nothing over her head but the Heavens. Every glance of her eye cast a tract of light where it fell, that revived the spring, and made all things smile about her. My heart grew cheerful at the sight of her, and as she looked upon me, I found a certain Confidence growing in me, and such an inward Resolution as I never felt before that time.

On the left hand of the Goddess sat the Genius of a Commonwealth, with the Cap of Liberty on her head, and in her hand a Wand, like that with which a *Roman* Citizen used to give his Slaves their freedom. There was something mean and vulgar, but at the same time exceeding bold and daring in her air; her eyes were full of fire, but had in them such casts of fierceness and cruelty, as made her appear to me rather dreadful than amiable. On her shoulders she wore a Mantle, on which there was wrought a great confusion of figures. As it flew in the wind, I could not discern the particular design of them, but saw wounds in the bodies of some, and agonies in the faces of others. and over one part of it could read in letters of Blood, *The Ides of March*.

On the right hand of the Goddess was the Genius of Monarchy. She was clothed in the whitest Ermin, and wore a Crown of the purest Gold upon her head. In her hand she held a Sceptre like that which is borne by the *British* Monarchs. A couple of tame Lions lay crouching at her feet: Her countenance had in it a very great majesty without any mixture of terror: her voice was like the voice of an Angel, filled with so much sweetness, accompanied with such an air of condescension, as tempered the awfulness of her appearance, and equally inspired love and veneration into the hearts of all that beheld her.

In

In the train of the Goddess of Liberty were the several *Arts* and *Sciences*, who all of them flourished underneath her eye. One of them in particular made a greater figure than any of the rest, who held a thunderbolt in her hand, which had the power of melting, piercing, or breaking every thing that stood in its way. The name of this Goddess was *Eloquence*.

There were two other dependent Goddesses, who made a very conspicuous figure in this blissful region. The first of them was seated upon a hill, that had every plant growing out of it, which the soil was in its own nature capable of producing. The other was seated in a little Island, that was covered with groves of Spices, Olives, and Orange-trees; and in a word, with the products of every foreign clime. The name of the first was *Plenty*, of the second, *Commerce*. The first leaned her right arm upon a Plough, and under her left held a huge Horn, out of which she poured a whole Autumn of Fruits. The other wore a Rostral Crown upon her head, and kept her eyes fixed upon a Compass.

I was wonderfully pleased in ranging through this delightful place, and the more so, because it was not encumbered with fences and enclosures; till at length, methought, I sprung from the ground, and pitched upon the top of an hill, that presented several objects to my sight which I had not before taken notice of. The winds that passed over this flowery Plain, and through the tops of trees which were full of blossoms, blew upon me in such a continued breeze of sweets, that I was wonderfully charmed with my situation. I here saw all the inner Declivities of that great circuit of mountains, whose out-side was covered with Snow, overgrown with huge forests of Fir-trees, which indeed are very frequently found in other parts of the *Alps*. These trees were inhabited by Storks, that came thither in great flights from very distant quarters of the world. Methought I was pleased in my Dream to see what became of these birds, when upon leaving the places to which they make an annual visit, they rise in great flocks so high till they are out of sight; and for that reason have been thought by some modern Philosophers to take a flight to the Moon. But my eyes were soon diverted from this prospect, when I observed two great gaps that led through this circuit of mountains, where guards and watches were posted day and night. Upon examination I found, that there were two formidable enemies encamped before each of these avenues, who kept the place in a perpetual alarm, and watched all opportunities of invading it.

Tyranny was at the head of one of these armies, dressed in an Eastern habit, and grasping in her hand an Iron Sceptre. Behind her was *Barbarity*, with the garb and complexion of an *Æthiopian*; *Ignorance* with a Turbant upon her head; and *Persecution* holding up a bloody flag, embroidered with Flow-
er-

er-de-luces. These were followed by *Oppression*, *Poverty*, *Famine*, *Torture*, and a dreadful train of appearances, that made me tremble to behold them. Among the Baggage of this army, I could discover Racks, Wheels, Chains, and Gibbets, with all the instruments Art could invent to make human nature miserable.

Before the other avenue I saw *Licentiousness*, dressed in a garment not unlike the *Polish* Cassock, and leading up a whole army of Monsters, such as *Clamor*, with a hoarse voice and an hundred tongues; *Confusion*, with a misshapen body and a thousand heads; *Impudence*, with a Forehead of Brass; and *Rapine*, with hands of Iron. The Tumult, noise, and uproar in this quarter were so very great, that they disturbed my imagination more than is consistent with sleep, and by that means awaked me.

N^o 162.

Saturday, April 22. 1710.

*Tertius è Cælo cecidit Cato.*

Juv. Sat. 2

*From my own Apartment, April 21.*

I N my younger years I used many endeavors to get a place at Court, and indeed continued my pursuits till I arrived at my *Grand Climacteric*: but at length altogether despairing of success, whether it were for want of capacity, friends, or due application, I at last resolved to erect a new Office, and for my encouragement, to place myself in it. For this reason I took upon me the title and dignity of *Censor* of *Great Britain*, reserving to myself all such Perquisites, Profits, and Emoluments as should arise out of the discharge of the said Office. These in truth have not been inconsiderable; for besides those weekly contributions which I receive from *John Morphew*, and those annual subscriptions which I propose to myself from the most elegant part of this great Island, I daily live in a very comfortable affluence of Wine, Stale beer, *Hungary* water, Beef, Books, and Marrow-bones, which I receive from many well-disposed citizens; not to mention the forfeitures which accrue to me from the several offenders that appear before me on Court-days.

Having now enjoyed this office for the space of a twelvemonth, I shall do what all good officers ought to do, take a survey of my behavior, and consider carefully whether I have discharged my duty, and acted up to the Character with which I am invested. For my direction in this particular, I have

made a narrow search into the nature of the old *Roman Censors*, whom I must always regard, not only as my Predecessors, but as my Patterns in this great employment; and have several times asked my own heart with great impartiality, Whether *Cato* will not bear a more venerable figure among Posterity than *Bickerstaffe*?

I find the Duty of the *Roman Censor* was twofold. The first part of it consisted in making frequent reviews of the people, in casting up their numbers, ranging them under their several tribes, disposing them into proper classes, and subdividing them into their respective centuries.

In compliance with this part of the Office, I have taken many curious surveys of this great City. I have collected into particular bodies the *Dappers* and the *Smarts*, the *Natural* and *Affected Rakes*, the *Pretty fellows* and the *Very pretty fellows*. I have likewise drawn out in several distinct parties your *Pedants* and *Men of fire*, your *Gamesters* and *Politicians*. I have separated *Cits* from *Citizens*, *Free-thinkers* from *Philosophers*, *Witts* from *Snuff-takers*, and *Duelists* from *Men of honor*. I have likewise made a calculation of *Esquires*, not only considering the several distinct swarms of them that are settled in the different parts of this town, but also that more rugged species that inhabit the fields and woods, and are often found in pot-houses, and upon hay-cocks.

I shall pass the soft Sex over in silence, having not yet reduced them into any tolerable order; as likewise the softer tribe of Lovers, which will cost me a great deal of time, before I shall be able to cast them into their several Centuries and Sub-divisions.

The second part of the *Roman Censor's* Office was to look into the Manners of the people, and to check any growing Luxury, whether in Diet, Dress, or Building. This Duty likewise I have endeavored to discharge, by those wholesome Precepts which I have given my countrymen in regard to Beef and Mutton, and the severe censures which I have passed upon Ragouts and Fricacies. There is not, as I am informed, a pair of red heels to be seen within ten miles of *London*, which I may likewise ascribe, without vanity, to the becoming zeal which I expressed in that particular. I must own, my success with the Petticoat is not so great; but as I have not yet done with it, I hope I shall in a little time put an effectual stop to that growing evil. As for the article of Building, I intend hereafter to enlarge upon it, having lately observed several Warehouses, nay, private Shops, that stand upon *Corinthian* pillars, and whole rows of Tin pots shewing themselves, in order to their sale, through a Sash-window.

I have likewise followed the example of the *Roman Censors*, in punishing offences according to the quality of the offender. It was usual for them to

expel a Senator who had been guilty of great Immoralities out of the Senate-house, by omitting his name when they called over the list of his Brethren. In the same manner, to remove effectually several Worthless men who stand possessed of great honors, I have made frequent draughts of dead men out of the vicious part of the Nobility, and given them up to the new Society of Upholders, with the necessary orders for their interment. As the *Roman Censors* used to punish the Knights or Gentlemen of *Rome*, by taking away their Horses from them, I have seized the Canes of many Criminals of figure, whom I had just reason to animadvert upon. As for the offenders among the Common people of *Rome*, they were generally chastised, by being thrown out of a higher tribe, and placed in one which was not so honorable. My Reader cannot but think I have had an eye to this Punishment, when I have degraded one species of men into Bombs, Squibs, and Crackers, and another into Drums, Bass-viols, and Bag-pipes; not to mention whole packs of Delinquents whom I have shut up in Kennels, and the new Hospital which I am at present erecting, for the reception of those of my countrymen who give me but little hopes of their amendment, on the borders of *Moor-fields*. I shall only observe upon this particular, that since some late surveys I have taken of this Island, I shall think it necessary to enlarge the plan of the buildings which I design in this quarter.

When my great predecessor *Cato* the Elder stood for the Censorship of *Rome*, there were several other Competitors who offered themselves; and to get an interest among the people, gave them great promises of the mild and gentle treatment which they would use towards them in that Office. *Cato* on the contrary told them, he presented himself as a Candidate, because he knew the Age was sunk in Immorality and Corruption; and that if they would give him their Votes, he would promise them to make use of such a strictness and severity of discipline as should recover them out of it. The *Roman* Historians, upon this occasion, very much celebrated the Public-spiritedness of that people, who chose *Cato* for their *Censor*, notwithstanding his method of recommending himself. I may in some measure extol my own countrymen upon the same account, who without any respect to party, or any application from myself, have made such generous Subscriptions for the *Censor* of *Great Britain*, as will give a magnificence to my old age, and which I esteem more than I would any Post in *Europe* of an hundred times the value. I shall only add, that upon looking into my Catalogue of Subscribers, which I intend to print Alphabetically in the front of my *Lucubrations*, I find the names of the greatest Beauties and Wits in the whole Island of *Great Britain*, which I only mention for the benefit of any of them who have not yet subscribed, it being my design to close the Subscription in a very short time.

Thursday,

N^o 163.

Thursday, April 25. 1710.

*Idem inficeto est inficetior rure
 Simul poemata attigit; neque idem unquam
 AEque est beatus, ac poema cum scribit:
 Tam gaudet in se, tamque se ipse miratur.
 Nimirum idem omnes fallimur; neque est quisquam
 Quem non in aliqua re videre Suffenum
 Possis. —*

Catul. de Suffeno.

Will's Coffee-house, April 24.

I Yesterday came hither about two hours before the Company generally make their appearance, with a design to read over all the News-papers; but upon my sitting down, I was accosted by *Ned Softly*, who saw me from a corner in the other end of the room, where I found he had been writing something. Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, says he, I observe by a late paper of yours, that you and I are just of a humor; for you must know, of all impertinencies, there is nothing which I so much hate as News. I never read a *Gazette* in my life; and never trouble my head about our Armies, whether they win or lose, or in what part of the world they lie encamped. Without giving me time to reply, he drew a Paper of Verses out of his pocket, telling me, that he had something which would entertain me more agreeably, and that he would desire my judgment upon every line, for that we had time enough before us till the Company came in.

Ned softly is a very pretty Poet, and a great admirer of easy lines. *Waller* is his favorite: and as that admirable writer has the best and worst verses of any among our *English* Poets, *Ned Softly* has got all the bad ones without book, which he repeats upon occasion to shew his reading, and garnish his conversation. *Ned* is indeed a true *English* Reader, incapable of relishing the great and masterly strokes of this art; but wonderfully pleased with the little *Gothic* ornaments of epigrammatical Conceits, Turns, Points, and Quibbles, which are so frequent in the most admired of our *English* Poets, and practised by those who want genius and strength to represent, after the manner of the ancients, simplicity in its natural beauty and perfection.

Finding myself unavoidably engaged in such a conversation, I was resolved to turn my pain into a pleasure, and to divert myself as well as I could with so very odd a fellow. You must understand, says *Ned*, that the Sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a Lady, who shewed me some verses of her own making, and is perhaps the best Poet of our age. But you shall hear it. Upon which he begun to read as follows.

To Mira, on her incomparable Poems.

I.

*When dress'd in Laurel wreaths you shine,
And tune your soft melodious notes,
You seem a Sister of the Nine,
Or Phœbus' self in Petticoats.*

II.

*I fancy when your Song you sing,
(Your Song you sing with so much art)
Your Pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing;
For ah! it wounds me like his Dart.*

Why, says I, this is a little Nofegay of conceits, a very lump of Salt: every verse hath something in it that piques; and then the Dart in the last line is certainly as pretty a sting in the tail of an Epigram (for so I think your Critics call it) as ever entered into the thought of a Poet. Dear Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, says he, shaking me by the hand, every body knows you to be a judge of these things; and to tell you truly I read over *Roscommon's* translation of *Horace's Art of Poetry* three several times, before I sat down to write the Sonnet which I have shewn you. But you shall hear it again, and pray observe every line of it, for not one of them shall pass without your approbation.

When dress'd in Laurel wreaths you shine.

That is, says he, when you have your Garland on; when you are writing verses. To which I replied, I know your meaning: a Metaphor! the same, said he, and went on:

And tune your soft melodious notes.

Pray observe the gliding of that verse; there is scarce a consonant in it: I took care to make it run upon Liquids. Give me your opinion of it. Truly, said

faid I, I think it as good as the former. I am very glad to hear you say so, says he; but mind the next:

You seem a Sister of the Nine.

That is, says he, you seem a Sister of the Muses; for if you look into ancient Authors, you will find it was their opinion, that there were nine of them. I remember it very well, faid I; but pray proceed.

Or Phœbus' self in Petticoats.

Phœbus, says he, was the God of Poetry. These little instances, Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, shew a Gentleman's reading. Then to take off from the air of Learning, which *Phœbus* and the Muses have given to this first Stanza, you may observe, how it falls all of a sudden into the familiar; *in Petticoats!*

Or Phœbus' self in Petticoats.

Let us now, says I, enter upon the second Stanza. I find the first line is still a continuation of the Metaphor.

I fancy when your Song you sing.

It is very right, says he; but pray observe the turn of words in those two Lines. I was a whole hour in adjusting of them, and have still a doubt upon me, whether in the second line it should be, *Your Song you sing*; or, *You sing your Song*. You shall hear them both:

*I fancy, when your song you sing,
(Your Song you sing with so much art.)*

O R,

*I fancy, when your Song you sing,
(You sing your Song with so much art.)*

Truly, faid I, the turn is so natural either way, that you have made me almost giddy with it. Dear Sir, faid he, grasping me by the hand, you have a great deal of patience; but pray what do you think of the next verse?

Your Pen was pluck'd from Cupid's Wing.

Think! says I; I think you have made *Cupid* look like a little Goose. That was my meaning, says he; I think the ridicule is well enough hit off. But we now come to the last, which sums up the whole matter.

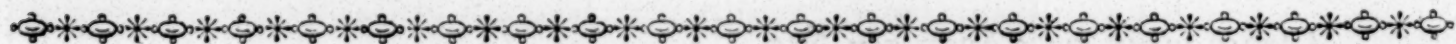
For

For Ah! it wounds me like his Dart.

Pray how do you like that *Ah!* Doth it not make a pretty figure in that place? *Ah!* It looks as if I felt the Dart, and cried out at being pricked with it.

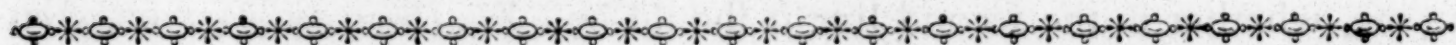
For Ah! it wounds me like his Dart.

My friend *Dick Easy*, continued he, assured me, he would rather have written that *Ah!* than to have been the Author of the *Æneid*. He indeed objected, that I made *Mira's Pen* like a Quill in one of the lines, and like a Dart in the other. But as to that——Oh! as to that, says I, it is but supposing *Cupid* to be like a Porcupine, and his Quills and Darts will be the same thing. He was going to embrace me for the hint; but half a dozen Critics coming into the room, whose faces he did not like, he conveyed the Sonnet into his pocket, and whispered me in the ear, he would shew it me again as soon as his man had written it over fair.



N^o 165.

Saturday, April 29. 1710.



From my own Apartment, April 28.

IT has always been my endeavor to distinguish between Realities and Appearances, and to separate true Merit from the Pretence to it. As it shall ever be my study to make discoveries of this nature in human life, and to settle the proper distinctions between the Virtues and Perfections of mankind, and those false Colors and Resemblances of them that shine alike in the eyes of the vulgar; so I shall be more particularly careful to search into the various merits and pretences of the Learned world. This is the more necessary, because there seems to be a general combination among the Pedants to extol one another's labors, and cry up one another's parts; while men of Sense, either through that modesty which is natural to them, or the scorn they have for such trifling commendations, enjoy their stock of knowledge like a hidden treasure with satisfaction and silence. Pedantry indeed in learning is like Hypocrisy in religion, a Form of knowledge without the Power of it, that attracts the eyes of the common people, breaks out
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in noise and shew, and finds its reward not from any inward pleasure that attends it, but from the praises and approbations which it receives from men.

Of this shallow Species there is not a more importunate, empty, and conceited animal, than that which is generally known by the name of a Critic. This in the common acceptation of the word, is one that, without entering into the Sense and Soul of an Author, has a few general rules, which, like Mechanical instruments, he applies to the works of every Writer, and as they quadrate with them, pronounces the Author perfect or defective. He is master of a certain set of words, as Unity, Style, Fire, Phlegm, Easy, Natural, Turn, Sentiment, and the like; which he varies, compounds, divides and throws together, in every part of his discourse, without any thought or meaning. The marks you may know him by are, an elevated Eye, and dogmatical Brow, a positive Voice, and a Contempt for every thing that comes out, whether he has read it or not. He dwells altogether in generals. He praises or dispraises in the lump. He shakes his head very frequently at the Pedantry of Universities, and bursts into laughter when you mention an Author that is known at *Will's*. He hath formed his judgment upon *Homer*, *Horace*, and *Virgil*, not from their own works, but from those of *Rapin* and *Bossu*. He knows his own strength so well, that he never dares praise any thing in which he has not a *French* Author for his voucher.

With these extraordinary Talents and Accomplishments Sir *Timothy Title* puts men in vogue, or condemns them to obscurity, and sits as Judge of Life and Death upon every Author that appears in public. It is impossible to represent the Pangs, Agonies, and Convulsions, which Sir *Timothy* expresses in every feature of his face, and muscle of his body, upon the reading of a bad Poet.

About a week ago I was engaged at a friend's house of mine in an agreeable conversation with his wife and daughters, when in the height of our mirth, Sir *Timothy*, who makes love to my friend's eldest daughter, came in amongst us puffing and blowing, as if he had been very much out of breath. He immediately called for a Chair, and desired leave to sit down, without any further ceremony. I asked him, Where he had been? Whether he was out of order? He only replied, That he was quite spent, and fell a curling in Soliloquy. I could hear him cry, *A wicked rogue—An execrable wretch—Was there ever such a Monster—* The young Ladies upon this began to be affrighted, and asked, Whether any one had hurt him? he answered nothing, but still talked to himself. *To lay the first Scene*, says he, *in St. James's Park, and the last in Northamptonshire!* Is that all? says I: Then I suppose you have been at the rehearsal of a Play this morning. *Been!* says he; I have been
at

at *Northampton*, in the *Park*, in a Lady's Bed-chamber, in a Dining-Room, every where; the Rogue has led me such a dance — Though I could scarce forbear laughing at his discourse, I told him I was glad it was no worse, and that he was only Metaphorically weary. In short, Sir, says he, the Author has not observed a single Unity in his whole Play; the Scene shifts in every Dialogue; the Villain has hurried me up and down at such a rate, that I am tired off my legs. I could not but observe with some pleasure, that the young Lady whom he made love to, conceived a very just aversion towards him, upon seeing him so very passionate in trifles. And as she had that natural Sense which makes her a better Judge than a thousand Critics, she began to rally him upon this foolish humor. For my part, says she, I never knew a Play take that was written up to your Rules, as you call them. How Madam! says he, Is that your opinion? I am sure you have a better taste. It is a pretty kind of Magic, says she, the Poets have to transport an Audience from place to place without the help of a coach and horses. I could travel round the world at such a rate. 'Tis such an entertainment as an Enchantress finds when she fancies herself in a wood, or upon a mountain, at a feast, or a solemnity; though at the same time she has never stirred out of her Cottage. Your Simile, Madam, says Sir *Timothy*, is by no means just. Pray, says she, let my Similes pass without a Criticism. I must confess continued she, (for I found she was resolved to exasperate him) I laughed very heartily at the last New Comedy which you found so much fault with. But Madam, says he, you ought not to have laughed; and I defy any one to shew me a single Rule that you could laugh by. Ought not to laugh! says she: Pray who should hinder me. Madam, says he, there are such people in the world as *Rapin*, *Dacier*, and several others, that ought to have spoiled your mirth. I have heard, says the young Lady, That your great Critics are always very bad Poets: I fancy there is as much difference between the works of one and the other, as there is between the carriage of a Dancing-master and a Gentleman. I must confess, continued she, I would not be troubled with so fine a judgment as yours is; for I find you feel more vexation in a bad Comedy, than I do in a deep Tragedy. Madam, says Sir *Timothy*, That is not my fault, they should learn the art of writing. For my part, says the young Lady, I should think the greatest art in your writers of Comedies is to please. To please! says Sir *Timothy*; and immediately fell a laughing. Truly, says she, that is my opinion. Upon this, he composed his countenance, looked upon his Watch, and took his leave.

I hear that Sir *Timothy* has not been at my friend's house since this notable conference, to the satisfaction of the young Lady, who by this means has got rid of a very impertinent Fop.

I must confess, I could not but observe, with a great deal of surprise, how this Gentleman, by his ill-nature, folly and affectation, hath made himself capable of suffering so many imaginary pains, and looking with such a senseless severity upon the common diversions of life.

N^o 192.*Saturday, July 1. 1710.**Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.*

Hor.

From my own Apartment, June 30.

SOME years since I was engaged with a Coach full of Friends to take a journey as far as the *Land's-end*. We were very well pleased with one another the first day, every one endeavoring to recommend himself by his good humor and complaisance to the rest of the company. This good correspondence did not last long; one of our party was soured the very first evening by a plate of Butter which had not been melted to his mind, and which spoiled his temper to such a degree that he continued upon the fret to the end of our journey. A second fell off from his good humor the next morning, for no other reason that I could imagine, but because I chanced to step into the coach before him, and place myself on the shady side. This however was but my own private guess, for he did not mention a word of it, nor indeed of any thing else, for three days following. The rest of our company held out very near half the way, when of a sudden Mr. *Sprightly* fell asleep; and instead of endeavoring to divert and oblige us, as he had hitherto done, carried himself with an unconcerned, careless, drowzy behaviour, till we came to our last stage. There were three of us who still held up our heads, and did all we could to make our journey agreeable; but, to my shame be it spoken, about three miles on this side *Exeter* I was taken with an unaccountable fit of Sullenness, that hung upon me for above threescore miles; whether it were for want of respect, or from an accidental tread upon my foot, or from a foolish Maid's calling me *The old Gentleman*, I cannot tell. In short, there was but one who kept his good humor to the *Land's-end*.

VOL. II.

R r

There

There was another Coach that went along with us, in which I likewise observed, that there were many secret Jealousies, Heart-burnings, and Animosities, For when we joined companies at night, I could not but take notice, that the passengers neglected their own company, and studied how to make themselves esteemed by us, who were altogether strangers to them; till at length they grew so well acquainted with us, that they liked us as little as they did one another. When I reflect upon this Journey, I often fancy it to be a Picture of humane Life, in respect to the several Friendships, Contracts, and Alliances, that are made and dissolved in the several periods of it. The most delightful and most lasting engagements are generally those which pass between Man and Woman; and yet upon what trifles are they weakened, or entirely broken? Sometimes the parties fly asunder even in the midst of courtship, and sometimes grow cool in the very honey-month. Some separate before the first Child, and some after the fifth; others continue good till thirty, others till forty; while some few whose souls are of an happier make, and better fitted to one another, travel on together to the end of their journey, in a continual intercourse of kind offices and mutual endearments.

When we therefore chuse our companions for life, if we hope to keep both them and ourselves in good humor to the last stage of it, we must be extremely careful in the choice we make, as well as in the conduct on our own part. When the persons to whom we join ourselves can stand an examination, and bear the scrutiny, when they mend upon our acquaintance with them, and discover new Beauties the more we search into their characters, our love will naturally rise in proportion to their perfections.

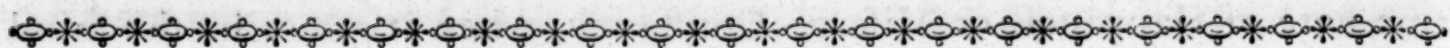
But because there are very few possessed of such accomplishments of body and mind, we ought to look after those qualifications both in ourselves and others, which are indispensibly necessary towards this happy Union, and which are in the power of every one to acquire, or at least to cultivate and improve. These, in my opinion, are Chearfulness and Constancy. A Chearful temper joined with Innocence, will make Beauty attractive, Knowledge delightful, and Wit good-natured. It will lighten Sickness, Poverty, and Affliction; convert Ignorance into an amiable Simplicity, and render Deformity itself agreeable.

Constancy is natural to persons of even tempers and uniform dispositions, and may be acquired by those of the greatest Fickleness, Violence and Passion, who consider seriously the terms of union upon which they come together, the mutual interest in which they are engaged, with all the motives that ought to incite their tenderness and compassion towards those who have their dependence upon them, and are embarked with them for life in the
same

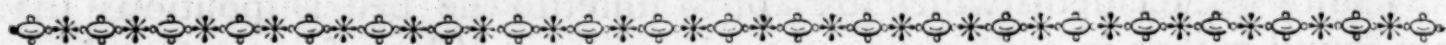
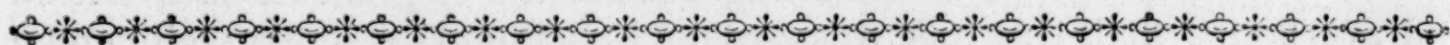
same state of Happiness or Misery. Constancy, when it grows in the mind upon considerations of this nature, becomes a moral Virtue, and a kind of good-nature, that is not subject to any change of Health, Age, Fortune, or any of those Accidents which are apt to unsettle the best Dispositions that are found rather in constitution than in reason. Where such a Constancy as this is wanting, the most enflamed Passion may fall away into coldness and indifference, and the most melting Tenderneſs degenerate into hatred and averſion. I ſhall conclude this paper with a ſtory that is very well known in the North of *England*.

About thirty years ago, a Packet-boat that had ſeveral paſſengers on board was caſt away upon a Rock, and in ſo great danger of ſinking, that all who were in it endeavored to ſave themſelves as well as they could, though only thoſe who could ſwim well had a bare poſſibility of doing it. Among the paſſengers there were two women of faſhion, who ſeeing themſelves in ſuch a diſconſolate condition, begged of their Huſbands not to leave them. One of them choſe rather to die with his Wife, than to forſake her; the other, though he was moved with the utmoſt compaſſion for his Wife, told her, that for the good of their Children, it was better one of them ſhould live, than both periſh. By a great piece of good luck, next to a miracle, when one of our good men had taken the laſt and long farewel in order to ſave himſelf, and the other held in his arms the perſon that was dearer to him than life, the Ship was preſerved. It is with a ſecret ſorrow and vexation of mind that I muſt tell the ſequel of the ſtory, and let my reader know, that this faithful Pair who were ready to have died in each others arms, about three years after their eſcape, upon ſome trifling diſguſt, grew to a coldneſs at firſt, and at length fell out to ſuch a degree, that they left one another, and parted for ever. The other Couple lived together in an uninterrupted friendſhip and felicity; and what was remarkable, the Huſband whom the ſhipwreck had like to have ſeparated from his Wife, died a few months after her, not being able to ſurvive the loſs of her.

I muſt confeſs, there is ſomething in the changeableneſs and inconstancy of humane Nature, that very often both dejects and terrifies me. Whatever I am at preſent, I tremble to think what I may be. While I find this principle in me, how can I aſſure myſelf, that I ſhall be always true to my God, my friend, or myſelf? in ſhort, without conſtancy there is neither love, friendſhip, or virtue in the world.

N^o 216.

Saturday, August 26. 1710.

—*Nugis addere pondus.*

From my own Apartment, August 25.

NATURE is full of wonders; every Atom is a standing miracle, and endowed with such qualities, as could not be impressed on it by a power and wisdom less than infinite. For this reason, I would not discourage any Searches that are made into the most minute and trivial parts of the Creation. However, since the world abounds in the noblest fields of speculation, it is, methinks, the mark of a little Genius to be wholly conversant among Insects, Reptiles, Animalcules, and those trifling rarities that furnish out the apartment of a Virtuoso

There are some men whose heads are so oddly turned this way, that though they are utter strangers to the common occurrences of life, they are able to discover the Sex of a Cockle, or describe the Generation of a Mite, in all its circumstances. They are so little versed in the world, that they scarce know an Horse from an Ox; but at the same time will tell you, with a great deal of gravity, that a Flea is a Rhinoceros, and a Snail an Hermaphrodite. I have known one of these whimsical Philosophers who has set a greater value upon a collection of Spiders than he would upon a flock of Sheep, and has sold his Coat off his back to purchase a Tarantula.

I would not have a Scholar wholly unacquainted with these Secrets and Curiosities of Nature; but certainly the mind of man, that is capable of so much higher contemplations, should not be altogether fixed upon such mean and disproportioned objects. Observations of this kind are apt to alienate us too much from the knowledge of the World, and to make us serious upon trifles, by which means they expose Philosophy to the ridicule of the Witty, and the contempt of the Ignorant. In short, studies of this nature should be the Diversions, Relaxations, and Amusements, not the Care, Business, and Concern of Life.

It is indeed wonderful to consider, that there should be a sort of Learned Men who are wholly employed in gathering together the Refuse of Nature, if I may call it so, and hoarding up in their Chests and Cabinets such Creatures as others industriously avoid the sight of. One does not know how to
mention

mention some of the most precious parts of their Treasure, without a kind of an Apology for it. I have been shown a Beetle valued at twenty Crowns, and a Toad at an hundred: but we must take this for a general rule, that whatever appears trivial or obscene in the common notions of the world, looks grave and philosophical in the eye of a Virtuoso.

To shew this humor in its perfection, I shall present my reader with the Legacy of a certain Virtuoso, who laid out a considerable estate in Natural Rarities and Curiosities, which upon his Death-bed he bequeathed to his relations and friends in the following words:

The Will of a Virtuoso.

I *Nicholas Gimcrook* being in sound health of Mind, but in great weakness of Body, do by this my last Will and Testament bestow my worldly Goods and Chattels in manner following:

Imprimis, To my dear Wife,
One Box of Butterflies,
One Drawer of Shells,
A Female Skeleton,
A dried Cockatrice.

Item, To my Daughter *Elizabeth*,
My receipt for preserving dead Caterpillars.
As also my preparations of Winter *May-dew*, and Embrio Pickle.

Item, To my little Daughter *Fanny*,
Three Crocodile's Eggs.

And upon the Birth of her first Child, if she marries with her Mother's consent,

The nest of an Humming-Bird.

Item, To my eldest Brother, as an acknowledgment for the Lands he has invested in my Son *Charles*, I bequeath
My last years collection of Grasshoppers.

Item, To his Daughter *Susannah*, being his only Child, I bequeath my
English Weeds pasted on Royal Paper,
With my large Folio of *Indian* Cabbage.

Item, To my learned and worthy friend Dr. *Johannes Elscrickius*, Professor in Anatomy, and my associate in the studies of Nature, as an eternal Monument of my affection and friendship for him, I bequeath

My Rat's Testicles, and
Whale's Pizzle,

To

N^o 216.

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NATURE is full of wonders; every Atom is a standing miracle, and endowed with such qualities, as could not be impressed on it by a power and wisdom less than infinite. For this reason, I would not discourage any Searches that are made into the most minute and trivial parts of the Creation. However, since the world abounds in the noblest fields of speculation, it is, methinks, the mark of a little Genius to be wholly conversant among Insects, Reptiles, Animalcules, and those trifling rarities that furnish out the apartment of a Virtuoso

There are some men whose heads are so oddly turned this way, that though they are utter strangers to the common occurrences of life, they are able to discover the Sex of a Cockle, or describe the Generation of a Mite, in all its circumstances. They are so little versed in the world, that they scarce know an Horse from an Ox; but at the same time will tell you, with a great deal of gravity, that a Flea is a Rhinoceros, and a Snail an Hermaphrodite. I have known one of these whimsical Philosophers who has set a greater value upon a collection of Spiders than he would upon a flock of Sheep, and has sold his Coat off his back to purchase a Tarantula.

I would not have a Scholar wholly unacquainted with these Secrets and Curiosities of Nature; but certainly the mind of man, that is capable of so much higher contemplations, should not be altogether fixed upon such mean and disproportioned objects. Observations of this kind are apt to alienate us too much from the knowledge of the World, and to make us serious upon trifles, by which means they expose Philosophy to the ridicule of the Witty, and the contempt of the Ignorant. In short, studies of this nature should be the Diversions, Relaxations, and Amusements, not the Care, Business, and Concern of Life.

It is indeed wonderful to consider, that there should be a sort of Learned Men who are wholly employed in gathering together the Refuse of Nature, if I may call it so, and hoarding up in their Chests and Cabinets such Creatures as others industriously avoid the sight of. One does not know how to mention

mention some of the most precious parts of their Treasure, without a kind of an Apology for it. I have been shown a Beetle valued at twenty Crowns, and a Toad at an hundred: but we must take this for a general rule, that whatever appears trivial or obscene in the common notions of the world, looks grave and philosophical in the eye of a Virtuoso.

To shew this humor in its perfection, I shall present my reader with the Legacy of a certain Virtuoso, who laid out a considerable estate in Natural Rarities and Curiosities, which upon his Death-bed he bequeathed to his relations and friends in the following words:

The Will of a Virtuoso.

I *Nicholas Gimcrack* being in sound health of Mind, but in great weakness of Body, do by this my last Will and Testament bestow my worldly Goods and Chattels in manner following:

Imprimis, To my dear Wife,
One Box of Butterflies,
One Drawer of Shells,
A Female Skeleton,
A dried Cockatrice.

Item, To my Daughter *Elizabeth*,
My receipt for preserving dead Caterpillars.
As also my preparations of Winter *May-dew*, and Embrio Pickle.

Item, To my little Daughter *Fanny*,
Three Crocodile's Eggs.

And upon the Birth of her first Child, if she marries with her Mother's consent,

The nest of an Humming-Bird.

Item, To my eldest Brother, as an acknowledgment for the Lands he has invested in my Son *Charles*, I bequeath

My last years collection of Grasshoppers.

Item, To his Daughter *Susannah*, being his only Child, I bequeath my
English Weeds pasted on Royal Paper,
With my large Folio of *Indian Cabbage*.

Item, To my learned and worthy friend Dr. *Johannes Elscrickius*, Professor in Anatomy, and my associate in the studies of Nature, as an eternal Monument of my affection and friendship for him, I bequeath

My Rat's Testicles, and
Whale's Pizzle,

To

To him and his issue male; and in default of such issue in the said Dr. *El. scrickius*, then to return to my Executor and his Heirs for ever.

Having fully provided for my Nephew *Isaac*, by making over to him some years since

A horned *Scarabæus*,
The Skin of a Rattle-snake, and
The Mummy of an *Egyptian King*,

I make no further provision for him in this my Will.

My eldest Son *John* having spoken disrespectfully of his little Sister whom I keep by me in Spirits of Wine, and in many other instances behaved himself undutifully towards me, I do disinherit, and wholly cut off from any part of this my personal estate, by giving him a single Cockle Shell.

To my second Son *Charles* I give and bequeath all my Flowers, Plants, Minerals, Mosses, Shells, Pebbles, Fossils, Beetles, Butterflies, Caterpillars, Grasshoppers, and Vermin, not above specified: As also all my Monsters, both wet and dry, making the said *Charles* whole and sole Executor of this my last Will and Testament; he paying, or causing to be paid, the aforesaid legacies within the space of six months after my decease. And I do hereby revoke all other Wills whatsoever by me formerly made.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

Whereas an ignorant Upstart in Astrology has publickly endeavored to persuade the world, that he is the late John Partridge, who died the 28th of March, 1708; These are to certify all whom it may concern, That the true John Partridge was not only dead at that time, but continues so to this present day.

Beware of Counterfeits, for such are abroad.

Thursday,

N^o 218.

Thursday, August 30. 1710.

Scriptorum Chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit urbes.

Hor.

From my own Apartment, August 29.

I Chanced to rise very early one particular morning this Summer, and took a walk into the country to divert myself among the fields and meadows, while the Green was new, and the Flowers in their bloom. As at this season of the year every Lane is a beautiful walk, and every Hedge full of Nofegays, I lost myself with a great deal of pleasure among several Thickets and Bushes that were filled with a great variety of Birds, and an agreeable confusion of Notes, which formed the pleafantest Scene in the world to one who had passed a whole winter in noise and smoke. The freshness of the Dews that lay upon every thing about me, with the cool breath of the morning, which inspired the Birds with so many delightful Instincts, created in me the same kind of animal pleasure, and made my heart overflow with such secret emotions of joy and satisfaction as are not to be described or accounted for. On this occasion, I could not but reflect upon a beautiful Simile in *Milton*:

*As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick, and sewers, annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a Summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant Villages, and Farms
Adjoin'd from each thing met conceives delight:
The smell of Grain, or tedded Grass, or Kine,
Or Dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.*

Those who are conversant in the writings of polite Authors, receive an additional entertainment from the Country, as it revives in their memories those charming descriptions which with such Authors do frequently abound.

I was thinking of the foregoing beautiful Simile in *Milton*, and applying it to myself, when I observed to the windward of me a black Cloud falling to the earth in long trails of rain, which made me betake myself for shelter

to

to a house which I saw at a little distance from the place where I was walking. As I sat in the Porch, I heard the voices of two or three persons, who seemed very earnest in discourse. My curiosity was raised when I heard the names of *Alexander the Great* and *Artaxerxes*? and as their talk seemed to run on ancient Heroes, I concluded there could not be any secret in it; for which reason I thought I might very fairly listen to what they said.

After several Parallels between great Men, which appeared to me altogether groundless and chimerical, I was surpris'd to hear one say, That he valued the *Black Prince* more than the Duke of *Vendosme*. How the Duke of *Vendosme* should become a Rival of the *Black Prince's* I could not conceive: and was more startled when I heard a second affirm with great vehemence, That if the Emperor of *Germany* was not going off, he should like him better than either of them. He added, that though the season was so changeable the Duke of *Marlborough* was in blooming beauty. I was wondering to myself from whence they had received this odd intelligence, especially when I heard them mention the names of several other great Generals, as the Prince of *Hesse*, and the King of *Sweden*, who, they said, were both running away. To which they added, what I entirely agreed with them in, That the Crown of *France* was very weak but that Marshal *Villars* still kept his Colors. At last one of them told the company, If they would go along with him, he would shew them a Chimney-sweeper and a Painted Lady in the same bed, which he was sure would very much please them. The shower which had driven them, as well as myself, into the house was now over; and as they were passing by me into the Garden, I asked them to let me be one of their company.

The Gentleman of the house told me, if I delighted in Flowers, it would be worth my while, for that he believed he could show me such a blow of Tulips as was not to be matched in the whole country.

I accepted the offer, and immediately found that they had been talking in terms of Gardening, and that the kings and Generals they had mentioned were only so many Tulips, to which the Gardeners, according to their usual custom, had given such high titles and appellations of honor.

I was very much pleas'd and astonish'd at the glorious Show of these gay Vegetables, that arose in great profusion on all the banks about us. Sometimes I considered them with the eye of an ordinary Spectator as so many beautiful Objects, varnished over with a natural gloss, and stained with such a variety of Colors, as are not to be equalled in any artificial Dyes or Tinctures. Sometimes I considered every Leaf as an elaborate piece of Tissue, in which the threads and fibres were woven together into different
Configu-

Configurations, which gave a different coloring to the Light as it glanced on the several parts of the surface. Sometimes I considered the whole bed of Tulips, according to the notion of the greatest Mathematician and Philosopher that ever lived, as a multitude of Optic Instruments, designed for the separating Light into all those various colors of which it is composed.

I was awakened out of these my Philosophical Speculations, by observing the company often seemed to laugh at me. I accidentally praised a Tulip as one of the finest that I ever saw; upon which they told me, it was a common Fool's-coat. Upon that I praised a second, which it seems was but another kind of Fool's-coat. I had the same fate with two or three more; for which reason I desired the owner of the Garden to let me know which were the finest of the flowers, for that I was so unskilful in the Art, that I thought the most beautiful were the most valuable, and that those which had the gayest colors were the most beautiful. The Gentleman smiled at my ignorance: He seemed a very plain honest man, and a person of good sense, had not his head been touched with that distemper which *Hippocrates* calls the *Tulippo-Mania*, *Τυλιππομανία*; inasmuch that he would talk very rationally on any Subject in the world but a Tulip.

He told me, That he valued the bed of Flowers which lay before us, and was not above twenty yards in length, and two in breadth, more than he would the best hundred Acres of land in *England*; and added, That it would have been worth twice the money it is, if a foolish Cook-maid of his had not almost ruined him the last winter, by mistaking a handful of Tulip-roots for an heap of Onions, and by that means (says he) made me a dish of Potage, that cost me above 1000*l.* Sterling. He then shewed me what he thought the finest of his Tulips, which I found received all their value from their rarity and oddness, and put me in mind of your great Fortunes, which are not always the greatest Beauties.

I have often looked upon it as a piece of happiness, that I have never fallen into any of these fantastical Tastes, nor esteemed any thing the more for its being uncommon and hard to be met with. For this reason, I look upon the whole country in Spring-time as a spacious Garden, and make as many visits to a spot of Daisies, or a bank of Violets, as a Florist does to his borders and Parterres. There is not a Bush in blossom within a mile of me which I am not acquainted with, nor scarce a Daffodil or Cowslip that withers away in my neighbourhood without my missing it. I walked home in this temper of mind through several fields and meadows with an unspeakable pleasure, not without reflecting on the bounty of Providence, which has made the most pleasing and most beautiful objects the most ordinary and most common.

N^o 220

Tuesday, September 5. 1710.

*Insani sanus nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.*

Hor.

From my own Apartment, September 4.

HAVING received many Letters filled with compliments and acknowledgments for my late useful discovery of the Political Barometer, I shall here communicate to the public an account of my Ecclesiastical Thermometer, the latter giving as manifest Prognostications of the changes and revolutions in Church, as the former does of those in State, and both of them being absolutely necessary for every prudent subject who is resolved to keep what he has, and get what he can.

The Church Thermometer, which I am now to treat of, is supposed to have been invented in the Reign of *Henry* the Eighth, about the time when that religious Prince put some to death for owning the Pope's Supremacy, and others for denying Transubstantiation. I do not find, however, any great use made of this Instrument till it fell into the hands of a learned and vigilant Priest or Minister, (for he frequently wrote himself both one and the other) who was some time Vicar of *Bray*. This Gentleman lived in his Vicarage to a good old Age; and after having seen several Successions of his neighbouring Clergy either burnt or banished, departed this life with the satisfaction of having never deserted his flock, and died Vicar of *Bray*. As this Glass was first designed to calculate the different degrees of heat in religion, as it raged in Popery, or as it cooled and grew temperate in the Reformation, it was marked at several distances, after the manner our ordinary Thermometer is to this day, viz. *Extreme hot, Sultry hot, Very hot, Hot, Warm, Temperate, Cold, Just freezing, Frost, Hard Frost, Great Frost, Extreme cold.*

It is well known that *Torricellius*, the inventor of the common Weather-glass, made the experiment in a long Tube which held thirty two foot of water; and that a more modern Virtuoso finding such a Machine altogether unweildy

unweildy and uselefs, and confidering that thirty two inches of Quicksilver weighed as much as fo many foot of water in a Tube of the fame circumference, invented that fizeable inftrument which is now in ufe. After this manner, that I might adapt the Thermometer I am now fpeaking of to the prefent conftitution of our church, as divided into *High* and *Low*, I have made fome neceffary variations both in the Tube and the Fluid it contains. In the firft place, I ordered a Tube to be caft in a planetary hour, and took care to feal it hermetically, when the Sun was in conjunction with *Saturn*. I then took the proper precautions about the Fluid, which is a compound of two very different Liquors; one of them a Spirit drawn out of a ftrong heady wine; the other a particular fort of Rock water, colder than ice, and clearer than chryftal. The Spirit is of a red fiery color, and fo very apt to ferment, that unlefs it be mingled with a proportion of the water, or pent up very clofe, it will burft the veffel that holds it, and fly up in Fume and Smoke. The Water on the contrary is of fuch a fubtile piercing cold, that unlefs it be mingled with a proportion of the fpirits, it will fink through almoft every thing that it is put into, and feems to be of the fame nature as the water mentioned by *Quintus Curtius*, which, fays the Hiftorian, could be contained in nothing but in the hoof, or (as the *Oxford* Manuscript has it) in the fkull of an Afs. The Thermometer is marked according to the following figure, which I fet down at length, not only to give my Reader a clear Idea of it, but alfo to fill up my paper.

Ignorance.

Perfecution.

Wrath.

Zeal.

CHURCH.

Moderation.

Lukewarmnefs.

Infidelity.

Ignorance.

The Reader will obferve, that the Church is placed in the middle point of the Glafs, between *Zeal* and *Moderation*, the fituation in which fhe always flourifhes, and in which every good *Englifhman* wifhes her who is a friend to the conftitution of his country. However, when it mounts to *Zeal*, it is not amifs; and when it finks to *Moderation*, is ftill in a moft admirable temper. The worft of it is, that when once it begins to rife, it has ftill an inclination to afcend, infomuch that it is apt to climb from *Zeal* to

Wrath, and from *Wrath* to *Persecution*, which always ends in *Ignorance*, and very often proceeds from it. In the same manner it frequently takes its progress through the lower half of the Glass; and when it has a tendency to fall, will gradually descend from *Moderation* to *Lukewarmness*, and from *Lukewarmness* to *Infidelity*, which very often terminates in *Ignorance*, and always proceeds from it.

It is a common observation, that the ordinary Thermometer will be affected by the breathing of people who are in the room where it stands; and indeed, it is almost incredible to conceive how the Glass I am now describing will fall by the breath of a multitude crying *Popery*; or on the contrary, how it will rise when the same multitude (as it sometimes happens) cry out in the same breath, *The Church is in danger*.

As soon as I had finished this my Glass, and adjusted it to the above-mentioned scale of religion, that I might make proper experiments with it, I carried it under my cloak to several Coffee-houses, and other places of resort about this great city. At St. James's Coffee-house, the Liquor stood at *Moderation*; but at Will's, to my great surprise, it subsided to the very lowest mark on the Glass. At the Grecian, it mounted but just one point higher; at the Rainbow, it still ascended two degrees: Child's fetch'd it up to *Zeal*, and other adjacent Coffee-houses to *Wrath*.

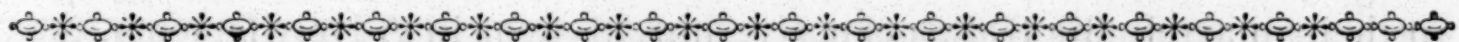
It fell into the lower half of the Glass as I went further into the City, till at length it settled at *Moderation*, where it continued all the time I stayed about the Change, as also whilst I passed by the Bank. And here I cannot but take notice, that through the whole course of my remarks, I never observed my Glass to rise at the same time that the Stocks did.

To compleat the experiment, I prevailed upon a friend of mine, who works under me in the Occult Sciences, to make a progress with my Glass through the whole Island of *Great Britain*; and after his return, to present me with a register of his observations. I guessed beforehand at the temper of several places he passed through, by the characters they have had time out of mind. Thus that facetious Divine, Dr. Fuller, speaking of the town of *Banbury* near a hundred years ago, tells us, it was a place famous for Cakes and *Zeal*, which I find by my Glass is true to this day as to the latter part of this description; though I must confess, it is not in the same reputation for Cakes that it was in the time of that learned Author; and thus of other places. In short, I have now by me, digested in an alphabetical order, all the Counties, Corporations and Boroughs, in *Great Britain*, with their respective tempers, as they stand related to my Thermometer. But this I shall keep to myself, because I would by no means do any thing that may seem to influence any ensuing Elections.

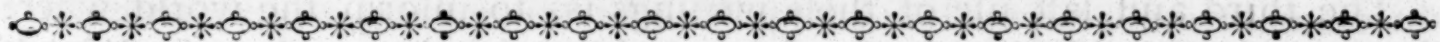
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The point of Doctrine which I would propagate by this my invention, is the same which was long ago advanced by that able Teacher *Horace*, out of whom I have taken my text for this discourse: we should be careful not to overshoot ourselves in the pursuits even of Virtue. Whether *Zeal* or *Moderation* be the point we aim at, let us keep fire out of the one, and frost out of the other. But alas! the world is too wise to want such a precaution. The terms *High-Church* and *Low-Church*, as commonly used, do not so much denote a Principle, as they distinguish a Party. They are like words of battle, that have nothing to do with their original signification, but are only given out to keep a body of men together, and to let them know friends from enemies.

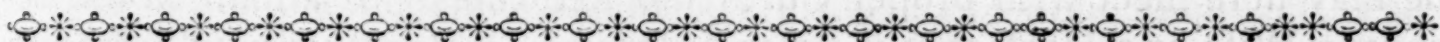
I must confess, I have considered with some little attention the influence which the opinions of these great National Sects have upon their practice; and do look upon it as one of the unaccountable things of our times, that multitudes of honest Gentlemen, who entirely agree in their Lives, should take it in their heads to differ in their Religion.

N^o 224.

Thursday, September 14. 1710.

*Materiam superabat opus. ———*

Ovid.

*From my own Apartment, September 13.*

IT is my custom in a dearth of News, to entertain myself with those collections of Advertisements that appear at the end of all our public Prints. These I consider as accounts of News from the Little World, in the same manner that the foregoing parts of the paper are from the Great. If in one we hear that a Sovereign Prince is fled from his Capital city, in the other we hear of a Tradesman who hath shut up his Shop, and run away. If in one we find the Victory of a General, in the other we see the Desertion of a private Soldier. I must confess, I have a certain weakness in my temper, that is often very much affected by these little domestic Occurrences, and have frequently been caught with tears in my eyes over a melancholy Advertisement.

But to consider this subject in its most ridiculous Lights. Advertisements are of great use to the Vulgar: First of all, as they are instruments of Ambition. A man that is by no means big enough for the *Gazette*, may easily creep

creep into the Advertisements; by which means we often see an Apothecary in the same paper of news with a Plenipotentiary, or a Running-footman with an Ambassador. An Advertisement from *Piccadilly* goes down to Poverty, with an Article from *Madrid*; and *John Bartlett* of *Goodman's-Fields* is celebrated in the same paper with the Emperor of *Germany*. Thus the Fable tells us, That the Wren mounted as high as the Eagle, by getting upon his back.

A second use which this sort of writings have been turned to of late years, has been the management of Controversy, insomuch that above half the Advertisements one meets with now-a-days are purely Polemical. The inventors of *Strops for Razors* have written against one another this way for several years, and that with great bitterness; as the whole argument *pro* and *con* in the case of the *Morning Gowns* is still carried on after the same manner. I need not mention the several Proprietors of Dr. *Anderson's* Pills; nor take notice of the many Satyrical works of this nature so frequently published by Dr. *Clark*, who has had the confidence to advertise upon that learned Knight, my very worthy Friend, Sir *William Read*: but I shall not interpose in their quarrel; Sir *William* can give him his own in Advertisements, that, in the judgment of the impartial, are as well penned as the Doctor's.

The third and last use of these writings is, to inform the world where they may be furnished with almost every thing that is necessary for life. If a man has Pains in his Head, Cholics in his Bowels, or Spots in his Clothes, he may here meet with proper Cures and Remedies. If a man would recover a Wife or a Horse that is stolen or strayed; if he wants new Sermons, Electuaries, Asses Milk, or any thing else, either for his body or his mind, this is the place to look for them in.

The great Art in writing Advertisements, is the finding out a proper method to catch the Reader's eye; without which a good thing may pass over unobserved, or be lost among Commissions of Bankrupts. Asterisks and Hands were formerly of great use for this purpose. Of late years, the *N. B.* has been much in fashion; as also little Cuts and Figures, the invention of which we must ascribe to the Author of *Spring-truffles*. I must not here omit the blind *Italian* Character, which being scarce legible, always fixes and detains the eye, and gives the curious Reader something like the satisfaction of prying into a secret.

But the great skill in an Advertiser, is chiefly seen in the Style which he makes use of. He is to mention *the universal Esteem*, or *general Reputation*, of things that were never heard of. If he is a Physician or Astrologer, he must change his Lodgings frequently, and (though he never saw any body in them besides his own family) give public notice of it, *For the Information*
of

of the Nobility and Gentry. Since I am thus usefully employed in writing Criticisms on the works of these diminutive Authors, I must not pass over in silence an Advertisement which has lately made its appearance, and is written altogether in a *Ciceronian* manner. It was sent to me, with five shillings, to be inserted among my Advertisements; but as it is a Pattern of good writing in this way, I shall give it a place in the body of my paper.

THE highest compound Spirit of Lavender, the most glorious (if the expression may be used) enlivening Scent and Flavor that can possibly be, which so raptures the Spirits, delights the Gust, and gives such airs to the Countenance, as are not to be imagined but by those that have tried it. The meanest sort of the thing is admired by most Gentlemen and Ladies; but this far more, as by far it exceeds it, to the gaining among all a more than common esteem. It is sold (in neat Flint bottles fit for the Pocket) only at the *Golden-key* in *Wharton's-court* near *Holborn-bars*, for 3s. 6d. with Directions.

At the same time that I recommend the several Flowers in which this Spirit of Lavender is wrapped up, (if the expression may be used) I cannot excuse my Fellow-laborers for admitting into their papers several uncleanly Advertisements, not at all proper to appear in the works of polite Writers. Among these I must reckon the *Carminative Wind-expelling* Pills. If the Doctor had called them his Carminative Pills, he had done as cleanly as any one could have wished; but the second word entirely destroys the decency of the first. There are other absurdities of this nature so very gross, that I dare not mention them; and shall therefore dismiss this subject, with a public admonition to *Michael Parrot*, That he do not presume any more to mention a certain Worm he knows of, which, by the way, has grown seven foot in my memory; for, if I am not much mistaken, it is the same that was but nine foot long about six months ago.

By the remarks I have here made, it plainly appears, that a collection of Advertisements is a kind of Miscellany; the writers of which, contrary to all Authors, except men of Quality, give money to the Booksellers who publish their Copies. The Genius of the Bookseller is chiefly shewn in his method of ranging and digesting these little Tracts. The last paper I took up in my hands, places them in the following order:

The true Spanish Blacking for shoes, &c.
 The Beautifying Cream for the face, &c.
 Pease and Plasters, &c.
 Nectar and Ambrosia, &c.

Four

Four Freehold Tenements of 15*l.* per Annum, &c.

* * The present State of England, &c.

††† Annotations upon the Tatler, &c.

A Commission of Bankruptcy being awarded against B. L. Bookseller, &c.

N^o 226. Tuesday, September 19. 1710.

— *Juvenis quondam, nunc Fœmina Cæneus,
Et fato in veterem rursus revoluta figuram.*

Virg.

From my own Apartment, September 18.

IT is one of the designs of this paper to transmit to Posterity an account of every thing that is monstrous in my own times. For this reason I shall here publish to the world the life of a person who was neither man nor woman, as written by one of my ingenious Correspondents, who seems to have imitated *Plutarch* in that multifarious Erudition, and those occasional dissertations, which he has wrought into the body of his history. — The Life I am putting out, is that of *Margery, alias John Young*, commonly known by the name of Dr. *Young*, who (as the town very well knows) was a woman that practised Physic in man's clothes, and after having had two wives and several children, died about a month since.

SIR,

“ I Here make bold to trouble you with a short account of the famous
 “ Doctor *Young's* life, which you may call (if you please) a second part of
 “ the Farce of the *Sham Doctor*. This perhaps will not seem so strange to
 “ you, who (if I am not mistaken) have somewhere mentioned with Honor
 “ your Sister *Kirleus* as a Practitioner both in Physic and Astrology: but in
 “ the common opinion of mankind, a She-quack is altogether as strange
 “ and astonishing a creature as a Centaur that practised Physic in the days
 “ of *Achilles*, or as King *Phys* in the *Rehearsal*. *Æsculapius*, the great Founder
 “ of your Art, was particularly famous for his Beard, as we may conclude
 “ from the behaviour of a Tyrant, who is branded by Heathen historians as
 “ guilty both of Sacrilege and Blasphemy, having robbed the Statue of
 “ *Æsculapius*

“ *Æsculapius* of a thick bushy golden beard, and then alledged for his excuse, *That it was a shame the Son should have a Beard when his Father Apollo had none.* This latter instance indeed seems something to favor a Female Professor, since (as I have been told) the ancient statues of *Apollo* are generally made with the head and face of a Woman: nay, I have been credibly informed by those who have seen them both, that the famous *Apollo* in the *Belvidera* did very much resemble *Dr. Young.* Let that be as it will, the Doctor was a kind of *Amazon* in Physic, that made as great devastations and slaughters as any of our chief Heroes in the art, and was as fatal to the *English* in these our days, as the famous *Joan d’Arc* was in those of our Forefathers.

“ I do not find any thing remarkable in the life I am about to write till the year 1695, at which time the Doctor, being about twenty three years old, was brought to bed of a Bastard Child. The scandal of such a Misfortune gave so great uneasiness to pretty Mrs. *Peggy*, (for that was the name by which the Doctor was then called) that she left her Family, and followed her Lover to *London*, with a fixed resolution some way or other to recover her lost reputation: but instead of changing her life, which one would have expected from so good a disposition of mind, she took it in her head to change her Sex. This was soon done by the help of a Sword, and a pair of Breeches. I have reason to believe, that her first design was to turn Man-midwife, having herself had some experience in those affairs: but thinking this too narrow a foundation for her future fortune, she at length bought her a Gold Button Coat, and set up for a Physician. Thus we see the same fatal miscarriage in her youth made Mrs. *Young* a Doctor, that formerly made one of the same Sex a Pope.

“ The Doctor succeeded very well in his business at first, but very often met with accidents that disquieted him. As he wanted that deep magisterial Voice which gives authority to a prescription, that is absolutely necessary for the right pronouncing of those words, *Take these Pills*, he unfortunately got the nick-name of the *Squeaking Doctor.* If this circumstance alarmed the Doctor, there was another that gave him no small disquiet, and very much diminished his gains. In short, he found himself run down as a superficial prating Quack, in all families that had at the head of them a cautious Father, or a jealous Husband. These would often complain among one another, that they did not like such a smock-faced Physician; though in truth had they known how justly he deserved that name, they would rather have favored his practice, than have apprehended any thing from it.

" Such were the motives that determined Mrs. Young to change her con-
 " dition, and take in marriage a virtuous young woman, who lived with her
 " in good reputation, and made her the Father of a very pretty Girl. But
 " this part of her happiness was soon after destroyed by a distemper which
 " was too hard for our Physician, and carried off his Wife. The Doctor had
 " not been a Widow long, before he married his second Lady, with whom
 " also he lived in very good understanding. It so happened, that the Doctor
 " was with Child at the same time that his Lady was; but the little ones
 " coming both together, they passed for Twins. The Doctor having entirely
 " established the reputation of his manhood, especially by the birth of the
 " Boy of whom he had been lately delivered, and who very much resem-
 " bles him, grew into good business, and was particularly famous for the
 " cure of Venereal Distempers; but would have had much more practice
 " among his own Sex, had not some of them been so unreasonable as to
 " demand certain proofs of their cure, which the Doctor was not able to
 " give them. The florid blooming look, which gave the Doctor some un-
 " easiness at first, instead of betraying his Person only recommended
 " his Physic. Upon this occasion I cannot forbear mentioning what I
 " thought a very agreeable surprise in one of *Moliere's* Plays, where a young
 " woman applies herself to a sick Person in the habit of a Quack, and speaks
 " to her Patient, who was something scandalized at the youth of his Physi-
 " cian, to the following purpose — *I begun to practise in the Reign of Francis*
 " *I. and am now in the hundred and fiftieth year of my age; but, by the virtue of my*
 " *Medicaments have maintained myself in the same beauty and freshness I had at fifteen.*
 " For this reason *Hippocrates* lays it down as a rule, that a Student in Phy-
 " sic should have a sound Constitution, and a healthy Look; which indeed
 " seem as necessary Qualifications for a Physician, as a good Life, and vir-
 " tuous Behavior, for a Divine. But to return to our subject. About two
 " years ago the Doctor was very much afflicted with the Vapors, which
 " grew upon him to such a degree, that about six weeks since they made an
 " end of him. His death discovered the disguise he had acted under, and
 " brought him back again to his former Sex. 'Tis said, that at his burial
 " the Pall was held up by six Women of some fashion. The Doctor left
 " behind him a Widow, and two Fatherless Children, if they may be called
 " so, besides the little Boy before-mentioned. In relation to whom we may
 " say of the Doctor, as the good old Ballad about *The Children in the Wood*
 " says of the unnatural Uncle, that he was Father and Mother both in one.
 " These are all the circumstances that I could learn of Doctor Young's Life,
 " which might have given occasion to many obscene fictions: but as I
 " know those would never have gained a place in your paper, I have not
 " troubled

“troubled you with any impertinence of that nature; having stuck to the
“truth very scrupulously, as I always do when I subscribe myself,

SIR, Your, &c.

I shall add, as a Postscript to this Letter, that I am informed, the famous *Saltero*, who sells Coffee in his Musæum at *Chelsea*, has by him a curiosity which helped the Doctor to carry on his imposture, and will give great satisfaction to the curious Inquirer.

N^o 229.

Tuesday, September 26, 1710.



Quæsitam meritis fume superbiam.

Hor.



From my own Apartment, September 25.

THE whole Creation preys upon itself: every living Creature is inhabited. A Flea has a thousand invisible Insects that tease him as he jumps from place to place, and revenge our quarrels upon him. A very ordinary Microscope shews us, that a Louse is itself a very lousy creature. A Whale, besides those Seas and Oceans in the several vessels of his body, which are filled with innumerable shoals of little Animals, carries about it a whole world of inhabitants; insomuch that, if we believe the calculations some have made, there are more living Creatures which are too small for the naked eye to behold about the Leviathan, than there are of visible creatures upon the face of the whole Earth. Thus every nobler Creature is as it were the basis and support of multitudes that are his inferiors.

This consideration very much comforts me, when I think on those numberless Vermin that feed upon this paper, and find their sustenance out of it; I mean the small Wits and Scribblers that every day turn a Penny by nibbling at my Lucubrations. This has been so advantageous to this little species of writers, that, if they do me justice, I may expect to have my Statue erected in *Grub-street*, as being a common Benefactor to that quarter.

They say, when a Fox is very much troubled with Fleas, he goes into the next pool with a lock of wool in his mouth, and keeps his body under water till the Vermin get into it, after which he quits the wool, and diving, leaves his tormentors to shift for themselves, and get their livelihood where they can.

can. I would have these Gentlemen take care that I do not serve them after the same manner; for though I have hitherto kept my temper pretty well, it is not impossible but I may some time or other disappear; and what will then become of them? Should I lay down my paper, what a famine would there be among the Hawkers, Printers, Booksellers and Authors? it would be like Dr. B—s's dropping his Cloak, with the whole congregation hanging upon the Skirts of it. To enumerate some of these my doughty Antagonists, I was threatened to be answered weekly *Tit for Tat*: I was undermined by the *Whisperer*, haunted by *Tom Brown's Ghost*, scolded at by a *Female Tatler*, and slandered by another of the same character, under the title of *Atalantis*. I have been annotated, retattled, examined, and condoled: but it being my standing maxim, never to speak ill of the dead; I shall let these Authors rest in peace, and take great pleasure in thinking that I have sometimes been the means of their getting a belly-full. When I see myself thus surrounded by such formidable enemies, I often think of the Knight of the *Red Cross* in *Spencer's Den of Error*, who after he has cut off the Dragon's head, and left it wallowing in a flood of Ink, sees a thousand monstrous Reptiles making their attempts upon him, one with many heads, another with none, and all of them without eyes.

*The same so sore annoyed has the Knight,
That well nigh choked with the deadly stink,
His forces fail, he can no longer fight;
Whose courage when the Fiend perceived to shrink,
She poured forth out of her hellish Sink
Her fruitful cursed spawn of Serpents small,
Deformed Monsters, foul, and black as Ink;
Which swarming all about his legs did crawl,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.*

*As gentle Shepherd in sweet even-tide,
When ruddy Phœbus gins to welk in West,
High on an hill, his Flock to viewen wide,
Marks which do bite their hasty supper best;
A cloud of combrous Gnats do him molest,
All striving to infix their feeble stings,
That from their noyance he no where can rest;
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.*

If ever I should want such a fry of little Authors to attend me, I shall think my paper in a very decaying condition. They are like Ivy about an Oak, which adorns the tree at the same time that it eats into it; or like a great man's Equipage, that do honor to the person on whom they feed. For my part, when I see myself thus attacked, I do not consider my Antagonists as malicious, but hungry, and therefore am resolved never to take any notice of them.

As for those who detract from my labors without being prompted to it by an empty stomach, in return to their censures I shall take pains to excel, and never fail to persuade myself, that their enmity is nothing but their envy or ignorance,

Give me leave to conclude like an Old man and a Moralist, with a Fable.

The Owls, Bats, and several other birds of night, were one day got together in a thick shade, where they abused their Neighbours in a very sociable manner. Their Satire at last fell upon the Sun, whom they all agreed to be very troublesome, impertinent, and inquisitive. Upon which the Sun, who overheard them, spoke to them after this manner: Gentlemen, I wonder how you dare abuse one that you know could in an instant scorch you up, and burn every Mother's son of you: But the only answer I shall give you, or the revenge I shall take of you is to *shine on*.

N^o 239.*Thursday, October 19, 1710.*

—*Mecum certasse feretur.*

Ovid.

From my own Apartment, October 18.

IT is ridiculous for any man to criticise on the works of another, who was not distinguished himself by his own Performances. A Judge would make but an indifferent figure who had never been known at the Bar. *Cicero* was reputed the greatest Orator of his age and country before he wrote a book *De Oratore*; and *Horace* the greatest Poet before he published his *Art of Poetry*. The observation arises naturally in any one who casts his eye upon this last mentioned Author, where he will find the Criticisms placed in the latter end of his book, that is, after the finest Odes and Satires in the *Latin Tongue*.

A

A Modern, whose name I shall not mention, because I would not make a silly paper sell, was born a Critic and an Examiner, and, like one of the race of the Serpent's teeth, came into the world with a Sword in his hand. His works put me in mind of the story that is told of a German Monk, who was taking a Catalogue of a friend's Library, and meeting with a *Hebrew* book in it, entered it under the title of, *A Book that has the Beginning where the End should be*. This Author, in the last of his Crudities, has amassed together a heap of Quotations, to prove that *Horace* and *Virgil* were both of them modest men than myself, and if his works were to live as long as mine, they might possibly give posterity a notion, that *Isaac Bickerstaffe* was a very conceited old Fellow, and as vain a man as either *Tully* or *Sir Francis Bacon*. Had this serious writer fallen upon me only, I could have overlooked it; but to see *Cicero* abused, is, I must confess, what I cannot bear. The censure he passes on this great Man runs thus: *The Itch of being very abusive, is almost inseparable from vain-glory. Tully has these two faults in so high a degree, that nothing but his being the best writer in the world can make amends for them.* The scurrilous wretch goes on to say I am as bad as *Tully*. His words are these; and yet the *Tatler*, in his paper of September 26, has outdone him in both. *He speaks of himself with more arrogance, and with more insolence of others.* I am afraid, by his discourse, this Gentleman has no more read *Plutarch* than he has *Tully*. If he had, he would have observed a passage in that Historian, wherein he has with great delicacy distinguished between two Passions which are usually complicated in human nature, and which an ordinary writer would not have thought of separating. Not having my *Greek Spectacles* by me, I shall quote the passage word for word as I find it translated to my hand. *Nevertheless, though he was intemperately fond of his own praise, yet he was very free from envying others, and most liberally profuse in commending both the Antients and his Contemporaries, as is to be understood by his writings; and many of those sayings are still recorded, as that concerning Aristotle, That he was a river of flowing Gold: Of Plato's Dialogue, That if Jupiter were to speak, he would discourse as he did. Theophrastus he was wont to call his peculiar delight; and being asked, Which of Demosthenes his Orations he liked best? He answered, The longest.*

And as for Eminent men of his own time, either for Eloquence or Philosophy, there was not one of them whom he did not, by writing or speaking favorably of, render more illustrious.

Thus the Critic tells us, That *Cicero* was excessively vain-glorious and abusive; *Plutarch*, that he was vain, but not abusive. Let the Reader believe which of them he pleases.

After

After this he complains to the world, that I call him names; and that in my passion I said, He was a *Flea*, a *Louse*, an *Owl*, a *Bat*, a *small Wit*, a *Scribler*, and a *Nibler*. When he had thus bespoken his Reader's pity, he falls into that admirable vein of mirth, which I shall set down at length, it being an exquisite piece of Rallery, and written in great gaiety of heart. *After this List of names, (viz. Flea, Louse, Owl, Bat, &c.) I was surpris'd to hear him say, that he has hitherto kept his temper pretty well; I wonder how he will write when he has lost his temper? I suppose, as he now is very angry and unmannerly, he will then be exceeding courteous and good-humored. If I can outlive this Rallery, I shall be able to bear any thing.*

There is a method of Criticism made use of by this Author, (for I shall take care how I call him a Scribler again) which may turn into Ridicule any work that was ever written, wherein there is a variety of thoughts: this the Reader will observe in the following words; *He (meaning me) is so intent upon being something extraordinary, that he scarce knows what he would be; and is as fruitful in his Similes, as a Brother of his whom I lately took notice of. In the compass of a few lines he compares himself to a Fox, to Daniel Burges, to the Knight of the Red Cross, to an Oak with Ivy about it, and to a Great man with an Equipage. I think myself as much honored by being joined in this part of his paper with the Gentleman whom he here calls my brother, as I am in the beginning of it, by being mentioned with Horace and Virgil.*

It is very hard that a man cannot publish ten papers without stealing from himself; but to shew you that this is only a knack of writing, and that the Author is got into a certain road of Criticism, I shall set down his remarks on the works of the Gentleman whom he here glances upon, as they stand in his 6th paper, and desire the Reader to compare them with the foregoing passage upon mine.

In thirty lines his Patron is a River, the Primum Mobile, a Pilot, a Victim, the Sun, any Thing, and Nothing. He bestows increase, conceals his source, makes the Machine move, teaches to steer, expiates our offences, raises vapors, and looks larger as he sets.

What Poem can be safe from this sort of Criticism? I think I was never in my life so much offended as at a Wag whom I once met with in a Coffee-house; He had in his hand one of the Miscellanies, and was reading the following short copy of verses, which, without flattery to the Author, is (I think) as beautiful in its kind as any one in the *English Tongue*.

*Flavia the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless Art employ.*

This

*This Fan in meaner hands would prove
 An Engine of small force in love;
 But she with such an Air and Mien,
 Not to be told, or safely seen,
 Directs its wanton motions so,
 That it wounds more than Cupid's Bow;
 Gives coolness to the matchless Dame,
 To ev'ry other breast a flame.*

When this Coxcomb had done reading them, Heyday! says he, What Instrument is this that *Flavia* employs in such a manner as is not to be told, or safely seen? In ten lines it is a Toy, a *Cupid's Bow*, a Fan, and an Engine in love. It has wanton motions, it wounds, it cools, and inflames.

Such Criticisms make a man of sense sick, and a Fool merry.

The next Paragraph of the paper we are talking of, falls upon some body whom I am at a loss to guess at: but I find the whole invective turns upon a man who (it seems) has been imprisoned for debt. Whoever he was, I most heartily pity him; but at the same time must put the *Examiner* in mind, that notwithstanding he is a Critic, he still ought to remember he is a Christian. Poverty was never thought a proper subject for ridicule; and I do not remember that I ever met with a Satire upon a Beggar.

As for those little retortings of my own expressions, of *being dull by design, witty in October, shining, excelling*, and so forth; they are the common Cavils of every Witlin, who has no other method of showing his Parts, but by little variations and repetitions of the man's words whom he attacks.

But the truth of it is, the paper before me, not only in this particular, but in its very essence, is like *Ovid's Echo*:

———*Quæ nec reticere loquenti,
 Nec prior ipsa loqui didicit.*———

I should not have deserved the character of a *Censor*, had I not animadverted upon the abovementioned Author by a gentle chastisement: but I know my Reader will not pardon me, unless I declare, that nothing of this nature for the future (unless it be written with some Wit) shall divert me from my care of the public.

Saturday,

N^o 240.

Saturday, October 21. 1710.

Ad populum phaleras—

Perf.

From my own Apartment, October 20,

I DO not remember that in any of my Lucubrations I have touched upon the useful science of Physic, notwithstanding I have declared myself more than once a Professor of it. I have indeed joined the study of Astrology with it, because I never knew a Physician recommend himself to the Public, who had not a Sister-art to embellish his knowledge in Medicine. It has been commonly observed in compliment to the Ingenious of our profession, that *Apollo* was God of Verse as well as Physic; and in all ages the most celebrated Practitioners of our country were the particular favorites of the Muses. Poetry to Physic is indeed like the gilding to a Pill; it makes the art shine, and covers the severity of the Doctor with the agreeableness of the Companion.

The very foundation of Poetry is good sense, if we may allow *Horace* to be a judge of the art.

Scribendi recte sapere est, et principium, et fons.

And if so, we have reason to believe, that the same man who writes well, can prescribe well, if he has applied himself to the study of both. Besides, when we see a Man making profession of two different Sciences, it is natural for us to believe he is no Pretender in that which we are not judges of, when we find him skilful in that which we understand.

Ordinary Quacks and Charlatans are thoroughly sensibly how necessary it is to support themselves by these collateral assistances, and therefore always lay their claim to some supernumerary Accomplishments which are wholly foreign to their profession.

About twenty years ago, it was impossible to walk the streets without having an Advertisement thrust into your hand, of a Doctor *who was arrived at the knowledge of the green and red Dragon, and had discovered the Female Fern Seed.* No body ever knew what this meant; but the green and red Dragon so amused the people, that the Doctor lived very comfortably upon them. About

the same time there was pasted a very hard word upon every corner of the streets. This, to the best of my remembrance, was

T E T R A C H Y M A G O G O N,

Which drew great shoals of Spectators about it, who read the bill that it introduced with unspeakable curiosity; and when they were sick, would have nobody but this learned man for their Physician.

I once received an Advertisement of one *who had studied thirty years by Candle-light for the good of his country-men*. He might have studied twice as long by Day-light, and never have been taken notice of: but lucubrations cannot be over-valued. There are some who have gained themselves great reputation for Physic by their birth; as the *Seventh Son of a Seventh Son*: and others by not being born at all, as the *Unborn Doctor*; who, I hear, is lately gone the way of his Patients, having died worth five hundred Pounds *per Annum*, though he was not born to a halfpenny.

My ingenious friend Doctor *Saffold* succeeded my old contemporary Doctor *Lilly* in the studies both of Physic and Astrology, to which he added that of Poetry, as was to be seen both upon the sign where he lived, and in the Bills which he distributed. He was succeeded by Dr. *Cafe*, who erased the Verses of his Predecessor out of the Sign-post, and substituted in their stead two of his own, which were as follow:

*Within this Place
Lives Doctor Cafe.*

He is said to have got more by this Distich, than Mr. *Dryden* did by all his Works. There would be no end of enumerating the several imaginary Perfections and unaccountable Artifices by which this tribe of men ensnare the minds of the vulgar, and gain crowds of admirers. I have seen the whole front of a Mountebank's Stage from one end to the other faced with Patents, Certificates, Medals, and Great Seals, by which the several Princes of *Europe* have testified their particular respect and esteem for the Doctor. Every Great man with a founding title has been his Patient. I believe I have seen twenty Mountebanks that have given Physic to the Czar of *Muscovy*. The Great Duke of *Tuscany* escapes no better. The Elector of *Brandenburg* was likewise a very good Patient.

This great condescension of the Doctor draws upon him much good-will from his Audience; and it is ten to one, but if any of them be troubled with an aching Tooth, his ambition will prompt him to get it drawn by a person who has had so many Princes, Kings, and Emperors, under his hands.

I must not leave this subject without observing, that as Physicians are apt to deal in Poetry, Apothecaries endeavour to recommend themselves by Oratory, and are therefore without controversy the most Eloquent persons in the whole *British* Nation. I would not willingly discourage any of the Arts, especially that of which I am an humble Professor; but I must confess, for the good of my native Country, I could wish there might be a suspension of Physic for some years, that our Kingdom, which has been so much exhausted by the wars, might have leave to recruit itself.

As for myself, the only Physic which has brought me safe to almost the age of man, and which I prescribe to all my friends, is Abstinence. This is certainly the best Physic for prevention, and very often the most effectual against the present distemper. In short, my *Recipe* is, *Take nothing*.

Were the Body Politic to be physicked like particular persons, I should venture to prescribe to it after the same manner. I remember when our whole Island was shaken with an Earthquake some years ago, there was an impudent Mountebank who sold Pills which (as he told the country people) were very good against an Earthquake. It may perhaps be thought as absurd to prescribe a Diet for the allaying popular commotions, and national ferments. But I am verily persuaded, that if in such a case a whole people were to enter into a course of Abstinence, and eat nothing but Water-gruel for a fortnight, it would abate the rage and animosity of Parties, and not a little contribute to the cure of a distracted Nation. Such a Fast would have a natural tendency to the procuring of those ends for which a fast is usually proclaimed. If any man has a mind to enter on such a voluntary abstinence, it might not be improper to give him the caution of *Pythagoras* in particular,

Abstine a Fabis.

“ Abstain from Beans.

That is, say the Interpreters, meddle not with elections, Beans having been made use of by the Voters among the *Athenians* in the choice of Magistrates.

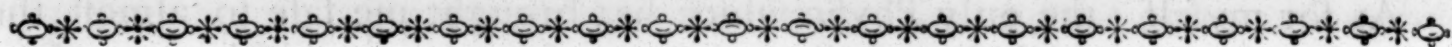
N^o 243.

Saturday, October 28. 1710.



*Infert se septus nebula, mirabile dictu
Per medios, miscetque viris, neque cernitur ulli.*

Virg.



From my own Apartment, October 27.

I Have somewhere made mention of Gyges's Ring, and intimated to my Reader, that it was at present in my possession, though I have not since made any use of it, The Tradition concerning this Ring is very romantic, and taken notice of both by *Plato* and *Tully*, who each of them make an admirable use of it for the advancement of Morality. This *Gyges* was the Master Shepherd to King *Candaules*. As he was wandering over the Plains of *Lydia*, he saw a great Chasm in the earth, and had the Curiosity to enter it. After having descended pretty far into it, he found the Statue of an Horse in brass, with doors in the sides of it. Upon opening of them, he found the body of a dead man bigger than ordinary, with a Ring upon his finger, which he took off, and put it upon his own. The Virtues of it were much greater than he at first imagined; for upon his going into the assembly of Shepherds, he observed, that he was invisible when he turned the stone of the Ring within the palm of his hand, and visible when he turned it towards his company. Had *Plato* and *Cicero* been as well versed in the occult Sciences as I am, they would have found a great deal of mystic learning in this Tradition; but it is impossible for an Adept to be understood by one who is not an Adept.

As for myself, I have with much study and application arrived at this great secret of making myself invisible, and by that means conveying myself where I please; or to speak in Rosycrucian Lore, I have entered into the Clefts of the earth, discovered the brazen Horse, and robbed the dead Giant of his Ring. The Tradition says further of *Gyges*, that by the means of this Ring he gained admission into the most retired parts of the Court, and made such use of those opportunities, that he at length became King of *Lydia*. For my own part, I, who have always rather endeavoured to improve my mind than my fortune, have turned this Ring to no other advantage than to get a thorough insight into the ways of men, and to make such observations up-
on

on the errors of others as may be useful to the Public, whatever effect they may have upon myself.

About a week ago, not being able to sleep, I got up and put on my magical Ring, and with a thought transported myself into a chamber where I saw a light. I found it inhabited by a celebrated Beauty, though she is of that species of women which we call a Slattern. Her Head-dress and one of her Shoes lay upon a chair, her Petticoat in one corner of the room, and her Girdle, that had a copy of verses made upon it but the day before, with her thread Stockings, in the middle of the floor. I was so foolishly officious, that I could not forbear gathering up her clothes together to lay them upon the chair that stood by her bed-side, when, to my great surprise, after a little muttering, she cried out, *What do you do? Let my Petticoat alone.* I was startled at first, but soon found that she was in a dream; being one of those who (to use *Shakespeare's* expression) are *so loose of thought*, that they utter in their sleep every thing that passes in their imagination. I left the apartment of this Female Rake, and went into her neighbour's, where there lay a Male-coquet. He had a bottle of Salts hanging over his head, and upon the table, by his bed-side *Sucklings* Poems, with a little heap of black Patches on it. His Snuff-box was within reach on a chair: But while I was admiring the disposition which he made of the several parts of his dress, his slumber seemed interrupted by a pang, that was accompanied by a sudden Oath, as he turned himself over-hastily in his bed. I did not care for seeing him in his nocturnal pains, and left the Room.

I was no sooner got into another bed-chamber, but I heard very harsh words uttered in a smooth uniform tone. I was amazed to hear so great a volubility in reproach, and thought it too coherent to be spoken by one asleep; but upon looking nearer, I saw the Head-dress of the person who spoke, which shewed her to be a Female with a man lying by her side broad awake, and as quiet as a lamb. I could not but admire his exemplary patience, and discovered by his whole behaviour, that he was then lying under the discipline of a Curtain-lecture.

I was entertained in many other places with this kind of nocturnal Eloquence, but observed, that most of those whom I found awake, were kept so either by Envy or by Love. Some of these were fighting, and others cursing, in Soliloquy; some hugged their pillows, and others gnashed their teeth.

The Covetous I likewise found to be a very wakeful People. I happened to come into a room where one of them lay sick. His Physician and his Wife were in close whisper near his bedside. I over-heard the Doctor say

to

to the Gentlewoman, He cannot possibly live till five in the morning. She received it like the Mistress of a family prepared for all events. At the same instant came in a Servant-maid, who said, *Madam the Undertaker is below according to your order.* The words were scarce out of her mouth, when the sick man cried out with a feeble voice, Pray, Doctor, how went Bank-stock to day at 'Change? This melancholy object made me too serious for diverting myself further this way; but as I was going home, I saw a light in a Garret, and entering into it, heard a voice crying, *And, Hand, Stand, Band, Fann'd, Tann'd.* I concluded him by this and the furniture of his room to be a Lunatic; but upon listening a little longer, perceived it was a Poet, writing an Heroic upon the ensuing Peace.

It was now towards morning, an hour when Spirits, Witches, and Conjurers are obliged to retire to their own apartments; and feeling the influence of it, I was hastening home, when I saw a man had got half way into a neighbour's house. I immediately called to him, and turning my Ring, appeared in my proper person. There is something Magisterial in the Aspect of the *Bickerstaffes*, which made him run away in confusion.

As I took a turn or two in my own lodging, I was thinking, that, old as I was, I need not go to bed alone, but that it was in my power to marry the finest Lady in this Kingdom, if I would wed her with this Ring. For what a figure would she that should have it make at a visit, with so perfect a knowledge as this would give her of all the scandal in the town? But instead of endeavouring to dispose of myself and it in Matrimony, I resolved to lend it to my loving friend the Author of the *Atalantis*, to furnish a new *Secret History of Secret Memoirs.*

N^o 249. Saturday, November 11. 1710.

*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus—*

Virg.

From my own Apartment, November 10.

I Was last night visited by a friend of mine who has an inexhaustible fund of discourse, and never fails to entertain his company with a variety of thoughts and hints that are altogether new and uncommon. Whether it were in complaisance to my way of living, or his real opinion, he advanced the following Paradox, That it required much greater talents to fill up and become a Retired life, than a life of Business. Upon this occasion he rallied very agreeably the busy men of the age, who only valued themselves for being in motion, and passing through a series of trifling and insignificant Actions. In the heat of his discourse, seeing a piece of money lying on my table, I defy (says he) any of these active persons to produce half the Adventures that this Twelve-penny piece has been engaged in, were it possible for him to give us an account of his Life.

My friend's talk made so odd an impression upon my mind, that soon after I was a-bed I fell insensibly into a most unaccountable *Refverie*, that had neither Moral nor Design in it, and cannot be so properly called a Dream as a Delirium.

Methought the Shilling that lay upon the table reared itself upon its edge, and turning the face towards me, opened its mouth, and in a soft silver sound gave me the following account of his Life and Adventures:

I was born, says he, on the side of a mountain, near a little village of Peru, and made a voyage to England in an Ingot, under the Convoy of Sir Francis Drake. I was, soon after my arrival, taken out of my *Indian* habit, refined, naturalized, and put into the *British* Mode, with the face of Queen Elizabeth on one side, and the Arms of the country on the other. Being thus equipped, I found in me a wonderful inclination to ramble, and visit all the parts of the new world into which I was brought. The people very much favored my natural disposition, and shifted me so fast from hand to hand, that before I was five years old, I had travelled into almost every corner of the

the nation. But in the beginning of my sixth year, to my unspeakable grief I fell into the hands of a miserable old fellow, who clapped me into an Iron Chest, where I found five hundred more of my own quality who lay under the same confinement. The only relief we had, was to be taken out, and counted over in the fresh air every morning and evening. After an imprisonment of several years, we heard somebody knocking at our Chest, and breaking it open with an Hammer. This we found was the old man's heir, who, as his Father lay a dying, was so good as to come to our release: He separated us that very day. What was the fate of my companions I know not: As for myself, I was sent to the Apothecary's shop for a pint of Sack. The Apothecary gave me to an Herb-woman, the Herb-woman to a Butcher, the Butcher to a Brewer, and the Brewer to his Wife, who made a present of me to a Nonconformist Preacher. After this manner I made my way merrily through the world; for, as I told you before, we Shillings love nothing so much as travelling. I sometimes fetched in a Shoulder of Mutton, sometimes a Play-book, and often had the satisfaction to treat a Templer at a twelve-penny Ordinary, or to carry him with three Friends to *Westminster-Hall*.

In the midst of this pleasant progress which I made from place to place, I was arrested by a superstitious old woman, who shut me up in a greazy purse, in pursuance of a foolish saying, That while she kept a *Queen Elizabeth's* Shilling about her, she should never be without Money. I continued here a close Prisoner for many months, till at last I was exchanged for eight and forty Farthings.

I thus rambled from Pocket to Pocket till the beginning of the Civil Wars, when, to my shame be it spoken, I was employed in Raising Soldiers against the King: for being of a very tempting breadth, a Serjeant made use of me to inveigle country fellows, and list them in the service of the Parliament.

As soon as he had made one man sure, his way was to oblige him to take a Shilling of a more homely figure, and then practise the same trick upon another. Thus I continued doing great mischief to the Crown, till my Officer chancing one morning to walk abroad earlier than ordinary, sacrificed me to his pleasures, and made use of me to seduce a Milk-maid. This wench bent me, and gave me to her Sweetheart, applying more properly than she intended the usual form of, *To my Love and from my Love*. This ungenerous Gallant marrying her within few days after, pawned me for a dram of Brandy, and drinking me out next day, I was beaten flat with an hammer, and again set a running.

After many adventures, which it would be tedious to relate, I was sent to a young Spendthrift, in company with the Will of his deceased Father. The young Fellow, who I found was very extravagant, gave great demonstrations

strations of joy at the receiving of the Will: but opening it, he found himself disinherited and cut off from the possession of a fair Estate, by virtue of my being made a present to him. This put him into such a passion, that after having taken me in his hand, and cursed me, he squirmed me away from him as far as he could fling me. I chanced to light in an unfrequented place under a dead wall, where I lay undiscovered and useless, during the Usurpation of *Oliver Cromwell*.

About a year after the King's return, a poor Cavalier that was walking there about dinner-time fortunately cast his eye upon me, and, to the great joy of us both, carried me to a Cook's shop, where he dined upon me, and drank the King's health. When I came again into the world, I found that I had been happier in my retirement than I thought, having probably by that means escaped wearing a monstrous pair of Breeches.

Being now of great credit and antiquity, I was rather looked upon as a Medal than an ordinary Coin; for which reason a Gamester laid hold of me, and converted me to a Counter, having got together some dozens of us for that use. We led a melancholy life in his possession, being busy at those hours wherein current Coin is at rest, and partaking the fate of our Master, being in a few moments valued at a Crown, a Pound, or a Sixpence, according to the situation in which the fortune of the Cards placed us. I had at length the good luck to see my Master break, by which means I was again sent abroad under my primitive denomination of a Shilling.

I shall pass over many other accidents of less moment, and hasten to that fatal Catastrophe when I fell into the hands of an Artist who conveyed me under ground, and with an unmerciful pair of Sheers cut off my Titles, clipped my Brims, retrenched my shape, rubbed me to my inmost Ring, and, in short, so spoiled and pilaged me, that he did not leave me worth a Groat. You may think what a confusion I was in, to see myself thus curtailed and disfigured. I should have been ashamed to have shewn my head, had not all my old acquaintance been reduced to the same shameful figure, excepting some few that were punched through the belly. In the midst of this general calamity, when every body thought our misfortunes irretrievable, and our case desperate, we were thrown into the Furnace together, and (as it often happens with cities rising out of a fire) appeared with greater beauty and lustre than we could ever boast of before. What has happened to me since this change of Sex which you now see, I shall take some other opportunity to relate. In the mean time I shall only repeat two Adventures, as being very extraordinary, and neither of them having ever happened to me above once in my Life. The first was my being in a Poet's Pocket, who was so taken with the brightness and novelty of my appearance, that it gave occasion

to the finest Burlesque Poem in the *British* Language, entitled from me, *The splendid Shilling*. The second Adventure, which I must not omit, happened to me in the year 1703, when I was given away in charity to a blind man; but indeed this was by mistake, the person who gave me having heedlessly thrown me into the Hat among a pennyworth of Farthings.

N^o 250.

Tuesday, November 14. 1710.



*Scis etenim justum gemina suspendere lance
Ancipitis libræ? —————*

Perf.



From my own Apartment, November 13.

I Last Winter erected a Court of Justice for the correcting of several Enormities in Dress and Behaviour, which are not cognizable in any other Courts of this Realm. The Vintner's case, which I there tried, is still fresh in every Man's memory. That of the Petticoat gave also a general satisfaction, not to mention the more important points of the Cane and Perspective; in which, if I did not give Judgments and Decrees according to the strictest Rules of Equity and Justice, I can safely say, I acted according to the best of my Understanding. But as for the Proceedings of that Court, I shall refer my Reader to an account of them, written by my Secretary, which is now in the Press, and will shortly be published under the title of *Lillie's Reports*.

As I last year presided over a Court of Justice, it is my Intention this year to set myself at the head of a Court of Honor. There is no Court of this nature any where at present, except in *France*, where, according to the best of my Intelligence, it consists of such only as are Marshals of that Kingdom. I am likewise informed, that there is not one of that honorable Board at present who has not been driven out of the field by the Duke of *Marlborough*: but whether this be only an accidental or a necessary Qualification, I must confess I am not able to determine.

As for the Court of Honor of which I am here speaking, I intend to sit myself in it as President, with several men of honor on my right hand, and Women of Virtue on my left, as my assistants. The first place of the Bench I have given to an old *Tangereen* Captain with a wooden leg. The second
is

is a Gentleman of a long twisted Perriwig without a curl in it, a Muff with very little Hair upon it, and a thread-bare coat with new Buttons, being a person of great worth, and second brother to a Man of Quality. The third is a Gentleman-Usher, extremely well read in Romances, and Grandson to one of the greatest Wits in *Germany*, who was sometime Master of the Ceremonies to the Duke of *Wolfembuttel*.

As for those who sit further on my right hand, as it is usual in public Courts, they are such as will fill up the number of faces upon the Bench, and serve rather for ornament than use.

The chief upon my left hand are, an old Maiden Lady, that preserves some of the best blood of *England* in her veins.

A *Welsh* woman of a little stature, but high spirit.

An old Prude that has censured every Marriage for these thirty years, and is lately wedded to a young Rake.

Having thus furnish'd my Bench, I shall establish Correspondencies with the Horse-guards, and the Veterans of *Chelsea-College*; the former to furnish me with twelve Men of Honor as often as I shall have occasion for a Grand Jury, and the latter with as many good Men and true for a petty Jury.

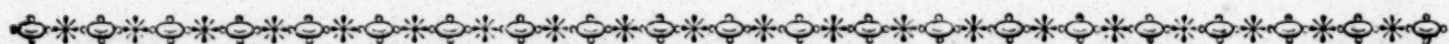
As for the Women of Virtue, it will not be difficult for me to find them about midnight at Crimp and Basset.

Having given this public notice of my Court, I must further add, that I intend to open it on this day sevensnight, being *Monday* the twentieth instant; and do hereby invite all such as have suffered injuries and affronts, that are not to be redressed by the common laws of this land, whether they be short Bows, cold Salutations, supercilious Looks, unreturned Smiles, distant Behaviour, or forced Familiarity; as also all such as have been aggrieved by any ambiguous Expression, accidental Juggle, or unkind Repartee; likewise all such as have been defrauded of their right to the Wall, tricked out of the Upper end of the table, or have been suffered to place themselves in their own wrong on the back-seat of the Coach: These, and all of these I do, as is above said, invite to bring in their several cases and complaints, in which they shall be relieved with all imaginable expedition.

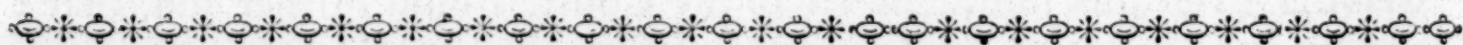
I am very sensible that the Office I have now taken upon me will engage me in the disquisition of many weighty points that daily perplex the Youth of the *British* Nation, and therefore I have already discussed several of them for my future use; as, How far a man may brandish his Cane in the telling a story, without insulting his hearer? What degree of contradiction amounts to the Lye? How a man should resent another's staring and cocking a Hat in his face? If asking pardon is an atonement for treading upon ones toes? Whether a man may put up a box on the ear received

from a stranger in the dark? Or, Whether a Man of honor may take a Blow of his Wife? with several other subtleties of the like nature.

For my direction in the Duties of my Office, I have furnished myself with a certain Astrological pair of Scales which I have contrived for this purpose. In one of them I lay the Injuries, in the other the Reparations. The first are represented by little Weights made of a metal resembling Iron, and the other in Gold. These are not only lighter than the weights made use of in Averdupois, but also than such as are used in Troy-weight. The heaviest of those that represent the injuries, amount but to a Scruple; and decrease by so many sub-divisions, that there are several imperceptible weights which cannot be seen without the help of a very fine Microscope. I might acquaint my Reader, that these Scales were made under the influence of the Sun when he was in *Libra*, and describe many Signatures on the Weights both of Injury and Reparation: but as this would look rather to proceed from an ostentation of my own Art than any care for the Public, I shall pass it over in silence.

N^o 253.

Tuesday, November 21. 1710.



*Pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arreclisque auribus astant.*

Virg.



From my own apartment, November 20.

Extract of the Journal of the Court of Honor, 1710.

Die Lunæ vicesimo Novembris, hora nona Antemeridiana.

THE Court being sat, an Oath prepared by the Cenfor was administered to the assistants on his Right hand, who were all sworn upon their Honor. The women on his Left hand took the same Oath upon their Reputation. Twelve Gentlemen of the Horse-guards were empannelled, having unanimously chosen Mr. *Alexander Truncheon*, who is their Right-hand man in the Troop, for their Foreman in the Jury. Mr. *Truncheon* immediately drew his sword, and holding it with the point towards his own body, presented it to the Cenfor. Mr. *Bickerstaffe* received it, and after having surveyed the breadth of the blade, and sharpness of the point, with

with more than ordinary attention, returned it to the Foreman in a very graceful manner. The rest of the Jury, upon the delivery of the sword to their Foreman, drew all of them together as one man, and saluted the bench with such an Air, as signified the most resigned submission to those who commanded them, and the greatest magnanimity to execute what they should command.

Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, after having received the compliments on his Right hand, cast his eye upon the Left, where the whole Female Jury paid their respects by a low Curtsy, and by laying their hands upon their mouths. Their Forewoman was a professed *Platonist*, that had spent much of her time in exhorting the Sex to set a just value upon their persons, and to make the men know themselves.

There followed a profound silence, when at length, after some recollection, the Censor, who continued hitherto uncovered, put on his Hat with great dignity; and after having composed the Brims of it in a manner suitable to the gravity of his Character, he gave the following Charge, which was received with silence and attention; that being the only applause which he admits of, or is ever given in his presence.

“ The nature of my office, and the Solemnity of this occasion, requiring
“ that I should open my first Session with a Speech, I shall cast what I have
“ to say under two principal heads.

“ Under the first, I shall endeavour to shew the Necessity and Usefulness
“ of this new-erected Court; and under the second, I shall give a word of
“ Advice and Instruction to every constituent part of it.

“ As for the first, it is well observed by *Phædrus* an Heathen Poet;

Nisi utile est quod facimus, frustra est gloria.

“ Which is the same, Ladies, as if I should say, *It would be of no Reputation*
“ *for me to be President of a Court which is of no benefit to the Public.* Now the
“ Advantages that may arise to the Weal Public from this Institution will
“ more plainly appear, if we consider what it suffers for the want of it.
“ Are not our streets daily filled with wild pieces of Justice and random Pen-
“ alties? Are not Crimes undermined, and Reparations disproportioned?
“ How often have we seen the Lie punished by death, and the Liar himself
“ deciding his own cause; nay, not only acting the Judge, but the Execu-
“ tioner? Have we not known a Box on the ear more severely accounted
“ for than Manlaughter? In these extrajudicial proceedings of mankind; an
“ unmannerly Jest is frequently as capital as a premeditated Murder.

“ But

“ But the most pernicious circumstance in this case is, that the man who
“ suffers the injury must put himself upon the same foot of danger with him
“ that gave it, before he can have his just revenge; so that the punishment
“ is altogether accidental, and may fall as well upon the innocent as the
“ guilty. I shall only mention a case which happens frequently among the
“ more polite nations of the world, and which I the rather mention, because
“ both Sexes are concerned in it, and which therefore you Gentlemen and
“ you Ladies of the Jury will the rather take notice of; I mean that great
“ and known case of Cuckoldom. Supposing the person who has suffered In-
“ sults in his dearer and better half; supposing, I say, this person should
“ resent the injuries done to his tender Wife, What is the reparation he
“ may expect? Why, to be used worse than his poor Lady, run through the
“ body, and left breathless upon the bed of Honor. What then will you
“ on my Right hand say must the man do that is affronted? Must our sides
“ be elbowed, our shins broken? Must the Wall, or perhaps our Mistress,
“ be taken from us? May a man knit his forehead into a frown, toss up his
“ arm, or pish at what we say, and must the Villain live after it? Is there
“ no redress for injured Honor? Yes, Gentlemen, that is the design of the
“ Judicature we have here established.

“ A Court of Conscience, we very well know, was first instituted for the
“ determining of several points of Property that were too little and trivial
“ for the Cognizance of higher Courts of Justice. In the same manner our
“ Court of Honor is appointed for the examination of several Niceties and
“ Punctilio's that do not pass for wrongs in the eye of our common laws.
“ But notwithstanding no Legislators of any nation have taken into consi-
“ deration these little circumstances, they are such as often lead to crimes
“ big enough for their inspection, though they come before them too late
“ for their redress.

“ Besides, I appeal to you, Ladies, (*Here Mr. Bickerstaffe turned to his left
“ hand*) if these are not the little stings and thorns in life that make it more
“ uneasy than its most substantial evils? Confess ingenuously, Did you never
“ lose a Mornings Devotions, because you could not offer them up from
“ the highest place of the Pew? Have you not been in pain, even at a Ball,
“ because another has been taken out to dance before you? Do you Love
“ any of your friends so much as those that are below you? Or have you a-
“ ny Favorites that walk on your Right hand? You have answered me in
“ your looks, I ask no more.

“ I come now to the second part of my discourse, which obliges me to
“ address myself in particular to the respective members of the Court, in
“ which I shall be very brief.

“ As

“ As for you, Gentlemen and Ladies, my Assistants and Grand Juries, I
 “ have made choice of you on my Right hand, because I know you very
 “ jealous of your Honor; and you on my Left, because I know you very
 “ much concerned for the Reputation of others; for which reason I expect
 “ great exactness and impartiality in your Verdicts and Judgments.

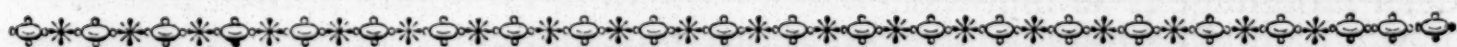
“ I must in the next place address myself to you, Gentlemen of the Coun-
 “ cil: You all know, that I have not chosen you for your Knowledge in
 “ the litigious parts of the Law, but because you have all of you formerly
 “ fought Duels, of which I have reason to think you have repented, as
 “ being now settled in the peaceable state of Benchers. My advice to you
 “ is, only that in your Pleadings you are short and expressive: to which end
 “ you are to banish out of your Discourses all synonymous Terms, and
 “ unnecessary Multiplications of Verbs and Nouns. I do moreover forbid
 “ you the use of the words *also* and *likewise*; and must further declare, That
 “ if I catch any one among you, upon any pretence whatsoever, using the
 “ particle *or*, I shall incessantly order him to be stripped of his Gown, and
 “ thrown over the Bar.

This is a true Copy,

Charles Lillie.

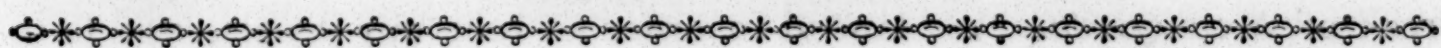
N. B. The sequel of the Proceedings of this day will be published on
Tuesday next.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this Paper.



N^o 254.

Thursday, November 23. 1710.



Splendide mendax. _____

Hor.



From my own Apartment, November 22.

T H E R E are no Books which I more delight in than in Travels,
 especially those that describe remote Countries, and give the writer
 an opportunity of shewing his parts without incurring any danger of be-
 ing examined or contradicted. Among all the Authors of this kind, our
 renowned Countryman Sir John Mandeville has distinguished himself by the
 Copi-

Copiousness of his invention, and Greatness of his Genius. The second to Sir John I take to have been *Ferdinand Mendez Pinto*, a person of infinite adventure, and unbounded imagination. One reads the Voyages of these two great Wits with as much astonishment as the Travels of *Ulysses* in *Homer*, or of the *Red-Cross Knight* in *Spencer*. All is Enchanted Ground, and Fairy Land.

I have got into my hands by great chance several Manuscripts of these two eminent Authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the public; and indeed, were they not so well attested, would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think the ingenious Authors did not publish them with the rest of their works, lest they should pass for fictions and fables: a caution not unnecessary, when the reputation of their veracity was not yet established in the world. But as this reason has now no further weight, I shall make the public a present of these curious pieces at such times as I shall find myself unprovided with other subjects.

The present Paper I intend to fill with an extract of Sir John's Journal, in which that learned and worthy Knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several short Speeches which he made in the Territories of *Nova Zembla*. I need not inform my Reader, that the Author of *Hudibras* alludes to this strange Quality in that cold Climate, when, speaking of abstracted Notions clothed in a visible Shape, he adds that apt simile,

Like words congeal'd in northern Air.

Not to keep my Reader any longer in suspense, the relation put into modern Language is as follows:

We were separated by a storm in the Latitude of 73, insomuch that only the ship which I was in, with a *Dutch* and a *French* vessel, got safe into a creek of *Nova Zembla*. We landed in order to refit our vessels, and store ourselves with provisions. The Crew of each vessel made themselves a Cabin of Turf and Wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves against the Inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We soon observed, that in talking to one another we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards distance and that too when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air before they could reach the ears of the person to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air, than they were condensed
and

and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a Seaman, that could hail a ship at a league distance, beckoning with his hands, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat, but all in vain.

—*Nec vox, nec verba sequuntur.*

We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our Cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter S, that occurs so frequently in the *English* Tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquefied in the warm wind that blew across our Cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard every thing that had been *spoken* during the whole three weeks that we had been *silent*, if I may use that expression. It was now very early in the morning, and yet, to my surprise, I heard some body say, *Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship's Crew to go to bed.* This I knew to be the Pilot's voice, and upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them before the present thaw. My Reader will easily imagine how the whole Crew was amazed, to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprise we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the Boatswain, who was a very cholerick fellow and had taken his opportunity of cursing and swearing at me when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the Strappado on that account as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies when I got him on ship-board.

I must not omit the names of several beauties in *Wapping*, which were heard every now and then, in the midst of a long sigh that accompanied them; as Dear *Kate!* Pretty Mrs. *Peggy!* When shall I see my *Sue* again? this betrayed several amours which had been concealed till that time, and furnished us with a great deal of mirth in our return to *England*.

When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the *Dutch* Cabin, which lay about a mile further up into the country. My Crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hear-

ing, though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done:

— *Et timide verba intermissa retentat.*

At about half a mile's distance from our Cabin, we heard the groanings of a Bear, which at first startled us; but upon enquiry we were informed by some of our company, that he was dead, and now lay in Salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before, in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place we were likewise entertained with some posthumous snarls and barkings of a Fox.

We at length arrived at the little *Dutch* Settlement, and upon entering the room, found it filled with sighs that smelt of Brandy, and several other unfavorable sounds that were altogether inarticulate. My Valet, who was an *Irishman*, fell into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his Sword; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not hear a single word till about half an hour after; which I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that Language, which wanted more time than ours to melt and become audible.

After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the *French* Cabin, who, to make amends for their three weeks Silence, were talking and disputing with greater rapidity and confusion than ever I heard in an Assembly even of that Nation. Their Language, as I found, upon the first giving of the weather, fell asunder and dissolved. I was here convinced of an Error into which I had before fallen; for I fancied, that for the freezing of the Sound, it was necessary for it to be wrapped up, and, as it were, preserved in breath; but I found my mistake, when I heard the sound of a Kit playing a minuet over our heads. I asked the occasion of it; upon which one of the company told me, that it would play there above a week longer if the thaw continued; for, says he, finding ourselves bereft of speech, we prevailed upon one of the company, who had this Musical instrument about him, to play to us from morning to night; all which time we employed in dancing, in order to dissipate our Chagrin, *et tuer le temps*.

Here Sir *John* gives very good Philosophical Reasons, why the Kit could be heard during the frost; but as they are something Prolix, I pass over them in silence, and shall only observe, that the honorable Author seems, by his Quotations, to have been well versed in the ancient Poets, which perhaps raised his fancy above the ordinary pitch of Historians, and very much contributed to the embellishment of his writings.

Saturday,

N^o 255.

Saturday, November 25. 1710.

— *Nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,
Labentem pietas nec Apollinis infula texit.*

Virg.

From my own Apartment, November 24.

To the Cenfor of Great Britain.

S I R,

I Am at present under very great difficulties, which it is not in the power of any one, besides yourself, to redress. Whether or no you shall think it a proper case to come before your Court of Honor, I cannot tell; but thus it is: I am Chaplain to an honorable family, very regular at the hours of devotion, and I hope of an unblameable life; but for not offering to rise at second course, I found my Patron and his Lady very sullen and out of humor, though at first I did not know the reason of it. At length, when I happened to help myself to a Jelly, the Lady of the house, otherwise a devout Woman, told me, That it did not become a man of my Cloth to delight in such frivolous food: but as I still continued to sit out the last Course, I was yesterday informed by the Butler, that his Lordship had no further occasion for my Service. All which is humbly submitted to your consideration, by,

S I R, Your most Humble Servant, &c.

The case of this Gentleman deserves pity, especially if he loves Sweetmeats, to which, if I may guess by his Letter, he is no enemy. In the mean time, I have often wondered at the Indecency of discarding the holiest man from the table as soon as the most delicious parts of the entertainment are served up, and could never conceive a reason for so absurd a custom. Is it because a liquorish palate, or a sweet tooth (as they call it) is not consistent with the Sanctity of his character? This is but a trifling pretence. No man of the most rigid Virtue gives offence by any excesses in Plumb-pudding or Plumb-porridge, and that because they are the first parts of the dinner. Is there any thing that tends to Incitation in Sweetmeats more than in ordinary dishes? Certainly not. Sugar-plumbs are a very innocent diet,

and Conserves of a much colder nature than our common Pickles. I have sometimes thought, that the Ceremony of the Chaplain's flying away from the Desert was typical and figurative, to mark out to the company how they ought to retire from all the luscious baits of temptation, and deny their appetites the gratifications that are most pleasing to them; or at least to signify, that we ought to stint ourselves in our most lawful satisfactions, and not make our pleasure, but our support, the end of eating: but most certainly, if such a lesson of temperance had been necessary at a table, our Clergy would have recommended it to all the Lay-masters of Families, and not have disturbed other men's tables with such unseasonable examples of Abstinence. The original therefore of this barbarous custom, I take to have been merely accidental. The Chaplain retired out of pure complaisance to make room for the removal of the Dishes, or possibly for the ranging of the Desert. This by degrees grew into a Duty, till at length, as the fashion improved, the good man found himself cut off from the third part of the Entertainment; and if the arrogance of the Patron goes on, it is not impossible but, in the next Generation, he may see himself reduced to the Tythe, or tenth Dish of the table; a sufficient caution not to part with any privilege we are once possessed of. It was usual for the Priest in old times to feast upon the Sacrifice, nay the Honey-cake, while the hungry Laity looked upon him with great devotion, or as the late Lord *Rochester* describes it in a lively manner:

And while the Priest did eat, the People stared.

At present the custom is inverted; the Laity feast, while the Priest stands by as an humble Spectator. This necessarily puts the good man upon making great ravages upon all the Dishes that stand near him, and distinguishing himself by voraciousness of appetite, as knowing that his time is short. I would fain ask those stiff-necked Patrons, whether they would not take it ill of a Chaplain that, in his Grace after Meat, should return thanks for the whole Entertainment, with an exception to the Desert? And yet I cannot but think, that in such a proceeding he would but deal with them as they deserved. What would a *Roman* Catholic Priest think, who is always helped first, and placed next the Ladies, should he see a Clergyman giving his company the flip at the first appearance of the Tarts or Sweetmeats? Would not he believe that he had the same antipathy to a candid Orange, or a piece of Puff-paste, as some have to a *Cheshire* Cheese, or a Breast of Mutton? Yet to so ridiculous a height is this foolish custom grown, that even the *Christmas* Pye, which in its very nature is a kind of consecrated Cate, and a badge of distinction, is often forbidden to the Druid of the family.

Strange!

Strange! that a Sirloin of Beef, whether boiled or roasted, when entire, is exposed to his utmost Depredations and Incisions; but if minced into small pieces, and tossed up with Plumbs and Sugar, changes its property, and, forsooth, is meat for his Master.

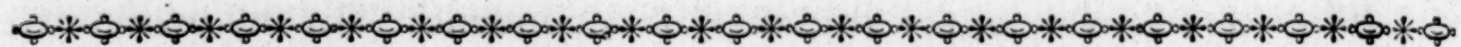
In this case I know not which to censure, the Patron or the Chaplain, the insolence of power, or the abjectness of dependence. For my own part, I have often blushed to see a Gentleman, whom I knew to have much more wit and learning than myself, and who was bred up with me at the University upon the same foot of a liberal education, treated in such an ignominious manner, and sunk beneath those of his own rank, by reason of that Character which ought to bring him honor. This deters men of generous minds from placing themselves in such a station of life, and by that means frequently excludes persons of quality from the improving and agreeable conversation of a learned and obsequious friend.

Mr. *Oldham* lets us know, that he was affrighted from the thought of such an employment, by the scandalous sort of treatment which often accompanies it.

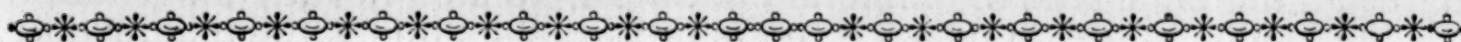
*Some think themselves exalted to the Sky,
If the light in some noble family:
Diet, an Horse, and thirty pounds a year,
Besides th' advantage of his Lordship's ear,
The credit of the business, and the state,
Are things that in a youngster's sense sound great.
Little the unexperienc'd wretch does know,
What slavery he oft must undergo:
Who tho' in silken scarf, and Cassock drest,
Wears but a gayer Livery at best.
When dinner calls, the implement must wait
With holy words to consecrate the meat.
But hold it for a favor seldom known,
If he be deign'd the honor to sit down.
Soon as the Tarts appear, Sir Crape withdraw,
Those dainties are not for a spiritual maw.
Observe your distance, and be sure to stand
Hard by the Cistern with your Cap in hand:
There for diversion you may pick your teeth,
Till the kind Voider comes for your relief.
Let others who such meannesses can brook,
Strike countenance to ev'ry great man's look;
I rate my freedom higher.*

This

This Author's Rallery is the Rallery of a friend, and does not turn the Sacred Order into Ridicule, but is a just Censure on such persons as take advantage from the necessities of a man of merit, to impose on him hardships that are by no means fuitable to the dignity of his profession,

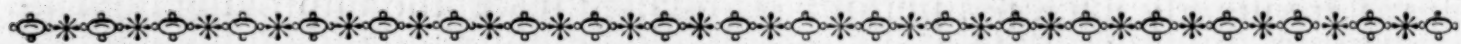
N^o 256.

Tuesday, November 28. 1710.



—*Nostrum est tantas componere Lites.*

Virg.



The Proceedings of the Court of Honor, held in Sheer-Lane on Monday the 20th of November 1710, before Isaac Bickerstaffe Esq; Cenfor of Great Britain.

Peter Plumb, of London, Merchant, was indicted by the Honorable Mr. Thomas Gules, of Gule-hall in the county of Salop, for that the said Peter Plumb did in Lombard-Street London, between the hours of two and three in the afternoon meet the said Mr. Thomas Gules, and after a short Salutation, put on his Hat, value five-pence, while the Honorable Mr. Gules stood bare-headed for the space of two seconds. It was further urged against the Criminal, That during his discourse with the Prosecutor, he feloniously stole the wall of him, having clapped his back against it in such a manner that it was impossible for Mr. Gules to recover it again at his taking leave of him. The Prosecutor alledged, that he was the Cadet of a very ancient family, and that according to the principles of all the younger Brothers of the said family, he had never sullied himself with business, but had chosen rather to starve like a Man of Honor, than do any thing beneath his Quality. He produced several Witnesses, that he had never employed himself beyond the twirling of a Whip, or the making of a pair of Nut-crackers, in which he only worked for his diversion, in order to make a present now and then to his friends. The Prisoner being asked what he could say for himself, cast several reflections upon the Honorable Mr. Gules; as, that he was not worth a groat; that no body in the city would trust him for a half-peny; that he owed him money which he had promised to pay him several times, but never kept his word: and in short, that he was an idle, beggarly fellow, and of no use to the public. This sort of Language was very severely reprimanded by the Cenfor, who told the Criminal, that he spoke in contempt of the

the Court, and that she should be proceeded against for contumacy, if he did not change his style. The Prisoner therefore desired to be heard by his Council, who urged in his defence, that he put on his Hat through ignorance, and took the wall by accident. They likewise produced several witnesses, that he made several motions with his Hat in his hand, which are generally understood as an invitation to the person we talk with to be covered; and that the Gentleman not taking the hint, he was forced to put on his Hat, as being troubled with a cold. There was likewise an *Irishman*, who deposed, that he had heard him cough three and twenty times that morning. And as for the Wall, it was alledged, that he had taken it inadvertently, to save himself from a shower of rain which was then falling. The Censor having consulted the Men of Honor who sat at his right hand on the Bench, found they were of opinion, that the defence made by the Prisoner's Council did rather aggravate than extenuate his Crime; that the motions and intimations of the Hat were a token of superiority in conversation, and therefore not to be used by the Criminal to a man of the Prosecutor's Quality, who was likewise vested with a double title to the Wall at the time of their conversation, both as it was the upper hand, and as it was a shelter from the weather. The evidence being very full and clear, the Jury, without going out of Court, declared their opinion unanimously by the mouth of their Fore-man, that the Prosecutor was bound in Honor to make the Sun shine through the Criminal or, as they afterwards explained themselves to whip him through the lungs.

The Censor knitting his brows into a frown, and looking very sternly upon the Jury, after a little pause, gave them to know, that this Court was erected for the finding out of Penalties suitable to offences, and to restrain the outrages of private Justice; and that he expected they should moderate their Verdict. The Jury therefore retired, and being willing to comply with the advices of the Censor, after an hour's consultation, declared their opinion as follows:

That in consideration this was *Peter Plumb's* first offence, and that there did not appear any *Malice prepense* in it, as also that he lived in good reputation among his neighbours, and that his taking the Wall was only *se defendendo*, the Prosecutor should let him escape with life, and content himself with the flitting of his nose, and the cutting off both his ears. Mr. *Bickerstaffe* smiling upon the Court, told them, that he thought the punishment, even under its present mitigation, too severe: and that such Penalties might be of ill consequence in a trading nation. He therefore pronounced sentence against the Criminal in the following manner: That his Hat, which was the instrument of offence, should be forfeited to the Court; that the Criminal

Criminal should go to the Warehouse from whence he came, and thence, as occasion should require, proceed to the *Exchange*, or *Garraway's Coffe-house*, in what manner he pleased; but that neither he nor any of the family of the *Plumbs* should hereafter appear in the streets of *London* out of their Coaches, that so the foot-way might be left open and undisturbed for their betters.

Dathan, a peddling *Jew*, and *T. R*——, a *Welshman*, were indicted by the keeper of an Ale-house in *Westminster*, for breaking the peace and two earthen Mugs, in a dispute about the antiquity of their families, to the great detriment of the house, and disturbance of the whole neighbourhood. *Dathan* said for himself, that he was provoked to it by the *Welshman*, who pretended, that the *Welsh* were an ancients people than the *Jews*; whereas, says he, I can shew by this Genealogy in my hand, that I am the Son of *Mesheck*, that was the Son of *Naboth*, that was the Son of *Shalem*, that was the Son of ——The *Welshman* here interrupted him, and told him, That he could produce Shennalogy as well as himself; for that he was *John ap Rice*, *ap Shenkin*, *ap Shones*. He then turned himself to the Censor, and told him in the same broken accent, and with much warmth, that the *Jew* would needs uphold that King *Cadwalladar* was younger than *Iffachar*. Mr. *Bickerstaffe* seemed very much inclined to give sentence against *Dathan*, as being a *Jew*, but finding reasons, by some expressions which the *Welshman* let fall in asserting the antiquity of his family, to suspect the said *Welshman* was a *Præ Adamite*, he suffered the Jury to go out, without any previous admonition. After some time they returned, and gave their Verdict, that it appearing the persons at the Bar did neither of them wear a sword, and that consequently they had no right to quarrel upon a point of Honor; to prevent such frivolous Appeals for the future, they should both of them be tossed in the same Blanket, and there adjust the superiority as they could agree it between themselves. The Censor confirmed the Verdict.

Richard Newman was indicted by Major *Punto*, for having used the word *Perhaps it may be so*, in a dispute with the said Major. The Major urged, that the word, *Perhaps*, was questioning his Veracity, and that it was an indirect manner of giving him the Lie. *Richard Newman* had nothing more to say for himself, than that he intended no such thing, and threw himself upon the mercy of the Court. The Jury brought in their Verdict special.

Mr. *Bickerstaffe* stood up, and after having cast his eyes over the whole Assembly hemmed thrice. He then acquainted them, that he had laid down a Rule to himself, which he was resolved never to depart from, and which, as he conceived, would very much conduce to the shortning the business of the Court; I mean, says he, never to allow of the Lye being given by Construction, Implication, or Induction, but by the sole use of the word
itself

itself. He then proceeded to shew the great mischiefs that had arisen to the *English* Nation from that pernicious Monosyllable; that it had bred the most fatal Quarrels between the dearest friends; that it had frequently thinned the Guards, and made great havoc in the Army; that it had sometimes weakened the City Trained-bands; and in a word, had destroyed many of the bravest men in the Isle of *Great Britain*. For the prevention of which evils for the future, he instructed the Jury to *present* the word itself as a Nuisance in the *English* Tongue; and further promised them, that he would, upon such their presentment, publish an Edict of the Court for the entire banishment and exclusion of it out of the discourses and conversation of all civil Societies.

This is a true Copy,

Charles Lillie.

Monday next is set apart for the Trial of several Female Causes.

N. B. *The Case of the Hassoc will come on between the hours of nine and ten.*

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this Paper.

N^o 257.

Thursday, November 30. 1710.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas

Corpora: Dii, cæptis (nam vos mutastis et illas)

Aspirate meis. —————

Ovid. Met.

From my own Apartment, November 29.

EVERY Nation is distinguished by productions that are peculiar to it. *Great Britain* is particularly fruitful in Religions, that shoot up and flourish in this climate more than in any other. We are so famous abroad for our great variety of Sects and Opinions, that an ingenious friend of mine, who is lately returned from his Travels, assures me, there is a Show at this time *carried up and down in Germany*, which represents all the Religions of *Great Britain* in Wax-work. Notwithstanding that the pliancy of the matter in which the images are wrought makes it capable of being moulded into all shapes and figures, my friend tells me, that he did not think it possible for it to be twisted and tortured into so many screwed faces and wry

features as appeared in several of the figures that composed the Show. I was indeed so pleased with the design of the *German* Artist, that I begged my friend to give me an account of it in all its particulars, which he did after the following manner.

I have often, says he, been present at a show of Elephants, Camels, Dromedaries, and other strange creatures, but I never saw so great an Assembly of Spectators as were met together at the opening of this great piece of Wax-work. We were all placed in a large hall, according to the price that we had paid for our seats: the curtain that hung before the show was made by a Master of Tapestry, who had woven it in the figure of a monstrous *Hydra* that had several heads, which brandished out their tongues, and seemed to hiss at each other. Some of these heads were large and entire; and where any of them had been lopped away, there sprouted up several in the room of them; insomuch that for one head cut off, a man might see ten, twenty, or an hundred of a smaller size, creeping through the wound. In short, the whole Picture was nothing but confusion and bloodshed. On a sudden, says my friend, I was startled with a flourish of many Musical Instruments that I had never heard before, which was followed by a short tune (if it might be so called) wholly made up of Jars and Discords. Among the rest, there was an Organ, a Bagpipe, a Groaning-board, a Stentorophonic Trumpet, with several wind-instruments of a most disagreeable sound, which I do not so much as know the names of. After a short flourish, the Curtain was drawn up, and we were presented with the most extraordinary assembly of figures that ever entered into a Man's Imagination. The design of the Workman was so well expressed in the dumb show before us, that it was not hard for an *Englishman* to comprehend the meaning of it.

The principal figures were placed in a row, consisting of seven persons. The middle figure, which immediately attracted the eyes of the whole company, and was much bigger than the rest, was formed like a Matron, dressed in the habit of an elderly Woman of Quality in Queen *Elizabeth's* days. The most remarkable parts of her dress, was the Beaver with the steeple Crown, the Scarf that was darker than Sable, and the Lawn Apron that was whiter than Ermin. Her Gown was of the richest black Velvet, and just upon her heart studded with large Diamonds of an inestimable value, disposed in the form of a Cross. She bore an inexpressible chearfulness and dignity in her Aspect; and though she seemed in years, appeared with so much spirit and vivacity, as gave her at the same time an air of old age and immortality. I found my heart touched with so much Love and Reverence at the sight of her, that the Tears ran down my face as I looked upon her; and

and still the more I looked upon her, the more my heart was melted with the sentiments of filial tenderness and duty. I discovered every moment something so charming in this figure, that I could scarce take my eyes off it. On its right hand there sat the figure of a woman so covered with ornaments, that her face, her body, and her hands, were almost entirely hid under them. The little you could see of her face was painted; and what I thought very odd, had something in it like artificial wrinkles; but I was the less surpris'd at it, when I saw upon her forehead an old-fashioned Tower of grey Hairs. Her Head-dress rose very high by three several stories or degrees; her garments had a thousand colors in them, and were embroidered with Crosses in Gold, Silver and Silk: She had nothing on, so much as a Glove or a Slipper, which was not marked with this figure; nay, so superstitiously fond did she appear of it, that she sat cross legged, I was quickly sick of this tawdry composition of Ribands, Silks and Jewels, and therefore cast my eye on a Dame which was just the reverse of it. I need not tell my Reader, that the Lady before described was *Popery*, or that she I am now going to describe is *Presbytery*. She sat on the left hand of the venerable Matron, and so much resembled her in the features of her countenance, that she seem'd her Sister; but at the same time that one observ'd likeness in her beauty, one could not but take notice, that there was something in it sickly and splenetic. Her face had enough to discover the relation, but it was drawn up into a peevish figure, sowed with discontent, and over-cast with melancholy. She seem'd offended at the Matron for the shape of her Hat, as too much resembling the triple Coronet of the person who sat by her. One might see likewise, that she dissented from the white Apron and the Cross; for which reasons she had made herself a plain homely dowdy, and turned her face towards the Sectaries that sat on her left hand, as being afraid of looking upon the Matron, lest she should see the Harlot by her.

On the right hand of *Popery* sat *Judaism*, represented by an old man embroidered with Phylacteries, and distinguished by many typical figures, which I had not skill enough to unriddle. He was placed among the rubbish of a Temple; but instead of weeping over it, (which I should have expected from him) he was counting out a Bag of Money upon the ruins of it.

On his right hand was *Deism*, or *Natural Religion*. This was a figure of an half-naked awkward country Wench, who with proper ornaments and education would have made an agreeable and beautiful Appearance; but for want of those Advantages, was such a spectacle as a man would blush to look upon.

I have now, continued my friend, given you an account of those who were placed on the right hand of the Matron, and who, according to the order in which they sat, were *Deism*, *Judaism*, and *Popery*. On the left hand, as I told you, appeared *Presbytery*. The next to her was a figure which somewhat puzzled me: It was that of a man looking, with horror in his eyes, upon a Silver Basin filled with water. Observing something in his Countenance that looked like Lunacy, I fancied at first that he was to express that kind of distraction which the Physicians call the *Hydro-Phobia*; but considering what the intention of the show was, I immediately recollected myself, and concluded it to be *Anabaptism*.

The next figure was a Man that sat under a most profound composure of Mind: he wore an Hat whose Brims were exactly parallel with the Horizon: his Garment had neither Sleeve nor Skirt, nor so much as a superfluous Button. What they called his Cravat, was a little piece of white Linnen quilled with great exactness, and hanging below his Chin about two inches. Seeing a Book in his hand, I asked our Artist what it was, who told me it was the *Quakers Religion*; upon which I desired a sight of it. Upon perusal, I found it to be nothing but a new-fashioned Grammar, or an art of abridging ordinary discourse. The Nouns were reduced to a very small number, as the *Light*, *Friend*, *Babylon*. The Principal of his Pronouns was *Thou*; and as for *You*, *Ye*, and *Yours*, I found they were not looked upon as Parts of Speech in this Grammar. All the Verbs wanted the Second person plural; the Participles ending all in *ing* or *ed*, which were marked with a particular Accent. There were no Adverbs besides *Yea* and *Nay*. The same thrift was observed in the Prepositions. The Conjunctions were only *Hem!* and *Ha!* and the Interjections brought under the three heads of Sighing, Sobbing, and Groaning. There was at the end of the Grammar a little Nomenclature, called, *The Christian Man's Vocabulary*, which gave new Apellations, or, (if you will) Christian Names to almost every thing in Life. I replaced the Book in the hand of the figure, not without admiring the simplicity of its Garb, Speech, and Behaviour.

Just opposite to this row of Religions, there was a Statue dressed in a Fool's Coat, with a Cap of Bells upon his head, laughing and pointing at the figures that stood before him. This Ideot is supposed to say in his heart what *David's Fool* did some thousands of years ago, and was therefore designed as a proper Representative of those among us who are called Atheists and Infidels by others, and Free-thinkers by themselves.

There were many other groups of figures which I did not know the meaning of; but seeing a collection of both Sexes turning their backs upon the Company, and laying their heads very close together, I enquired after their Religion,

Religion, and found that they called themselves the *Philadelphians*, or the *Family of Love*.

In the opposite corner there sat another little congregation of strange figures, opening their mouths as wide as they could gape, and distinguished by the title of the *Sweet singers of Israel*.

I must not omit, that in this Assembly of Wax there were several pieces that moved by clock-work, and gave great satisfaction to the Spectators. Behind the Matron there stood one of these figures, and behind *Popery* another, which, as the Artist told us, were each of them the Genius of the person they attended. That behind *Popery* represented *Persecution*, and the other *Moderation*. The first of these moved by secret Springs towards a great heap of dead Bodies that lay piled upon one another at a considerable distance behind the principal figures. There were written on the foreheads of these dead men several hard words, as *Præ-Adamites*, *Sabbatarians*, *Camaronians*, *Muggletonians*, *Brownists*, *Independants*, *Masonites*, *Camisars*, and the like. At the approach of *Persecution*, it was so contrived, that as she held up her bloody Flag, the whole assembly of dead men, like those in the *Rehearsal* started up and drew their Swords. This was followed by great clashings and noise, when in the midst of the tumult, the figure of *Moderation* moved gently towards this new Army, which, upon her holding up a paper in her hand, inscribed *Liberty of Conscience*, immediately fell into a heap of Carcasses, remaining in the same quiet posture that they lay at first.

N^o 259.

Tuesday, December 5. 1710.

Vexat censura columbas.

Juv.

A continuation of the Journal of the Court of Honor, held in Sheer-Lane on Monday the 27th of November, before Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq; Censor of Great-Britain.

Elizabeth Makebate, of the Parish of St. Catherine's, Spinster, was indicted for surreptitiously taking away the Hassoc from under the Lady Grave-Airs, between the hours of four and five, on Sunday the 26th of November. The Prosecutor deposed, that as she stood up to make a Curtsey to a Person

a Person of Quality in a neighbouring Pew, the Criminal conveyed away the Hassoc by stealth, insomuch that the Prosecutor was obliged to sit all the while she was at Church, or to say her Prayers in a posture that did not become a Woman of her Quality. The Prisoner pleaded Inadvertancy; and the Jury were going to bring it in Chance-medly, had not several Witnesses been produced against the said *Elizabeth Makebate*, that she was an old Offender, and a Woman of a bad reputation. It appeared in particular, that on the *Sunday* before she had detracted from a new Petticoat of Mrs. *Mary Doelittle*, having said in the hearing of several credible Witnesses, that the said Petticoat was scowred, to the great grief and detriment of the said *Mary Doelittle*. There were likewise many Evidences produced against the Criminal, that though she never failed to come to Church on *Sunday*, she was a most notorious Sabbath-breaker, and that she spent her whole time, during Divine Service, in disparaging other people's clothes, and whispering to those who sat next her. Upon the whole, she was found guilty of the Indictment, and received Sentence to ask pardon of the Prosecutor upon her bare knees, without either Cushion or Hassoc under her, in the face of the Court.

N. B. As soon as the sentence was executed on the Criminal, which was done in open Court with the utmost severity, the first Lady of the Bench on Mr. *Bickerstaffe's* right hand stood up, and made a motion to the Court, that whereas it was impossible for Women of Fashion to dress themselves before the Church was half done, and whereas many confusions and inconveniences did arise thereupon, it might be lawful for them to send a Footman, in order to keep their places, as was usual in other polite and well-regulated Assemblies. The motion was ordered to be entered in the Books, and considered at a more convenient time.

Charles Cambrick, Linen-draper, in the city of *Westminster*, was indicted for speaking obscenely to the Lady *Penelope Touchwood*. It appeared, that the Prosecutor and her Woman going in a Stage-Coach from *London* to *Brentford*, where they were to be met by the Lady's own Chariot, the Criminal and another of his acquaintance travelled with them in the same Coach, at which time the Prisoner talked Bawdy for the space of three miles and a half. The Prosecutor alledged, That over-against the *Old Fox at Knightsbridge*, he mentioned the word Linen; that at the further end of *Kensington* he made use of the term Smock; and that before he came to *Hammer-smith*, he talked almost a quarter of an hour upon Wedding-shifts. The Prosecutor's Woman confirmed what her Lady had said, and added further, that she had never seen her Lady in so great a confusion, and in such a taking, as she was during the whole discourse of the Criminal. The Prisoner had
little

little to say for himself, but that he talked only in his own trade, and meant no hurt by what he said. The Jury however found him guilty, and represented by their Forewoman, that such discourses were apt to fully the imagination; and that by a concatenation of Ideas, the word *Linen* implied many things that were not proper to be stirred up in the mind of a woman who was of the Prosecutor's Quality, and therefore gave it as their Verdict, that the *Linen-draper*, should lose his tongue. Mr. *Bickerstaffe* said, he thought the Prosecutor's ears were as much to blame as the Prisoner's tongue, and therefore gave Sentence as follows: That they should both be placed over-against one another in the midst of the Court, there to remain for the space of one quarter of an hour, during which time, the *Linen-draper* was to be gagged, and the Lady to hold her hands close upon both her ears; which was executed accordingly.

Edward Callicot was indicted as an accomplice to *Charles Cambrick*, for that he the said *Edward Callicot* did, by his silence and smiles, seem to approve and abet the said *Charles Cambrick* in every thing he said. It appeared, that the Prisoner was Foreman of the shop to the aforesaid *Charles Cambrick*, and by his Post obliged to smile at every thing that the other should be pleased to say: upon which he was acquitted.

Josias Shallow was indicted in the name of Dame *Winifred*, sole Relict of *Richard Dainty*, Esq; for having said several times in Company, and in the hearing of several persons there present, that he was extremely obliged to the Widow *Dainty*, and that he should never be able sufficiently to express his gratitude. The Prosecutor urged, that this might blast her reputation, and that it was in effect a boasting of Favors which he had never received. The Prisoner seemed to be much astonished at the construction which was put upon his words, and said, that he meant nothing by them, but that the Widow had befriended him in a Lease, and was very kind to his younger Sister. The Jury finding him a little weak in his understanding, without going out of the Court, brought in their Verdict *Ignoramus*.

Ursula Goodenough was accused by the Lady *Betty Wou'dbe*, for having said, that she the Lady *Betty Wou'dbe* was painted. The Prisoner brought several persons of good Credit to witness to her Reputation, and proved by undeniable Evidences, that she was never at the place where the words were said to have been uttered. The Censor observing the behaviour of the Prosecutor, found reason to believe that she had indicted the Prisoner for no other reason but to make her complexion be taken notice of, which indeed was very fresh and beautiful: he therefore asked the Offender with a very stern voice, how she could presume to spread so groundless a report? And whether she saw any colors in the Lady *Wou'dbe's* face that could procure Credit

dit to such a falshood? Do you see (says he) any lillies or roses in her cheeks, any bloom, any probability?—The Prosecutor, not able to bear such language any longer, told him, that he talked like a blind old Fool, and that she was ashamed to have entertained any opinion of his Wisdom: but she was put to silence, and sentenced to wear her Mask for five months, and not to presume to shew her face till the town should be empty.

Benjamin Buzzard, Esq; was indicted for having told the Lady *Everbloom* at a public Ball, that she looked very well for a Woman of her Years. The Prisoner not denying the Fact, and persisting before the Court that he looked upon it as a compliment, the Jury brought him in *Non Compos Mentis*.

The Court then adjourned to Monday the 11th Instant.

Copia Vera, Charles Lillie.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this Paper.

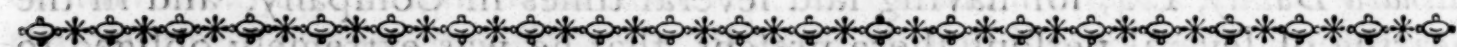


N^o 260 *Thursday, December 7. 1710.*



Non cuicumque datum est habere nasum.

Mart.



From my own Apartment, December 6.

WE have a very learned and elaborate Dissertation upon Thumbs, in *Montaigne's Essays*, and another upon Ears in the *Tale of a Tub*. I am here going to write one upon Noses, having chosen for my Text the following Verses out of *Hudibras*:

*So learned Talicotius from
The brawny part of Porter's bum
Cut supplemental Noses, which
Lasted as long as parent breech:
But when the date of nock was out,
Off drop'd the sympathetic snout.*

Notwithstanding that there is nothing obscene in natural knowledge, and that I intend to give as little offence as may be to readers of a well-bred imagination, I must, for my own quiet, desire the Critics (who in all times have been famous for Good Noses) to refrain from the lecture of this curious

Tract.

Tract. These Gentleman were formerly marked out and distinguished by the little Rhinocerial Nose, which was always looked upon as an instrument of derision, and which they used to cock, tofs, or draw up in a contemptuous manner, upon reading the works of their ingenuous Contemporaries. It is not therefore for this generation of men that I write the present transaction,

——*Minus aptus acutis*
Naribus horum hominum——

But for the sake of some of my Philosophical Friends in the Royal Society, who peruse discourses of this nature with a becoming gravity, and a desire of improving by them.

Many are the opinions of Learned men concerning the rise of that fatal distemper which has always taken a particular pleasure in venting its spight upon the Nose. I have seen a little Burlesque Poem in *Italian* that gives a very pleasant account of this matter. The fable of it runs thus: *Mars*, the God of War, having served during the siege of *Naples* in the shape of a *French* Colonel, received a visit one night from *Venus*, the Goddess of Love, who had been always his professed Mistress and Admirer. The Poem says, she came to him in the disguise of a Suttling Wench, with a Bottle of Brandy under her arm. Let that be as it will, he managed matters so well, that she went away big-bellied, and was at length brought to bed of a little *Cupid*. This boy, whether it were by reason of any bad food that his Father had eaten during the siege, or of any particular malignity in the Stars that reigned at his nativity, came into the world with a very sickly look, and crazy constitution. As soon as he was able to handle his Bow, he made discoveries of a most perverse disposition. He dipped all his Arrows in poison, that rotted every thing they touched, and what was more particular, aimed all his shafts at the Nose, quite contrary to the practice of his elder Brothers, who had made a human Heart their Butt in all countries and ages. To break him of this roguish trick, his parents put him to school to *Mercury*, who did all he could to hinder him from demolishing the Noses of mankind; but in spite of education, the boy continued very unlucky; and though; his malice was a little softned by good instructions, he would very frequently let fly an invenomed Arrow, and wound his votaries oftner in the Nose than in the Heart. Thus far the fable.

I need not tell my Learned reader, that *Correggio* has drawn a *Cupid* taking his Lesson from *Mercury*, conformable to this Poem; nor that the Poem itself was designed as a Burlesque upon *Fracastorius*.

It was a little after this fatal siege of *Naples* that *Talicotius* begun to practice

tise in a town of *Germany*. He was the first Clap-doctor that I meet with in History, and a greater man in his age than our celebrated Dr. *Wall*. He saw his Species extremely mutilated and disfigured by this new distemper that was crept into it; and therefore, in pursuance of a very seasonable invention, set up a manufacture of Noses, having first got a Patent that none should presume to make noses besides himself. His first Patient was a Great man of *Portugal*, who had done good services to his country, but in the midst of them unfortunately lost his Nose. *Talicotius* grafted a new one on the remaining part of the Gristle or Cartilaginous substance, which would sneeze, smell, take snuff, pronounce the letters *M* or *N*, and in short, do all the functions of a genuine and natural Nose. There was however one misfortune in this experiment. The *Portuguese's* complexion was a little upon the subfusc, with very black eyes and dark eyebrows, and the Nose being taken from a Porter that had a white *German* skin, and cut out of those parts that are not exposed to the Sun, it was very visible that the features of his face were not fellows. In a word, the *Conde* resembled one of those maimed antique Statues that has often a modern Nose of fresh Marble glewed to a face of such a yellow ivory complexion as nothing can give but age. To remedy this particular for the future, the Doctor got together a great collection of Porters, men of all complexions, black, brown, fair, dark, fallow, pale, and ruddy; so that it was impossible for a Patient of the most out-of-the-way color not to find a Nose to match it.

The Doctor's house was now very much enlarged, and become a kind of College, or rather Hospital, for the fashionable Cripples of both Sexes that resorted to him from all parts of *Europe*. Over his door was fastened a large Golden Snout, not unlike that which is placed over the great Gates at *Brazen-Nose* College in *Oxford*; and as it is usual for the learned in Foreign Universities to distinguish their houses by a *Latin* sentence, the Doctor writ underneath this great Golden Proboscis two verses out of *Ovid*:

*Militat omnis amans, habet et sua castra Cupido,
Pontice, crede mihi, militat omnis amans.*

It is reported, that *Talicotius* had at one time in his house twelve *German* Counts, nineteen *French* Marquisses, and a hundred *Spanish* Cavaliers, besides one solitary *English* Esquire, of whom more hereafter. Though the Doctor had the Monopoly of Noses in his own hands, he is said not to have been unreasonable. Indeed if a man had occasion for a high *Roman* Nose, he must go to the price of it. A Carbuncle Nose likewise bore an excessive rate: but for your ordinary short turned-up Noses, of which there was the greatest consumption, they cost little or nothing; at least the purchasers thought so, who

who would have been content to have paid much dearer for them rather than to have gone without them.

The Sympathy betwixt the Nose and its Parent was very extraordinary. *Hudibras* has told us, that when the Porter died, the nose dropped of course, in which case it was usual to return the Nose, in order to have it interred with its first owner. The Nose was likewise affected by the pain as well as death of the original Proprietor. An eminent instance of this nature happened to three *Spaniards*, whose Noses were all made out of the same piece of Brawn. They found them one day shoot and swell extremely, upon which they sent to know how the Porter did, and heard upon enquiry, that the parent of the Noses had been severely kicked the day before, and that the Porter kept his bed on account of the bruises it had received. This was highly resented by the *Spaniards*, who found out the person that had used the Porter so unmercifully, and treated him in the same manner as if the indignity had been done to their own Noses. In this and several other cases it might be said, that the Porters led the Gentleman by the Nose.

On the other hand, if any thing went amiss with the Nose, the Porter felt the effects of it, insomuch that it was generally articulated with the Patient, that he should not only abstain from all his old courses, but should on no pretence whatsoever smell Pepper, or eat Mustard; on which occasion: the part where the incision had been made was seized with unspeakable twinges and prickings.

The *Englishman* I before mentioned was so very irregular, and relapsed so frequently into the distemper which at first brought him to the Learned *Talicotius*, that in the space of two years he wore out five Noses, and by that means so tormented the Porters, that if he would have given 500*l.* for a Nose, there was not one of them that would accommodate him. This young Gentleman was born of honest Parents, and passed his first years in Fox-hunting; but accidentally quitting the woods, and coming up to *London*, he was so charmed with the Beauties of the Play-house, that he had not been in town two days before he got the misfortune which carried off this part of his face. He used to be called in *Germany*, the *Englishman* of five Noses, and, the Gentleman that had thrice as many Noses as he had Ears; Such was the rally of those times.

I shall close this paper with an admonition to the young Men of this town, which I think the more necessary, because I see several new fresh-colored faces, that have made their first appearance in it this Winter. I must therefore assure them, that the art of making Noses is entirely lost; and in the next place, beg them not to follow the example of our ordinary town-rakes, who live as if there was a *Talicotius* to be met with at the Corner of every street.

street. Whatever young men may think, the Nose is a very becoming part of the face, and a man makes but a very silly figure without it. But it is the nature of youth not to know the value of any thing till they have lost it. The general precept therefore I shall leave with them is, to regard every Town-woman as a particular kind of Siren, that has a design upon their Noses; and that, amidst her flatteries and allurements, they will fancy she speaks to them in that humourous Phrase of old *Plautus*:

Ego tibi faciem denasabo mordicus.

“ Keep your face out my way, or I’ll bite off your Nose.



N^o 262.

Tuesday, December 12. 1710.



*Verba togæ sequeris, juncturâ callidus acri,
Ore teres modico, pallentes radere mores,
Doctus et ingenuo culpam defigere ludo.*

Perf. Sat. 5.



Journal of the Court of Honor, &c.

Timothy Treatall, Gent. was indicted by several Ladies of his Sister’s acquaintance for a very rude affront offered to them at an entertainment, to which he had invited them on *Tuesday* the 7th of *November* last past, between the hours of eight and nine in the evening. The indictment set forth, that the said Mr. *Treatall* upon the serving up of the supper, desired the Ladies to take their places according to their different age and seniority, for that it was the way always at his table to pay respect to Years. The indictment added, that this produced an unspeakable confusion in the Company; for that the Ladies, who before had pressed together for a place at the upper end of the table, immediately crouded with the same disorder towards the end that was quite opposite; that Mrs. *Frontly* had the insolence to clap herself down at the very lowest place of the table; that the Widow *Partlett*, seated herself on the right hand of Mrs. *Frontly* alledging for her excuse, that no ceremony was to be used at a Round Table; that Mrs. *Fidget* and Mrs. *Fescue* disputed above half an hour for the same Chair, and that the latter would not give up the cause till it was decided by the Parish Register, which happened to be kept hard by. The Indictment further said, that

that the rest of the company who sat down, did it with a Reserve to their Right, which they were at liberty to assert on another occasion: and that Mrs. *Mary Pippe*, an old maid, was placed by the unanimous Vote of the whole company at the upper end of the Table, from whence she had the confusion to behold several Mothers of Families among her inferiors. The Criminal alledged in his defence, that what he had done, was to raise mirth, and avoid ceremony, and that the Ladies did not complain of his rudeness till the next morning, having eaten up what he had provided for them with great readiness and alacrity. The Censor frowning upon him, told him that he ought not to discover so much levity in matters of a serious nature, and (upon the Jury's bringing him in guilty) sentenced him to treat the whole Assembly of Ladies over again, and to take care that he did it with the Decorum which was due to Persons of their Quality.

Rebecca Shapely, Spinster, was indicted by Mrs. *Sarah Smack*, for speaking many words reflecting upon her reputation, and the Heels of her Silk Slippers, which the Prisoner had maliciously suggested to be two Inches higher than they really were. The Prosecutor urged, as an aggravation of her guilt, that the Prisoner was herself guilty of the same kind of Forgery which she had laid to the Prosecutor's charge, for that she the said *Rebecca Shapely* did always wear a pair of Steel Bodice, and a false Rump. The Censor ordered the Slippers to be produced in open Court, where the Heels were adjudged to be of the statutable size. He then ordered the Grand Jury to search the Criminal, who, after sometime spent therein, acquitted her of the Bodice, but found her guilty of the Rump; upon which she received Sentence as is usual in such cases.

William Trippit Esq; of the *Middle Temple*, brought his Action against the Lady *Elizabeth Prudely*, for having refused him her hand as he offered to lead her to her Coach from the Opera. The Plaintiff set forth, that he had entered himself into the list of those Volunteers who officiate every night behind the boxes as Gentlemen-Ushers of the Play-house; that he had been at a considerable charge in white Gloves, Periwigs, and Snuff-Boxes, in order to qualify himself for that employment, and in hopes of making his Fortune by it. The Council for the Defendant replied, that the Plaintiff had given out that he was within a month of wedding their Client, and that she had refused her hand to him in ceremony, lest he should interpret it as a promise that she would give it him in marriage. As soon as their Pleadings on both sides were finished, the Censor ordered the Plaintiff to be cashiered from his Office of Gentleman-Usher to the Play-house, since it was too plain that he had undertaken it with an ill design; and at the same time ordered the Defendant either to marry the said Plaintiff, or to pay him
half

half a Crown for the new pair of Gloves and Coach-hire that he was at the expence of in her service.

The Lady *Townly* brought an Action of Debt against Mrs. *Flambeau* for that Mrs. *Flambeau* had not been to see the said Lady *Townly*, and with her joy, since her marriage with Sir *Ralph*, notwithstanding she the said Lady *Townly* had paid Mrs. *Flambeau* a visit upon her first coming to town. It was urged in the behalf of the Defendant, that the Plaintiff had never given her any regular notice of her being in town; that the visit she alledged had been made on a *Monday*, which she knew was a day on which Mrs. *Flambeau* was always abroad, having set aside that only day in the week to mind the affairs of her family; that the servant who enquired whether she was at home, did not give the Visiting knock; that it were not between the hours of five and eight in the evening; that there was no Candles lighted up; that it was not on Mrs. *Flambeau*'s day; and in short, that there was not one of the essential points observed that constitute a visit. She further proved by her Porter's book, which was produced in Court, that she had paid the Lady *Townly* a visit on the twenty fourth day of *March*, just before her leaving the Town, in the year 1709-10, for which she was still Creditor to the said Lady *Townly*. To this the Plaintiff only replied, that she was now under covert, and not liable to any debts contracted, when she was a single Woman. Mr. *Bickerstaffe* finding the Cause to be very intricate, and that several points of Honor were likely to arise in it, he deferred giving Judgment upon it till the next Session day, at which time he ordered the Ladies on his left hand to present to the Court a Table of all the Laws relating to visits.

Winifred Leer, brought her action against *Richard Sly*, for having broken a Marriage Contract, and wedded another woman, after he had engaged himself to marry the said *Winifred Leer*. She alledged, that he had ogled her twice at an Opera, thrice in St. *James's Church*, and once at *Powel's Puppet-show*, at which time he promised her marriage by a side-glance, as her friend could testify that sat by her. Mr. *Bickerstaffe* finding that the Defendant had made no further overture of Love or Marriage, but by looks and ocular engagement; yet at the same time considering how very apt such impudent Seducers are to lead the Ladies Hearts astray, ordered the Criminal to stand upon the Stage in the *Hay-market*, between each act of the next Opera, there to be exposed to public view as a false Ogler.

Upon the rising of the Court, Mr. *Bickerstaffe* having taken one of these Counterfeits in the very fact as he was ogling a Lady of the Grand Jury, ordered him to be seized, and prosecuted upon the Statute of Ogling. He likewise directed the Clerk of the Court to draw up an Edict against these
common

common Cheats, that make Women believe they are distracted for them by flaring them out of countenance, and often blast a Lady's reputation whom they never spoke to, by faucy looks and distant familiarities.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this Paper.

N^o 265.

Tuesday, December 19. 1710.

Arbiter hic igitur factus de lite jocosa.

Ovid. Met.

Continuation of the Journal of the Court of Honor, &c.

AS soon as the Court was sat, the Ladies of the Bench presented, according to order, a Table of all the Laws now in force, relating to Visits and Visiting-days, methodically digested under their respective heads, which the Cenfor ordered to be laid upon the table, and afterwards proceeded upon the business of the day.

Henry Heedless, Esq; was indicted by Colonel *Touchy*, of Her Majesty's Trained-Bands, upon an Action of Assault and Battery: for that he the said Mr. *Heedless* having espied a Feather upon the shoulder of the said Colonel, struck it off gently with the end of a Walking-staff, value three pence. It appeared that the Prosecutor did not think himself injured till a few days after the aforesaid blow was given him; but that having ruminated with himself for several days, and conferred upon it with other Officers of the Militia, he concluded, that he had in effect been cudgelled by Mr. *Heedless*, and that he ought to resent it accordingly. The Council for the Prosecutor alledged, that the Shoulder was the tenderest part in a Man of Honor; that it had a natural antipathy to a Stick, and that every touch of it, with any thing made in the fashion of a Cane, was to be interpreted as a wound in that part, and a violation of the person's Honor who received it. Mr. *Heedless* replied, that what he had done was out of kindness to the Prosecutor, as not thinking it proper for him to appear at the Head of the Trained-Bands with a Feather upon his shoulder; and further added, that the Stick he had made use of on this occasion was so very small, that the Prosecutor could not have felt it, had he broken it on his shoulders. The Cenfor hereupon directed the Jury to examine into the nature of the Staff, for that a great deal would depend upon that particular. Upon which he explained

to.

to them the different degrees of offence that might be given by the touch of Crab-tree from that of Cane, and by the touch of Cane from that of a plain Hazle Stick. The Jury, after a short perusal of the Staff, declared their opinion by the mouth of their Foreman, that the substance of the Staff was *British Oak*. The Censor then observing that there was some Dust on the skirts of the Criminal's Coat, ordered the Prosecutor to beat it off with the aforesaid Oaken Plant; and thus, said the Censor, I shall decide this Cause by the Law of Retaliation: If Mr. *Heedless* did the Colonel a good Office, the Colonel will by this means return it in kind; but if Mr. *Heedless* should at any time boast that he had cudgelled the Colonel, or laid his staff over his Shoulders, the Colonel might boast in his turn, that he has brushed Mr. *Heedless's* Jacket, or (to use the Phrase of an ingenious Author) that he has rubbed him down with an Oaken Towel.

Benjamin Busy, of London, Merchant, was indicted by *Jasper Tattle*, Esq; for having pulled out his Watch and looked upon it thrice, while the said Esquire *Tattle* was giving him an account of the funeral of the said Esquire *Tattle's* first Wife. The Prisoner alledged in his Defence, that he was going to buy Stocks at the time when he met the Prosecutor; and that, during the story of the Prosecutor, the said Stocks rose above two *per Cent.* to the great detriment of the Prisoner. The Prisoner further brought several Witnesses, that the said *Jasper Tattle*, Esq; was a most notorious story-teller; that before he met the Prisoner, he had hindered one of the Prisoner's acquaintance from the pursuit of his lawful business, with the account of his second Marriage; and that he had detained another by the Button of his Coat that very morning, till he had heard several witty sayings and contrivances of the Prosecutor's eldest son, who was a boy of about five years of age. Upon the whole matter Mr. *Bickerstaffe* dismissed the accusation as frivolous, and sentenced the Prosecutor to pay damages to the Prisoner for what the Prisoner had lost by giving him so long and patient an hearing. He further reprimanded the Prosecutor very severely, and told him that if he proceeded in his usual manner to interrupt the business of mankind, he would set a Fine upon him for every quarter of an hour's impertinence, and regulate the said Fine according as the time of the person so injured should appear to be more or less precious.

Sir *Paul Swash*, Kt. was indicted by *Peter Double*, Gent. for not returning the Bow which he received of the said *Peter Double*, on *Wednesday* the sixth Instant, at the Play-house in the *Hay-market*. The Prisoner denied the receipt of any such Bow, and alledged in his defence, that the Prosecutor would oftentimes look full in his face, but that when he bowed to the said Prosecutor he would take no notice of it, or bow to some body else

else that sat quite on the other side of him. He likewise alledged, that several Ladies had complained of the Prosecutor, who, after ogling them a quarter of an hour, upon their making a curtsy to him, would not return the civility of a Bow. The Cenfor observing several glances of the Prosecutor's eye, and perceiving, that when he talked to the Court, he looked upon the Jury, found reason to suspect that there was a wrong cast in his sight, which upon examination proved true. The Cenfor therefore ordered the Prisoner (that he might not produce any more confusions in public Assemblies) never to bow to any body whom he did not at the same time call to by his name.

Oliver Bluff, and *Benjamin Browbeat*, were indicted for going to fight a Duel since the Erection of the *Court of Honor*. It appeared, that they were both taken up in the street as they passed by the Court, in their way to the fields behind *Montague-house*. The Criminals would answer nothing for themselves, but that they were going to execute a Challenge which had been made above a week before the *Court of Honor* was erected. The Cenfor finding some reasons to suspect (by the sturdiness of their behaviour) that they were not so very brave as they would have the Court believe them, ordered them both to be searched by the Grand Jury, who found a Breastplate upon the one, and two quires of Paper upon the other. The Breastplate was immediately ordered to be hung upon a peg over Mr. *Bickerstaffe's* tribunal, and the Paper to be laid upon the table for the use of his Clerk. He then ordered the Criminals to button up their bosoms, and, if they pleased, proceed to their Duel. Upon which they both went very quietly out of the Court, and retired to their respective lodgings.

The Court then adjourned till after the Holidays.

Copia Vera,

Charles Lillie.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this Paper.

N^o 267. Saturday, December 23. 1710.

*Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnes
Restinxit stellas, exortus uti ætherius sol.*

Lucr.

From my own Apartment, December 22.

I Have heard, that it is a rule among the Conventuals of several orders in the *Romish* Church, to shut themselves up at a certain time of the year, not only from the world in general, but from the members of their own Fraternity, and to pass away several days by themselves in settling accounts between their Maker and their own Souls, in cancelling unrepented Crimes, and renewing their Contracts of Obedience for the future. Such stated times for particular Acts of Devotion, or the Exercise of certain religious Duties, have been enjoined in all civil Governments, whatever Deity they worshipped, or whatever Religion they professed. That which may be done at all times is often totally neglected and forgotten, unless fixed and determined to some time more than another; and therefore, though several Duties may be suitable to every day of our lives, they are most likely to be performed if some days are more particularly set apart for the practice of them. Our Church has accordingly instituted several Seasons of Devotion, when Time, Custom, Prescription, and (if I may so say) the Fashion itself, call upon a Man to be serious, and attentive to the great end of his Being.

I have hinted in some former Papers, that the Greatest and Wisest of Men in all ages and countries, particularly in *Rome* and *Greece*, were renowned for their Piety and Virtue. It is now my intention to show how those in our own Nation, that have been unquestionably the most eminent for Learning and Knowledge, were likewise the most eminent for their adherence to the Religion of their Country.

I might produce very shining Examples from among the Clergy; but because Priestcraft is the common cry of every cavilling empty Scribler, I shall show, that all the Laymen who have exerted a more than ordinary Genius in their writings, and were the Glory of their times, were men whose hopes were filled with Immortality, and the prospect of future Rewards, and men who lived in a dutiful Submission to all the Doctrines of revealed Religion.

I shall

I shall in this Paper only instance Sir *Francis Bacon*, a Man who for the Greatness of Genius, and Compass of Knowledge, did Honor to his age and country; I could almost say to Human Nature itself. He possessed at once all those extraordinary Talents which were divided amongst the greatest Authors of antiquity. He had the sound, distinct, comprehensive Knowledge of *Aristotle*, with all the beautiful Lights, Graces and Embellishments of *Cicero*. One does not know which to admire most in his writings, the strength of Reason, force of Style, or brightness of Imagination.

This Author has remarked in several parts of his works, that a thorough insight into Philosophy makes a good Believer, and that a smattering in it naturally produces such a race of despicable Infidels as the little profligate Writers of the present Age, whom (I must confess) I have always accused to myself, not so much for their want of Faith as their want of Learning.

I was infinitely pleased to find among the works of this extraordinary Man a Prayer of his own composing, which, for the Elevation of thought, and Greatness of expression, seems rather the devotion of an Angel than of a Man. His principal fault seems to have been the excess of that Virtue which covers a multitude of faults. This betrayed him to so great an Indulgence towards his servants, who made a corrupt use of it, that it stripped him of all those Riches and Honors which a long series of Merits had heaped upon him. But in this Prayer, at the same time that we find him prostrating himself before the great Mercy-seat, and humbled under afflictions which at that time lay heavy upon him; we see him supported by the sense of his integrity, his Zeal, his Devotion, and his Love to mankind, which give him a much higher figure in the minds of thinking men, than that greatness had done from which he was fallen. I shall beg leave to write down the Prayer itself, with the title to it, as it was found among his Lordship's Papers, written in his own hand; not being able to furnish my Reader with an entertainment more suitable to this solemn time.

A Prayer or Psalm made by my Lord *Bacon*, Chancellor of *England*.

MOST gracious Lord God, my merciful Father; from my youth up, my Creator, my Redeemer, my Comforter. Thou, O Lord, soundest and searchest the depths and secrets of all hearts; Thou acknowledgest the Upright of heart; Thou judgest the Hypocrite; Thou ponderest mens thoughts and doings as in a balance; Thou measurest their intentions as with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hid from Thee.

Remember, O Lord! how thy Servant hath walked before thee; remember what I have first sought, and what hath been principal in my Intentions. I have loved thy

B b b 2

Assemblies,

Assemblies, I have mourned for the divisions of thy Church, I have delighted in the brightness of thy Sanctuary. This Vine, which thy Right Hand hath planted in this Nation, I have ever prayed unto Thee, that it might have the first and the latter Rain, and that it might stretch her branches to the seas, and to the floods. The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart; I have (though in a despised weed) procured the good of all men. If any have been my Enemies, I thought not of them, neither hath the sun almost set upon my displeasures but I have been as a Dove, free from superfluity of maliciousness. Thy Creatures have been my Books, but thy Scriptures much more. I have sought Thee in the Courts, Fields and Gardens, but I have found Thee in thy Temples.

Thousands have been my Sins, and ten thousands my Transgressions, but thy Sanctifications have remained with me, and my heart (through thy Grace) hath been an unquenched coal upon thine Altar.

O Lord, my Strength! I have since my youth met with Thee in all my ways, by thy fatherly Compassions, by thy comfortable Chastisements, and by thy most visible Providence. As thy Favours have increased upon me, so have thy Corrections; so as Thou hast been always near me, O Lord! And ever as my worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts from Thee have pierced me; and when I have ascended before men, I have descended in Humiliation before Thee. And now when I thought most of Peace and Honor, thy hand is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me according to thy former loving-kindness, keeping me still in thy fatherly school, not as a bastard, but as a Child. Just are thy Judgments upon me for my sins, which are more in number than the sands of the sea, but have no proportion to thy Mercies; for what are the sands of the sea? Earth, Heavens, and all these, are nothing to thy Mercies. Besides my innumerable Sins, I confess before Thee, that I am debtor to Thee for the gracious Talent of thy Gifts and Graces, which I have neither put into a napkin, nor put it (as I ought) to Exchangers, where it might have made best profit, but mispent it in things for which I was least fit: So I may truly say, my Soul hath been a stranger in the course of my pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour's Sake, and receive me unto thy Bosom, or guide me in thy Ways.



THE

SPECTATOR.



RECTOR

The S P E C T A T O R.

N^o 1.

Thursday, March 1. 1710-11.

*Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.*

Hor.

I Have observed, that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or cholerick disposition, married or a batchelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an Author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a Reader, I design this Paper and my next as Prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several Persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own History.

I was born to a small Hereditary Estate, which, according to the tradition of the Village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in *William the Conqueror's* time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from Father to Son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that when my Mother was gone with child of me about three months, she dreamt that she was brought to bed of a Judge: whether this might proceed from a Law-suit which was then depending in the family, or my Father's being a Justice of the Peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my very first appearance in the world, and all the time that I sucked, seemed to favor my Mother's dream: for, as she has often told me, I threw away my Rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my Coral till they had taken away the Bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find, that during my nonage, I had the
repu-

reputation of a very fullen youth, but was always a favorite of my School-master, who used to say, *that my parts were solid, and would wear well*. I had not been long at the University, before I distinguished myself by a most profound Silence; for during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the College, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this Learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated Books, either in the learned or modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my Father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the University, with the character of an odd unaccountable Fellow, that had a great deal of Learning, if I would but shew it. An insatiable thirst after Knowledge carried me into all the countries of *Europe* in which there was any thing new or strange to be seen; nay to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the Antiquities of *Egypt*, I made a voyage to *Grand Cairo*, on purpose to take the measure of a Pyramid: and as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next Paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort, wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of Politicians at *Will's*, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at *Child's*, and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the *Post-Man*, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on *Sunday* nights at *St. James's* Coffee-house, and sometimes join the little Committee of Politics in the inner-room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the *Grecian*, the *Cocoa-Tree*, and in the Theatres both of *Drury-Lane* and the *Hay-Market*. I have been taken for a Merchant upon the *Exchange* for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a *Jew* in the assembly of Stock-jobbers at *Jonathan's*: In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own Club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a *Speculator* of mankind, than as one of the species; by which means I have made myself a speculative Statesman, Soldier, Merchant and Artizan, without ever meddling with any practical
part

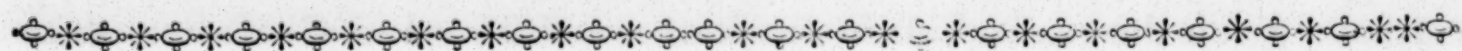
part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a Husband or a Father, and can discern the errors in the oeconomy, business and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them; as standers-by discover blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a Looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my History and Character, as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers, as I shall see occasion. In the mean time, when I consider how much I have seen, read and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination to communicate the fulness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason therefore, I shall publish a sheet-full of thoughts every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it, when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

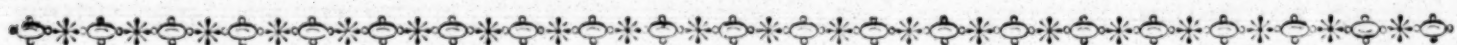
There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper; and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean, an account of my Name, my Age, and my Lodgings. I must confess, I would gratify my reader in any thing that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer, is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason likewise, that I keep my Complexion and Dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible, but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in to-morrow's paper give an account of those Gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted

(as all other matters of importance are) in a Club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me, may direct their Letters to the SPECTATOR, at Mr. *Buckley's* in *Little Britain*. For I must further acquaint the Reader, that though our Club meets only on *Tuesdays* and *Thursdays*, we have appointed a Committee to sit every night, for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.

N^o 2.

Friday, March 2.

— *Ast alii sex**Et plures uno conclamant ore.* —

Juv.

THE first of our Society is a Gentleman of *Worcestershire*, of ancient descent, a Baronet, his name *Sir Roger de Coverly*. His Great Grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that Shire, are very well acquainted with the Parts and Merits of *Sir Roger*. He is a Gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sowness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in *Soho-Square*. It is said, he keeps himself a Bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next County to him. Before this disappointment, *Sir Roger* was what you call a fine Gentleman, had often supped with my Lord *Rocheſter* and *Sir George Etherege*, fought a Duel at his first coming to town, and kicked *Bully Dawson* in a public Coffee-house for calling him Youngster. But being ill used by the above-mentioned Widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a Coat and Doublet of the same Cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. 'Tis said *Sir Roger* grew humble in his desires after he had forgot this cruel Beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chastity with

with Beggars and Gypsies: but this is looked upon by his friends rather as matter of rally than truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, chearful, gay and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed: his Tenants grow rich, his Servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company: when he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir *Roger* is a Justice of the *Quorum*; that he fills the Chair at a Quarter-Session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the *Game-act*.

The Gentleman next in esteem and authority among us, is another Bachelor, who is a member of the *Inner-Temple*; a man of great Probity, Wit, and Understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorfome Father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the Laws of the Land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the Stage. *Aristotle* and *Longinus* are much better understood by him than *Littleton* or *Coke*. The Father sends up every Post Questions relating to Marriage-Articles, Leases, and Tenures, in the neighbourhood; all which Questions he agrees with an Attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be enquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of *Demosthenes* and *Tully*, but not one case in the Reports of our own Courts. No one ever took him for a Fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of Wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable: as few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the Customs, Manners, Actions, and Writings of the Ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent Critic, and the time of the Play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through *New-Inn*, crosses through *Russel-Court*, and takes a turn at *Will's* till the Play begins; he has his Shoes rubbed and his Periwig powdered at the Barber's as you go into the *Rose*. It is for the good of the Audience when he is at a Play, for the Actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration, is Sir *Andrew Freeport*, a Merchant of great eminence in the City of *London*. A person of indefatigable Industry, strong Reason, and great Experience. His notions of Trade are noble and

generous, and (as every rich man has usually some fly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the Sea the *British Common*. He is acquainted with Commerce in all its parts, and will tell you it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend Dominion by arms; for true Power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our Trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if Another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal Maxims, amongst which the greatest favorite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general Trader of good sense, is pleasanter company than a general Scholar; and Sir *Andrew* having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that Wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself; and says that *England* may be richer than other Kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir *Andrew* in the Club-room sits Captain *Sentry*, a Gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a Captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir *Roger*, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a Courtier as well as a Soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a four Expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favor of a Commander. He will however in his way of talk excuse Generals, for not disposing according to mens desert, or enquiring into it: for, says he, that Great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his Patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking

attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the Gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never over-bearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him, nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our Society may not appear a set of Humorists unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant *Will Honeycomb*, a Gentleman who according to his years should be in the decline of life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the History of every mode, and can inform you from which of the *French King's* Wenches our Wives and Daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to shew her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year: in a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a Minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of *Monmouth* danced at Court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his Troop in the *Park*. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or blow of a fan from some celebrated Beauty, Mother of the present Lord such-a-one. If you speak of a young Commoner that said a lively thing in the house, he starts up, "He has good blood in his veins, *Tom Mirabell* begot him, the rogue "cheated me in that affair, that young fellow's Mother used me more like "a dog than any woman I ever made advances to." This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine Gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a *Clergyman*, a
very

very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him too: he is therefore among Divines what a Chamber-councillor is among Lawyers. The Probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interests in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

** Though this paper in former Editions is not marked with any Letter of the word C L I O, by which Mr. Addison distinguished his performances; it was thought necessary to insert it, as containing characters of the several persons mentioned in the whole course of this work.*

N^o 3.

Saturday, March 3.



*Quoi quisque ferè studio devinctus adhæret:
Aut quibus in rebus multum sumus antè morati:
Atque in quâ ratione fuit contenta magis mens;
In somnis eadem plerumque videmur obire.*

Lucr. L. 4.

IN one of my late rambles, or rather speculations, I looked into the great hall where the Bank is kept, and was not a little pleased to see the Directors, Secretaries and Clerks, with all the other Members of that wealthy Corporation, ranged in their several stations, according to the parts they act in that just and regular Oeconomy. This revived in my memory the many discourses which I had both read and heard concerning the decay of public Credit, with the methods of restoring it, and which, in my opinion, have always been defective, because they have always been made with an eye to separate interests, and party principles.

The thoughts of the day gave my mind employment for the whole night, so that I fell insensibly into a kind of methodical Dream, which disposed all my contemplations into a Vision or Allegory, or what else the reader shall please to call it.

Methought I returned to the great hall, where I had been the morning before,

before, but, to my surprise, instead of the company that I left there, I saw towards the upper end of the hall a beautiful Virgin, seated on a throne of gold. Her name (as they told me) was *Public Credit*. The walls, instead of being adorned with pictures and maps, were hung with many Acts of Parliament written in golden letters. At the upper end of the hall was the *Magna Charta*, with the Act of Uniformity on the right hand, and the Act of Toleration on the left. At the lower end of the hall was the Act of Settlement, which was placed full in the eye of the Virgin that sat upon the Throne. Both the sides of the hall were covered with such Acts of Parliament as had been made for the establishment of public Funds. The Lady seemed to set an unspeakable value upon these several pieces of furniture, insomuch that she often refreshed her eye with them, and often smiled with a secret Pleasure, as she looked upon them; but, at the same time, shewed a very particular uneasiness, if she saw any thing approaching that might hurt them. She appeared indeed infinitely timorous in all her behavior; and, whether it was from the delicacy of her constitution, or that she was troubled with vapors, as I was afterwards told by one who I found was none of her well-wishers, she changed color, and started at every thing she heard. She was likewise (as I afterwards found) a greater Valetudinarian than any I had ever met with, even in her own Sex, and subject to such momentary Consumptions, that in the twinkling of an eye, she would fall away from the most florid complexion, and the most healthful state of body, and wither into a Skeleton. Her recoveries were often as sudden as her decays, insomuch that she would revive in a moment out of a wasting distemper, into a habit of the highest health and vigor.

I had very soon an opportunity of observing these quick turns and changes in her Constitution. There sat at her feet a couple of Secretaries, who received every hour Letters from all parts of the world, which the one or the other of them was perpetually reading to her; and according to the news she heard, to which she was exceedingly attentive, she changed color, and discovered many symptoms of health or sickness.

Behind the Throne was a prodigious heap of bags of money, which were piled upon one another so high, that they touched the ceiling. The floor, on her right hand and on her left, was covered with vast sums of gold that rose up in pyramids on either side of her: but this I did not so much wonder at, when I heard, upon enquiry, that she had the same virtue in her touch, which the Poets tell us a *Lydian* King was formerly possessed of; and that she could convert whatever she pleased into that precious metal.

After a little dizziness, and confused hurry of thought, which a man often meets with in a dream, methought the Hall was alarmed, the doors flew open,

open, and there entered half a dozen of the most hideous Phantoms that I had ever seen (even in a dream) before that time. They came in two by two, though matched in the most diffociable manner, and mingled together in a kind of dance. It would be tedious to describe their habits and persons, for which reason I shall only inform my Reader that the first couple were Tyranny and Anarchy, the second were Bigotry and Atheism, the third the Genius of a Common-wealth and a young man of about twenty two years of age, whose name I could not learn. He had a sword in his right hand, which in the dance he often brandished at the Act of Settlement; and a Citizen, who stood by me, whispered in my ear, that he saw a sponge in his left hand. The dance of so many jarring natures put me in mind of the Sun, Moon and Earth, in the *Rehearsal*, that danced together for no other end but to eclipse one another.

The Reader will easily suppose, by what has been before said, that the Lady on the throne would have been almost frightened to distraction, had she seen but any one of the Spectres; what then must have been her condition when she saw them all in a Body? she fainted and died away at the sight.

*Et neque jam color est misto candore rubori;
Nec vigor, et vires, et quæ modò visa placebant;
Nec corpus remanet*——

Ov. Met. Lib. 3.

There was a great change in the hill of money bags, and the heaps of money, the former shrinking, and falling into so many empty bags, that I now found not above a tenth part of them had been filled with Money. The rest that took up the same space, and made the same figure as the bags that were really filled with money, had been blown up with air, and called into my memory the bags full of wind, which *Homer* tells us his Hero received as a present from *AEolus*. The great heaps of gold, on either side the throne, now appeared to be only heaps of paper, or little piles of notched sticks, bound up together in bundles, like *Bath-faggots*.

Whilst I was lamenting this sudden desolation that had been made before me, the whole Scene vanished: in the room of the frightful Spectres, there now entered a second dance of Apparitions very agreeably matched together, and made up of very amiable Phantoms. The first pair was Liberty with Monarchy at her right hand: the second was Moderation leading in Religion; and the third a person whom I had never seen, with the Genius of *Great Britain*. At the first entrance the Lady revived, the bags swelled to their former bulk, the pile of faggots and heaps of paper changed into pyramids of Guineas: and for my own part, I was so transported with joy, that I awaked, though I must confess, I would fain have fallen asleep again to have closed my Vision, if I could have done it. *Tuesday,*

N^o 5.

Tuesday, March 6.

Speclatum admissi risum teneatis?——

Hor.

AN Opera may be allowed to be extravagantly lavish in its decorations, as its only design is to gratify the senses, and keep up an indolent attention in the audience. Common sense however requires, that there should be nothing in the Scenes and Machines which may appear childish and absurd. How would the Wits of King *Charles's* time have laughed to have seen *Nicolini* exposed to a tempest in robes of Ermin, and sailing in an open boat upon a sea of Paste-board? What a field of rally would they have been let into, had they been entertained with painted dragons spitting wild-fire, enchanted chariots drawn by *Flanders* mares, and real Cascades in artificial landscapes? A little skill in criticism would inform us, that shadows and realities ought not to be mixed together in the same piece; and that the scenes which are designed as the representations of nature, should be filled with resemblances, and not with the things themselves. If one would represent a wide champain country filled with herds and flocks, it would be ridiculous to draw the country only upon the scenes, and to crowd several parts of the stage with sheep and oxen. This is joining together inconsistencies, and making the decoration partly real and partly imaginary. I would recommend what I have here said, to the Directors, as well as to the Admirers, of our modern Opera.

As I was walking in the streets about a fortnight ago, I saw an ordinary Fellow carrying a Cage full of little birds upon his shoulder; and, as I was wondering with myself what use he would put them to, he was met very luckily by an acquaintance, who had the same curiosity. Upon his asking him what he had upon his shoulder, he told him, that he had been buying Sparrows for the Opera, Sparrows for the Opera, says his friend, licking his lips, what are they to be roasted? No, no, says the other, they are to enter towards the end of the first Act, and to fly about the stage.

This strange dialogue awakened my curiosity so far, that I immediately bought the Opera, by which means I perceived the Sparrows were to act the part of singing-birds in a delightful grove; though upon a nearer enquiry I found the Sparrows put the same trick upon the audience, that Sir

Martin Mar-all practised upon his Mistrefs; for though they flew in sight, the music proceeded from a consort of Flagelets and Bird-calls which were planted behind the scenes. At the same time I made this discovery, I found by the discourse of the Actors, that there were great designs on foot for the improvement of the Opera; that it had been proposed to break down a part of the Wall, and to surprize the audience with a party of an hundred horse; and that there was actually a project of bringing the *New-River* into the house, to be employed in jetteaus and water-works. This project, as I have since heard, is postponed till the summer-season; when it is thought the coolness that proceeds from fountains and cascades will be more acceptable and refreshing to people of Quality. In the mean time, to find out a more agreeable entertainment for the Winter-season, the Opera of *Rinaldo* is filled with thunder and lightning, illuminations and fire-works; which the audience may look upon without catching cold, and indeed without much danger of being burnt; for there are several Engines filled with water, and ready to play at a minute's warning, in case any such accident should happen. However, as I have a very great friendship for the owner of this Theatre, I hope that he hath been wise enough to insure his house before he would let this Opera be acted in it.

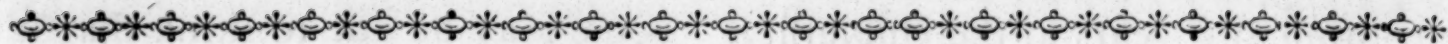
It is no wonder, that those scenes should be very surprizing, which were contrived by two Poets of different nations, and raised by two Magicians of different sexes. *Armida* (as we are told in the argument) was an *Amazonian* Enchantress, and poor Signior *Cassani* (as we learn from the *Persons represented*) a Christian Conjuror (*Mago Cristiano*.) I must confess I am very much puzzled to find how an *Amazon* should be versed in the black art, or how a good Christian, for such is the part of the Magician, should deal with the Devil.

To consider the Poets after the Conjurers, I shall give you a taste of the *Italian*, from the first lines of his preface. *Eccoti, benigno Lettore, un Parto di poche Sere, che se ben nato di Notte, non è però aborto di Tenebre, mà si farà conoscere Figlio d' Apollo con qualche Raggio di Parnasse.* Behold, gentle reader, the birth of a few evenings, which though it be the offspring of the night, is not the abortive of darkness, but will make itself known to be the Son of Apollo, with a certain ray of Parnassus. He afterwards proceeds to call Minheer *Hendel* the *Orpheus* of our age, and to acquaint us, in the same sublimity of stile, that he composed this Opera in a fortnight. Such are the Wits, to whose tastes we so ambitiously conform ourselves. The truth of it is, the finest writers among the modern *Italians* express themselves in such a florid form of words, and such tedious circumlocutions as are used by none but Pedants in our own country; and at the same time fill their Writings with such
poor

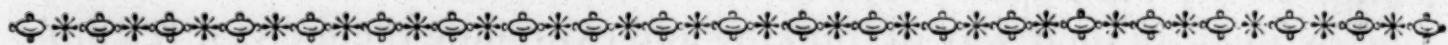
poor imaginations and conceits, as our youths are ashamed of before they have been two years at the University. Some may be apt to think that it is the difference of genius which produces this difference in the works of the two Nations; but to shew there is nothing in this, if we look into the writings of the old *Italians*, such as *Cicero* and *Virgil*, we shall find that the *English* writers, in their way of thinking and expressing themselves, resemble those Authors much more than the modern *Italians* pretend to do. And as for the Poet himself, from whom the dreams of this Opera are taken, I must entirely agree with Monsieur *Boileau*, that one verse in *Virgil* is worth all the *Clinquant* or *Tinsel* of *Tasso*.

But to return to the Sparrows; there have been so many flights of them let loose in this Opera, that it is feared the house will never get rid of them; and that in other Plays they may make their entrance in very wrong and improper Scenes, so as to be seen flying in a Lady's bed-chamber, or perching upon a King's throne; besides the inconveniences which the heads of the audience may sometimes suffer from them. I am credibly informed that there was once a design of casting into an Opera the story of *Whittington* and his Cat, and that in order to it, there had been got together a great quantity of Mice; but Mr. *Rich*, the Proprietor of the Playhouse, very prudently consider'd that it would be impossible for the Cat to kill them all, and that consequently the Princes of the stage might be as much infested with Mice, as the Prince of the Island was before the Cat's arrival upon it; for which reason he would not permit it to be acted in his house. And indeed I cannot blame him: for, as he said very well upon that occasion, I do not hear that any of the performers in our Opera pretend to equal the famous *Pied Piper*, who made all the Mice of a great town in *Germany* follow his music, and by that means cleared the place of those little noxious animals.

Before I dismiss this paper, I must inform my reader, that I hear there is a treaty on foot with *London* and *Wife* (who will be appointed gardeners of the Playhouse) to furnish the Opera of *Rinaldo* and *Armida* with an orange-grove; and that the next time it is acted, the singing birds will be perforated by *Tom-tits*: the undertakers being resolved to spare neither pains nor money for the gratification of the audience.

N^o 7.

Thursday, March 8.



*Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theffala rides.*

Hor.

GOING yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but, after having looked upon me a little while, *My dear*, (says she, turning to her Husband) *you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night.* Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her, that he was to go into join-hand on Thursday. Thursday? (says she) *no child if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas-day: tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough.* I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering, that any body would establish it as a rule to lose a day in every Week. In the midst of these my musings, she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself, with some confusion, as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The Lady however recovering herself, after a little space, said to her husband, with a sigh, *My Dear, Misfortunes never come single.* My friend, I found acted but an under part at his table, and being a man of more good-nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humors of his Yoke-fellow: *Do not you remember, Child,* (says she) *that the Pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?* Yes, (says he) *My Dear, and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza.* The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief. I dispatched my dinner as soon as I could, with my usual taciturnity; when,

when, to my utter confusion, the Lady seeing me quitting my Knife and Fork, and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humor her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the Lady of the House, I disposed of my Knife and Fork, in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the Lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation of the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our Lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents, as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a Star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a Merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of Robbers; nay, the voice of a Cricket has struck more terror than the roaring of a Lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with Omens and Prognostics. A rusty nail, or a crooked pin, shoot up into prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixt assembly, that was full of noise and mirth, when on a sudden an old woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in company. This remark struck a panic terror into several who were present, insomuch that one or two of the Ladies were going to leave the room; but a friend of mine taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that instead of portending one of the company should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born. Had not my friend found out this expedient to break the Omen, I question not but half the women in the company would have fallen sick that very night.

An old maid, that is troubled with the Vapors, produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden Aunt of a great family, who is one of these antiquated *Sibyls*, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions, and hearing Death-watches; and was the other day almost
frighted

frighted out of her wits by the great house-dog, that howled in the stable at a time when she lay ill of the tooth-ach. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of People, not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the Soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death (or indeed of any future evil) and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless Prodigies and Predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise-men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of Philosophy; it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of Superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of every thing that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my Soul against these gloomy prefaces and terrors of mind, and that is by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events, and governs futurity. He sees at one view, the whole thread of my Existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of Eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to his care; when I awake, I give myself up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

Friday,

N^o 8.*Friday, March 9.*

*At Venus obscuro gradientes aëre sepsit,
Et multo Nebulae circum Dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos———*

Virg.

I Shall here communicate to the world a couple of Letters, which I believe will give the Reader as good an entertainment as any that I am able to furnish him with, and therefore shall make no apology for them.

*To the S P E C T A T O R, &c.**S I R,*

I Am one of the Directors of the Society for the Reformation of manners, and therefore think myself a proper person for your correspondence. I have thoroughly examined the present state of Religion in *Great Britain*, and am able to acquaint you with the predominant vice of every Market-town in the whole Island. I can tell you the Progress that Virtue has made in all our Cities, Boroughs, and Corporations; and know as well the evil practices that are committed in *Berwick* or *Exeter*, as what is done in my own family. In a word, Sir, I have my correspondents in the remotest parts of the nation, who send me up punctual accounts from time to time of all the little irregularities that fall under their notice in their several districts and divisions.

I am no less acquainted with the particular quarters and regions of this great town, than with the different parts and distributions of the whole nation. I can describe every parish by its impieties, and can tell you in which of our streets Lewdness prevails, which Gaming has taken the possession of, and where Drunkenness has got the better of them both. When I am disposed to raise a fine for the poor, I know the lanes and allies that are inhabited by common Swearers. When I would encourage the Hospital of *Bridewell* and improve the Hempen manufacture, I am very well acquainted with all the haunts and resorts of female Night-walkers.

After this short account of myself, I must let you know, that the design of this paper is to give you information of a certain irregular Assembly which I think falls very properly under your observation, especially
“ since

“ since the persons it is composed of are criminals too considerable for the
 “ animadversions of our Society. I mean, Sir, the midnight Masque,
 “ which has of late been very frequently held in one of the most conspicu-
 “ ous parts of the town, and which I hear will be continued with additions
 “ and improvements. As all the persons who compose this lawless assem-
 “ bly are masqued, we dare not attack any of them in *our way*, lest we
 “ should send a woman of Quality to *Bridewell*, or a Peer of *Great-Britain* to
 “ the *Counter*: Besides, that their numbers are so very great, that I am afraid
 “ they would be able to rout our whole fraternity, though we were accom-
 “ panied with all our guard of Constables. Both these reasons, which se-
 “ cure them from our authority, make them obnoxious to yours; as both
 “ their disguise and their numbers will give no particular person reason to
 “ think himself affronted by you.

“ If we are rightly informed, the rules that are observed by this new So-
 “ ciety are wonderfully contrived for the advancement of Cuckoldom. The
 “ women either come by themselves, or are introduced by friends, who are
 “ obliged to quit them, upon their first entrance, to the conversation of any
 “ body that addresses himself to them. There are several rooms where the
 “ parties may retire, and, if they please, shew their faces by consent. Whif-
 “ pers, squeezes, nods, and embraces, are the innocent freedoms of the
 “ place. In short, the whole design of this libidinous assembly, seems to
 “ terminate in assignations and intrigues; and I hope you will take effec-
 “ tual methods, by your public advice and admonitions, to prevent such a
 “ promiscuous multitude of both sexes from meeting together in so clande-
 “ stine a manner. I am

Your humble Servant, and Fellow-laborer, T. B.

Not long after the perusal of this Letter, I received another upon the same subject: which, by the date and style of it, I take to be written by some young Templar.

S I R,

Middle-Temple, 1710-11.

“ **W**HEN a man has been guilty of any vice or folly, I think the best
 “ atonement he can make for it, is to warn others not to fall into the
 “ like. In order to this I must acquaint you, that some time in *February*
 “ last, I went to the *Tuesday's Masquerade*. Upon my first going in I was
 “ attacked by half a dozen female Quakers, who seemed willing to adopt me
 “ for a brother; but upon a nearer examination I found they were a sister-
 “ hood of Coquettes disguised in that precise habit. I was soon after taken
 “ out to dance, and, as I fancied, by a woman of the first Quality, for she
 “ was

“ was very tall, and moved gracefully. As soon as the minuet was over,
 “ we ogled one another through our masques; and as I am very well read
 “ in *Waller*, I repeated to her the four following verses out of his Poem of
 “ *Vandike*.

*The heedless Lover does not know
 Whose Eyes they are that wound him so;
 But confounded with thy art,
 Inquires her name that has his heart.*

“ I pronounced these words with such a languishing air that I had some
 “ reason to conclude I had made a conquest. She told me that she hoped
 “ my face was not akin to my tongue; and looking upon her watch, I ac-
 “ cidentally discovered the figure of a coronet on the back part of it. I
 “ was so transported with the thought of such an amour that I plied her
 “ from one room to another with all the gallantries I could invent; and at
 “ length brought things to so happy an issue, that she gave me a private
 “ meeting the next day, without page or footman, coach or equipage.
 “ My heart danced in raptures; but I had not lived in this golden dream
 “ above three days, before I found good reason to wish that I had conti-
 “ nued true to my Laundress. I have since heard, by a very great acci-
 “ dent, that this fine Lady does not live far from *Covent-Garden*, and that
 “ I am not the first Cully whom she has passed herself upon for a
 “ Countess.

“ Thus, Sir, you see how I have mistaken a *Cloud* for a *Juno*, and if you
 “ can make any use of this adventure, for the benefit of those who may
 “ possibly be as vain young coxcombs as myself, I do most heartily give
 “ you leave. I am, *S I R*,

Your most humble Admirer, B. L.

I design to visit the next Masquerade myself, in the same habit I wore at
Grand Cairo; and till then shall suspend my Judgment of this midnight en-
 tertainment.

N^o 9.

Saturday, March 10.

— *Tigris agit rabiâ cum tigride pacem*
Perpetuam, sævis inter se convenit urfis.

Juv.

MAN is said to be a sociable animal, and, as an instance of it, we may observe, that we take all occasions and pretences of forming ourselves into those little nocturnal assemblies, which are commonly known by the name of *Clubs*. When a set of men find themselves agree in any particular, though never so trivial, they establish themselves into a kind of fraternity, and meet once or twice a week, upon the account of such a fantastic resemblance. I know a considerable market-town, in which there was a Club of fat men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance; the room where the Club met was something of the largest, and had two entrances, the one by a door of a moderate size, and the other by a pair of folding doors. If a Candidate for this corpulent Club could make his entrance through the first, he was looked upon as unqualified; but if he stuck in the passage, and could not force his way through it, the folding doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was saluted as a Brother. I have heard that this Club, though it consisted but of fifteen persons, weighed above three tun.

In opposition to this Society, there sprung up another composed of Scarecrows and Skeletons, who being very meagre and envious, did all they could to thwart the designs of their bulky brethren, whom they represented as men of dangerous principles; till at length they worked them out of the favor of the people, and consequently out of the magistracy. These factions tore the Corporation in pieces for several years, till at length they came to this accommodation; that the two Bailiffs of the town should be annually chosen out of the two Clubs; by which means the principal Magistrates are at this day coupled like Rabbits, one fat and one lean.

Every one has heard of the Club, or rather the Confederacy, of the *Kings*. This grand Alliance was formed a little after the return of King *Charles* the Second, and admitted into it men of all qualities and professions, provided they agreed in this Sir-name of *King*, which, as they imagined, sufficiently declared

declared the owners of it to be altogether untainted with Republican and Antimonarchical Principles.

A Christian name has likewise been often used as a badge of distinction, and made the occasion of a Club. That of the *George's*, which used to meet at the sign of the *George*, on *St. George's* day, and swear *Before George*, is still fresh in every one's memory.

There are at present in several parts of this city what they call *Street-Clubs*, in which the chief inhabitants of the street converse together every night. I remember, upon my inquiring after lodgings in *Ormond-street*, the Landlord, to recommend that quarter of the town, told me, there was at that time a very good Club in it; he also told me, upon farther discourse with him, that two or three noisy country Squires, who were settled there the year before, had considerably sunk the price of house-rent; and that the Club (to prevent the like inconveniences for the future) had thoughts of taking every house that became vacant into their own hands, till they had found a Tenant fit for it, of a sociable nature and good conversation.

The *Hum-Drum* Club, of which I was formerly an unworthy Member, was made up of very honest Gentlemen, of peaceable dispositions, that used to sit together, smoke their Pipes, and say nothing till midnight. The *Mum* Club (as I am informed) is an institution of the same nature, and as great an enemy to noise.

After these two innocent Societies, I cannot forbear mentioning a very mischievous one, that was erected in the reign of King *Charles* the Second: I mean, the *Club of Duellists*, in which none was to be admitted that had not fought his man. The President of it was said to have killed half a dozen in single combat; and as for the other Members, they took their seats according to the number of their slain. There were likewise a Side-table, for such as had only drawn blood, and shewn a laudable ambition of taking the first opportunity to qualify themselves for the first table. This Club, consisting only of Men of Honor, did not continue long, most of the Members of it being put to the sword, or hanged, a little after its institution.

Our modern celebrated Clubs are founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein most men agree, and in which the Learned and Illiterate, the Dull and Airy, the Philosopher and the Buffoon, can all of them bear a part. The *Kit-Cat* itself is said to have taken its original from a Mutton-pye. The *Beef-steak*, and *October* Clubs, are neither of them averse to eating and drinking, if we may form a Judgment of them from their respective Titles.

When men are thus knit together, by a Love of Society, not a Spirit of Faction, and do not meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to

enjoy one another; when they are thus combined for their own improvement, or for the good of others, or at least to relax themselves from the business of the day, by an innocent and chearful conversation, there may be something very useful in these little institutions and establishments.

I cannot forbear concluding this Paper with a Scheme of Laws that I met with upon a wall in a little Ale-house: how I came thither I may inform my reader at a more convenient time. These Laws were enacted by a knot of Artizans and Mechanics, who used to meet every night; and as there is something in them which gives us a pretty picture of low life, I shall transcribe them word for word.

RULES to be observed in the Two-penny Club, erected in this place, for the preservation of friendship and good neighbourhood.

- I. Every Member at his first coming in shall lay down his Two-pence.
- II. Every Member shall fill his Pipe out of his own Box.
- III. If any Member absents himself he shall forfeit a Penny for the use of the Club, unless in case of sickness or imprisonment.
- IV. If any member swears or curses, his neighbour may give him a kick upon the shins.
- V. If any Member tells stories in the Club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third Lie an Half-penny.
- VI. If any Member strikes another wrongfully he shall pay his Club for him.
- VII. If any Member brings his Wife into the Club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks or smokes.
- VIII. If any member's Wife comes to fetch him home from the Club, she shall speak to him without the door.
- IX. If any Member calls another Cuckold, he shall be turned out of the Club.
- X. None shall be admitted into the Club that is of the same Trade with any Member of it.
- XI. None of the Club shall have his clothes or shoes made or mended, but by a Brother-member.
- XII. No Nonjuror shall be capable of being a Member.

The morality of this little Club is guarded by such wholesome laws and penalties, that I question not but my reader will be as well pleased with them, as he would have been with the *Leges Convivales* of Ben Johnson, the regulations of an old Roman Club cited by Lipsius, or the rules of a *Symposium* in an ancient Greek Author.

Monday,

N^o 10.

Monday, March 12.

*Non aliter quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum
Remigiis subigit: si brachia forte remisit,
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.*

Virg.

IT is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring day by day after these my papers, and receiving my morning Lectures with a becoming seriousness and attention. My publisher tells me, that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day: So that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modest computation, I may reckon about threescore thousand Disciples in *London* and *Westminster*, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their ignorant and unattentive brethren. Since I have raised to myself so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavor to enliven Morality with Wit, and to temper Wit with Morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the Speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short transient intermitting starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of Vice and Folly into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day, sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of *Socrates*, that he brought Philosophy down from Heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought Philosophy out of Closets and Libraries, Schools and Colleges, to dwell in Clubs and Assemblies, at Tea-tables and in Coffee-houses.

I would therefore in a very particular manner recommend these my Speculations to all well-regulated families, that set apart an hour every morning for Tea and Bread and Butter; and would earnestly advise them for their good, to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the Tea equipage.

S I R,

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Virg.

IT is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring day by day after these my papers, and receiving my morning Lectures with a becoming seriousness and attention. My publisher tells me, that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day: So that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modest computation, I may reckon about threescore thousand Disciples in *London* and *Westminster*, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their ignorant and unattentive brethren. Since I have raised to myself so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavor to enliven Morality with Wit, and to temper Wit with Morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the Speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short transient intermitting starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of Vice and Folly into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day, sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of *Socrates*, that he brought Philosophy down from Heaven, to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought Philosophy out of Closets and Libraries, Schools and Colleges, to dwell in Clubs and Assemblies, at Tea-tables and in Coffee-houses.

I would therefore in a very particular manner recommend these my Speculations to all well-regulated families, that set apart an hour every morning for Tea and Bread and Butter; and would earnestly advise them for their good, to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the Tea equipage.

S I R,

SIR *Francis Bacon* observes, that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like *Moses's* Serpent, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the *AEgyptians*. I shall not be so vain as to think, that where the SPECTATOR appears, the other public prints will vanish; But shall leave it to my reader's consideration, whether it is not much better to be let into the knowledge of one's self, than to hear what passes in *Muscovy* or *Poland*; and to amuse ourselves with such writings as tend to the wearing out ignorance, passion, and prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds, and make enmities irreconcilable?

In the next place, I would recommend this paper to the daily perusal of those Gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good brothers and allies, I mean the fraternity of Spectators, who live in the world without having any thing to do in it; and either by the affluence of their fortunes, or laziness of their dispositions, have no other business with the rest of mankind, but to look upon them. Under this Class of men are comprehended all contemplative Tradesmen, titular Physicians, Fellows of the Royal-society, Templers that are not given to be contentious, and Statesmen that are out of business: in short, every one that considers the world as a Theatre, and desires to form a right judgment of those who are the actors on it.

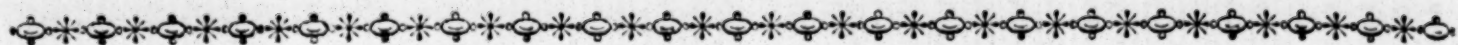
There is another set of men that I must likewise lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the Blanks of Society, as being altogether unfurnished with Ideas, till the business and conversation of the day has supplied them. I have often considered those poor souls with an eye of great commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first man they have met with, whether there was any news stirring? and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. These needy persons do not know what to talk of, till about twelve o'clock in the morning: for by that time they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way the wind sits, and whether the *Dutch* Mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their chambers till they have this paper, and to promise them that I will daily instil into them such sound and wholesome sentiments, as shall have a good effect on their conversation for the ensuing twelve hours.

But there are none to whom this paper will be more useful, than to the Female world. I have often thought there has not been sufficient pains taken in finding out proper employments and diversions for the Fair ones. Their amusements seem contrived for them, rather as they are Women, than as they are reasonable creatures; and are more adapted to the Sex than
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to the Species. The Toilet is their scene of business, and the right adjusting of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of a suit of Ribbons is reckoned a very good morning's work; and if they make an excursion to a Mercer's or a Toyshop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for any thing else all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, and their greatest drudgery the preparation of Jellies and Sweet-meats. This, I say, is the state of ordinary women; though I know there are multitudes of those of a more elevated life and conversation, that move in an exalted sphere of Knowledge and Virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind of awe and respect, as well as love, into their Male-beholders. I hope to increase the number of these by publishing this daily paper, which I shall always endeavor to make an innocent if not an improving entertainment, and by that means at least divert the minds of my Female readers from greater trifles. At the same time, as I would fain give some finishing touches to those which are already the most beautiful pieces in human nature, I shall endeavor to point out all those Imperfections that are the blemishes, as well as those Virtues which are the embellishments of the Sex. In the mean while I hope these my gentle readers, who have so much time on their hands, will not grudge throwing away a quarter of an hour in a day on this paper, since they may do it without any hindrance to business.

I know several of my friends and well-wishers are in great pain for me, lest I should not be able to keep up the spirit of a paper which I oblige myself to furnish every day: but to make them easy in this particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be matter of great rally to the small Wits; who will frequently put me in mind of my promise, desire me to keep my word, assure me that it is high time to give over, with many other little pleasantries of the like nature, which men of a little smart Genius cannot forbear throwing out against their best friends, when they have such a handle given them of being witty. But let them remember that I do hereby enter my caveat against this piece of rally.

Wednesday,

N^o 12.*Wednesday, March 14.*——— *Veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.*

Perf.

AT my coming to *London*, it was some time before I could settle myself in a house to my liking. I was forced to quit my first lodgings, by reason of an officious Landlady, that would be asking me every morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest family and lived very happily for above a week; when my Landlord, who was a jolly good-natured man, took it into his head that I wanted company, and therefore would frequently come into my chamber to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three days; but telling me one day that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new lodgings that very night. About a week after, I found my jolly Landlord, who, as I said before, was an honest hearty man, had put me into an Advertisement of the *Daily Courant*, in the following words. *Whereas a melancholy man left his Lodgings on Thursday last in the Afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards Islington; If any one can give notice of him to R. B. Fishmonger in the Strand, he shall be very well rewarded for his pains.* As I am the best man in the world to keep my own counsel, and my Landlord the Fishmonger not knowing my name, this accident of my life was never discovered to this very day.

I am now settled with a Widow-woman, who has a great many children, and complies with my humor in every thing. I do not remember that we have exchanged a word together these five years; my Coffee comes into my chamber every morning without asking for it; if I want fire I point to my chimney, if water to my Basin: upon which my Landlady nods, as much as to say she takes my meaning, and immediately obeys my signals. She has likewise modeled her family so well, that when her little boy offers to pull me by the coat, or prattle in my face, his elder sister immediately calls him off, and bids him not disturb the Gentleman. At my first entering into the family, I was troubled with the civility of their rising up to me every time I came into the room; but my Landlady observing that upon these occasions I always cried *Pish*, and went out again, has forbidden any such ceremony to be used in the house; so that at present I walk into the kitchen
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or parlour without being taken notice of, or giving any interruption to the business or discourse of the family. The maid will ask her mistress (though I am by) whether the Gentleman is ready to go to dinner, as the mistress (who is indeed an excellent housewife) scolds at the servants as heartily before my face as behind my back. In short, I move up and down the house and enter into all companies, with the same liberty as a Cat or any other domestic Animal, and am as little suspected of telling any thing that I hear or see.

I remember last Winter there were several young girls of the neighbourhood sitting about the fire with my Landlady's daughters, and telling stories of Spirits and Apparitions. Upon my opening the door the young women broke off their discourse, but my Landlady's daughters telling them it was nobody but the Gentleman (for that is the name which I go by in the neighbourhood as well as in the family) they went on without minding me. I seated myself by the candle that stood on a table at one end of the room; and pretending to read a Book that I took out of my pocket, heard several dreadful stories of Ghosts as pale as ashes that had stood at the feet of a bed, or walked over a church-yard by moon-light: and of others that had been conjured into the *Red-Sea*, for disturbing people's rest, and drawing their Curtains at midnight; with many other old womens fables of the like nature. As one Spirit raised another, I observed that at the end of every story the whole company closed their ranks, and crowded about the fire: I took notice in particular of a little boy, who was so attentive to every story, that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to bed by himself this twelve-month. Indeed they talked so long, that the imaginations of the whole assembly were manifestly crazed, and I am sure will be the worse for it as long as they live. I heard one of the girls, that had looked upon me over her shoulder, asking the company how long I had been in the room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do. This put me under some apprehensions that I should be forced to explain myself if I did not retire; for which reason I took the Candle in my hand, and went up into my chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable weakness in reasonable Creatures, that they should love to astonish and terrify one another. Were I a Father, I should take a particular care to preserve my children from these little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in years. I have known a Soldier that has entered a breach, affrighted at his own shadow; and look pale upon a little scratching at his door, who the day before had marched up against a battery of Cannon. There are instances of persons, who have been terrified even to distraction, at the figure of a

tree, or the shaking of a bull-rush. The truth of it is, I look upon a sound imagination as the greatest blessing of Life, next to a clear judgment and a good conscience. In the mean time, since there are very few whose minds are not more or less subject to these dreadful thoughts and apprehensions, we ought to arm ourselves against them by the dictates of reason and religion, to *pull the old woman out of our hearts* (as *Perfius* expresses it in the Motto of my paper) and extinguish those impertinent notions which we imbibed at a time that we were not able to judge of their Absurdity. Or if we believe, as many wise and good men have done, that there are such Phantoms and Apparitions as those I have been speaking of, let us endeavor to establish to ourselves an interest in him who holds the reins of the whole creation in his hand, and moderates them after such a manner, that it is impossible for one Being to break loose upon another without his knowledge and permission.

For my own part, I am apt to join in opinion with those who believe that all the regions of nature swarm with Spirits; and that we have multitudes of spectators on all our actions, when we think ourselves most alone: But instead of terrifying myself with such a notion, I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always engaged with such an innumerable Society, in searching out the wonders of the creation, and joining in the same comfort of praise and adoration.

Milton has finely described this mixed communion of men and spirits in Paradise; and had doubtless his eye upon a verse in old *Hesiod*, which is almost word for word the same with his third line in the following passage.

——— *Nor think, though Men were none,
That Heav'n would want spectators, God want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often from the sleep
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heav'n.*

Thursday,

N^o 13.

Thursday, March 15.

*Dic mihi, si fueras tu Leo, qualis eris?*

Mart.

THERE is nothing that of late years has afforded matter of greater amusement to the town than Signior *Nicolini's* combat with a Lion in the *Hay-Market*, which has been very often exhibited to the general satisfaction of most of the Nobility and Gentry in the Kingdom of *Great Britain*. Upon the first rumor of this intended combat, it was confidently affirmed, and is still believed by many in both galleries, that there would be a tame Lion sent from the *Tower* every Opera night, in order to be killed, by *Hydaspes*; this report, though altogether groundless, so universally prevailed in the upper regions of the Play-house, that some of the most refined Politicians in those parts of the audience give it out in whisper, that the Lion was a Cousin-german of the Tiger who made his appearance in King *William's* days, and that the Stage would be supplied with Lions at the public expence, during the whole Session. Many likewise were the conjectures of the treatment which this Lion was to meet with from the hands of Signior *Nicolini*; some supposed that he was to subdue him in *Recitativo*, as *Orpheus* used to serve the wild beasts in his time, and afterwards to knock him on the head; some fancied that the Lion would not pretend to lay his paws upon the Hero, by reason of the received opinion, that a Lion will not hurt a Virgin: several who pretended to have seen the Opera in *Italy*, had informed their friends, that the Lion was to act a part in *High-Dutch*, and roar twice or thrice to a *Thorough Bass*, before he fell at the feet of *Hydaspes*. To clear up a matter that was so variously reported, I have made it my business to examine whether this pretended Lion is really the Savage he appears to be, or only a counterfeit.

But before I communicate my discoveries, I must acquaint the reader, that upon my walking behind the Scenes last winter, as I was thinking on something else, I accidentally jostled against a monstrous animal that extremely startled me, and upon my nearer survey of it, appeared to be a Lion rampant. The Lion, seeing me very much surpris'd, told me in a gentle voice, that I might come by him if I pleas'd: *For* (says he) *I do not intend to hurt any body.* I thanked him very kindly, and pass'd by him.

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And in a little time after saw him leap upon the stage, and act his part with very great applause. It has been observed by several, that the Lion has changed his manner of acting twice or thrice since his first appearance; which will not seem strange, when I acquaint my Reader that the Lion has been changed upon the audience three several times. The first Lion was a Candle-snuffer, who being a fellow of a testy choleric temper over-did his part, and would not suffer himself to be killed so easily as he ought to have done; besides it was observed of him, that he grew more surly every time he came out of the Lion, and having dropt some words in ordinary conversation, as if he had not fought his best, and that he suffered himself to be thrown upon his back in the scuffle, and that he would wrestle with Mr. Nicolini for what he pleased, out of his Lion's skin, it was thought proper to discard him: and it is verily believed, to this day, that had he been brought upon the Stage another time, he would certainly have done mischief. Besides, it was objected against the first Lion, that he reared himself so high upon his hinder paws, and walked in so erect a posture, that he looked more like an old Man than a Lion.

The Second Lion was a Taylor by trade, who belonged to the Play-house, and had the character of a mild and peaceable man in his profession. If the former was too furious, this was too sheepish, for his part; insomuch that after a short modest walk upon the Stage, he would fall at the first touch of *Hydaspes*, without grappling with him, and giving him an opportunity of shewing his variety of *Italian Trips*: it is said indeed that he once gave him a rip in his flesh-colored Doublet; but this was only to make work for himself, in his private character of a Taylor. I must not omit that it was this second Lion who treated me with so much humanity behind the Scenes.

The acting Lion at present is, as I am informed, a Country Gentleman, who does it for his diversion, but desires his name may be concealed. He says very handsomely in his own excuse, that he does not act for gain, that he indulges an innocent pleasure in it; and that it is better to pass away an evening in this manner, than in gaming and drinking: but at the same time says, with a very agreeable rally upon himself, That if his name should be known, the ill-natured world might call him *The Ass in the Lion's skin*. This Gentleman's temper is made out of such a happy mixture of the mild and the choleric, that he out-does both his predecessors, and has drawn together greater audiences than have been known in the memory of man.

I must not conclude my Narrative, without taking notice of a groundless report that has been raised, to a Gentleman's disadvantage, of whom I must declare myself an admirer; namely, that Signior Nicolini and the Lion have been

been seen sitting peaceably by one another, and smoaking a Pipe together, behind the Scenes; by which their common enemies would insinuate, that it is but a sham combat which they represent upon the Stage: but upon enquiry I find, that if any such correspondence has passed between them, it was not till the combat was over, when the Lion was to be looked upon as dead, according to the received rules of the *Drama*. Besides, this is what is practised every day in *Westminster-Hall*, where nothing is more usual than to see a couple of Lawyers, who have been tearing each other to pieces in the Court, embracing one another as soon as they are out of it.

I would not be thought, in any part of this relation, to reflect upon Signior *Nicolini*, who in acting this part only complies with the wretched taste of his audience; he knows very well, that the Lion has many more admirers than himself; as they say of the famous *Equestrian* Statue on the *Pont Neuf* at *Paris*, that more people go to see the Horse, than the King who sits upon it. On the contrary, it gives me a just indignation to see a person whose action gives new Majesty to Kings, Resolution to Heroes, and Softness to Lovers, thus sinking from the greatness of his behavior, and degraded into the character of the *London Prentice*. I have often wished, that our Tragedians would copy after this great Master in Action. Could they make the same use of their arms and legs, and inform their faces with as significant looks and passions, how glorious would an *English* Tragedy appear with that Action, which is capable of giving a dignity to the forced thoughts, cold conceits, and unnatural expressions of an *Italian* Opera. In the mean time, I have related this combat of the Lion, to shew what are at present the reigning entertainments of the politer part of *Great Britain*.

Audiences have often been reproached by Writers for the coarseness of their taste; but our present grievance does not seem to be the want of a good Taste, but of Common Sense.

Saturday,

N^o 15.

Saturday, March 17.

Parva leves capiunt animos —————

Ovid.

WHEN I was in *France*, I used to gaze with great astonishment at the splendid equipages, and party-colored habits, of that fantastic nation. I was one day in particular contemplating a Lady, that sat in a Coach adorned with gilded *Cupids*, and finely painted with the loves of *Venus* and *Adonis*. The Coach was drawn by six milk-white horses, and laden behind with the same number of powdered Footmen. Just before the Lady were a couple of beautiful Pages, that were stuck among the harness, and, by their gay dresses and smiling features, looked like the elder brothers of the little Boys that were carved and painted in every corner of the Coach.

The Lady was the unfortunate *Cleanthe*, who afterwards gave an occasion to a pretty melancholy Novel. She had, for several years, received the addresses of a Gentleman, whom after a long and intimate acquaintance she forsook, upon the account of this shining equipage, which had been offered to her by one of great riches, but a crazy constitution. The circumstances in which I saw her, were, it seems, the disguises only of a broken heart, and a kind of pageantry to cover distress; for in two months after she was carried to her grave with the same pomp and magnificence; being sent thither partly by the loss of one Lover, and partly by the possession of another.

I have often reflected with myself on this unaccountable humor in Woman-kind, of being smitten with every thing that is showy and superficial; and on the numberless evils that befall the Sex, from this light, fantastical disposition. I myself remember a young Lady, that was very warmly solicited by a couple of importunate Rivals, who for several months together did all they could to recommend themselves, by complacency of behavior, and agreeableness of conversation. At length, when the competition was doubtful, and the Lady undetermined in her choice, one of the young Lovers very luckily bethought himself of adding a supernumerary lace to his Liveries, which had so good an effect, that he married her the very week after.

The usual conversation of ordinary women very much cherishes this natural weakness of being taken with outside and appearance. Talk of a new-married

married couple, and you will immediately hear whether they keep their Coach and fix, or eat in Plate: mention the name of an absent Lady, and it is ten to one but you learn something of her Gown and Petticoat. A Ball is a great help to discourse, and a Birth-day furnishes conversation for a twelvemonth after. A Furbelow of precious stones, a Hat buttoned with a Diamond, a Brocade waistcoat or petticoat, are standing topics. In short, they consider only the drapery of the Species, and never cast away a thought on those ornaments of the Mind, that make persons illustrious in themselves, and useful to others. When women are thus perpetually dazzling one another's imaginations, and filling their heads with nothing but colors, it is no wonder that they are more attentive to the superficial parts of life, than the solid and substantial blessings of it. A Girl, who has been trained up in this kind of conversation, is in danger of every embroider'd coat that comes in her way. A pair of fringed Gloves may be her ruin. In a word, Lace and Ribbons, silver and gold Galloons, with the like glittering gew-gaws, are so many lures to women of weak minds or low educations, and, when artificially displayed, are able to fetch down the most airy Coquette from the wildest of her flights and rambles.

True Happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self; and, in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions. It loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows: In short, it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, False Happiness loves to be in a croud, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in Courts and Palaces, Theatres and Assemblies, and has no existence but when she is looked upon.

Aurelia, though a woman of great Quality, delights in the privacy of a country life, and passes away a great part of her time in her own walks and gardens. Her Husband, who is her bosom friend, and companion in her solitudes, has been in love with her ever since he knew her. They both abound with good sense, consummate virtue, and a mutual esteem; and are a perpetual entertainment to one another. Their family is under so regular an oeconomy, in its hours of devotion and repast, employment and diversion, that it looks like a little Commonwealth within itself. They often go into company, that they may return with the greater delight to one another; and sometimes live in town, not to enjoy it so properly as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themselves the relish of a country life.

life. By this means they are happy in each other, beloved by their children, adored by their servants, and are become the envy, or rather the delight, of all that know them.

How different to this is the life of *Fulvia*! she considers her Husband as her Steward, and looks upon discretion and good housewifery as little domestic virtues, unbecoming a woman of Quality. She thinks life lost in her own family, and fancies herself out of the world when she is not in the Ring, the Play-house, or the Drawing-room: She lives in a perpetual motion of body, and restlessness of thought, and is never easy in any one place, when she thinks there is more company in another. The missing of an Opera the first night, would be more afflicting to her than the death of a child. She pities all the valuable part of her own sex; and calls every woman of a prudent modest retired life, a poor-spirited unpolished creature. What a mortification would it be to *Fulvia*, if she knew that her setting herself to view is but exposing herself, and that she grows contemptible by being conspicuous.

I cannot conclude my Paper, without observing that *Virgil* has very finely touched upon this female passion for dress and show, in the character of *Camilla*; who, though she seems to have shaken off all the other weaknesses of her sex, is still described as a Woman in this particular. The Poet tells us, that after having made a great slaughter of the enemy, she unfortunately cast her eye on a *Trojan*, who wore an embroidered Tunick, a beautiful Coat of Mail, with a Mantle of the finest purple. *A golden bow, says he, hung upon his shoulder; his Garment was buckled with a golden Clasp, and his head covered with an Helmet of the same shining Metal.* The *Amazon* immediately singled out this well-dressed warrior, being seized with a woman's longing for the pretty trappings that he was adorned with.

—————*Totumque incauta per agmen
Fœmineo prædæ et spoliorum ardebat amore.*

This heedless pursuit after these glittering trifles, the Poet (by a nice concealed Moral) represents to have been the destruction of his female Hero.



N^o 16. *Monday, March 19.*



Quod verum atque decens curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum. Hor.

I Have received a Letter, desiring me to be very fatirical upon the little Muff that is now in fashion; another informs me of a pair of silver Garters buckled below the knee, that have been lately seen at the *Rainbow* Coffee-house in *Fleet-street*; a third sends me a heavy complaint against Fringed Gloves. To be brief, there is scarce an ornament of either Sex which one or other of my Correspondents has not inveigh'd against with some bitterness, and recommended to my observation. I must therefore, once for all, inform my readers, that it is not my intention to sink the dignity of this my Paper with reflections upon red-heels or top-knots, but rather to enter into the passions of Mankind, and to correct those depraved sentiments that give birth to all those little extravagances which appear in their outward dress and behavior. Foppish and fantastical ornaments are only indications of vice, not criminal in themselves. Extinguish vanity in the mind, and you naturally retrench the little superfluities of garniture and equipage. The blossoms will fall of themselves, when the root that nourishes them is destroyed.

I shall therefore, as I have said, apply my remedies to the first seeds and principles of an affected Dress, without descending to the Dress itself; though at the same time I must own, that I have thoughts of creating an Officer under me, to be entitled, *The Censor of small Wares*, and of allotting him one day in a week for the execution of such his Office. An Operator of this nature might act under me, with the same regard as a Surgeon to a Physician; that one might be employed in healing those blotches and tumors which break out in the body, while the other is sweetning the blood and rectifying the constitution. To speak truly, the young people of both Sexes are so wonderfully apt to shoot out into long Swords or sweeping Trains, bushy Head-dresses or full-bottomed Perriwigs, with several other incumbrances of Dress, that they stand in need of being pruned very frequently, lest they should be oppressed with ornaments, and over-run with the luxuriance of their habits. I am much in doubt, whether I should give the preference to a Quaker that is trimmed close and almost cut to

the quick, or to a Beau that is loaden with such a redundancy of excrescences. I must therefore desire my Correspondents to let me know how they approve my project, and whether they think the erecting of such a petty Censorship may not turn to the emolument of the public; for I would not do any thing of this nature rashly and without advice.

There is another set of Correspondents to whom I must address myself in the second place; I mean, such as fill their Letters with private scandal, and black accounts of particular persons and families. The world is so full of ill-nature, that I have Lampoons sent me by people who cannot spell, and Satires composed by those who scarce know how to write. By the last post in particular I received a packet of Scandal which is not legible; and have a whole bundle of Letters in womens hands that are full of blots and calumnies, insomuch that when I see the name *Cælia*, *Phillis*, *Pastora*, or the like, at the bottom of a scrawl, I conclude on course that it brings me some account of a fallen Virgin, a faithless Wife, or an amorous Widow. I must therefore inform these my Correspondents, that it is not my design to be a publisher of intrigues and cuckoldoms, or to bring little infamous stories out of their present lurking holes into broad day-light. If I attack the vicious, I shall only set upon them in a body; and will not be provoked by the worst usage I can receive from others, to make an example of any particular Criminal. In short, I have so much of a *Draw-cansir* in me, that I shall pass over a single Foe to charge whole Armies. It is not *Lais* or *Silenus*, but the harlot and the drunkard, whom I shall endeavor to expose; and shall consider the crime as it appears in a species, not as it is circumstanced in an individual. I think it was *Caligula*, who wished the whole city of *Rome* had but one neck, that he might behead them at a blow. I shall do out of humanity, what that Emperor would have done in cruelty of his temper, and aim every stroke at a collective body of Offenders. At the same time I am very sensible, that nothing spreads a Paper like private calumny and defamation; but as my Speculations are not under this necessity, they are not exposed to this temptation.

In the next place I must apply myself to my Party correspondents, who are continually teasing me to take notice of one another's proceedings. How often am I asked by both sides, if it is possible for me to be an unconcerned Spectator of the rogueries that are committed by the party which is opposite to him that writes the Letter. About two days since I was reproached with an old *Grecian* law, that forbids any man to stand as a Neuter or a Looker-on in the divisions of his country. However, as I am very sensible my Paper would lose its whole effect, should it run into the outrages of a Party, I shall take care to keep clear of every thing which looks
that

that way. If I can any way assuage private Inflammations, or allay public Ferments, I shall apply myself to it with my utmost endeavors; but will never let my heart reproach me, with having done any thing towards encreasing those feuds and animosities that extinguish Religion, deface Government, and make a Nation miserable.

What I have said under the three foregoing heads, will, I am afraid, very much retrench the number of my Correspondents: I shall therefore acquaint my reader, that if he has started any hint which he is not able to pursue, if he has met with any surprising story which he does not know how to tell, if he has discovered any epidemical vice which has escaped my observation, or has heard of any uncommon virtue which he would desire to publish; in short, if he has any materials that can furnish out an innocent diversion, I shall promise him my best assistance in the working of them up for a public entertainment.

This Paper my reader will find was intended for an answer to a multitude of Correspondents; but I hope he will pardon me if I single out one of them in particular, who has made me so very humble a request, that I cannot forbear complying with it.

To the S P E C T A T O R.

S I R,

March, 15, 1710-11.

“ I Am at present so unfortunate, as to have nothing to do but to mind
 “ my own business; and therefore beg of you that you will be pleased
 “ to put me into some small Post under you. I observe that you have ap-
 “ pointed your Printer and Publisher to receive Letters and Advertise-
 “ ments for the City of *London*; and shall think myself very much honored
 “ by you, if you will appoint me to take in Letters and Advertisements
 “ for the City of *Westminster* and the Dutchy of *Lancaster*. Though I cannot
 “ promise to fill such an employment with sufficient abilities, I will endeavor to make up with Industry and fidelity what I want in parts and genius. I am,

S I R, Your most obedient Servant,

Charles Lillie.

N^o 18.

Wednesday, March 21.

———*Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad incertos oculos et gaudia vana.*

Hor.

IT is my design in this paper to deliver down to posterity a faithful account of the *Italian* Opera, and of the gradual progress which it has made upon the *English* Stage; for there is no question but our great grandchildren will be very curious to know the reason why their fore-fathers used to sit together like an audience of foreigners in their own country, and to hear whole Plays acted before them in a tongue which they did not understand.

Arfinoe, was the first Opera that gave us a taste of *Italian* Music. The great success this Opera met with, produced some attempts of forming pieces upon *Italian* Plans, which should give a more natural and reasonable entertainment than what can be met with in the elaborate trifles of that nation. This alarmed the Poetasters and Fiddlers of the town, who were used to deal in a more ordinary kind of ware; and therefore laid down an established rule, which is received as such to this day, *That nothing is capable of being well set to Music, that is not Nonsense.*

This maxim was no sooner received, but we immediately fell to translating the *Italian* Operas; and as there was no great danger of hurting the sense of those extraordinary pieces, our Authors would often make words of their own which were entirely foreign to the meaning of the passages they pretended to translate; their chief care being to make the numbers of the *English* verse answer to those of the *Italian*, that both of them might go to the same tune. Thus the famous song in *Camilla*,

Barbara si t'intendo, &c.

Barbarous woman, yes, I know your meaning,

which expresses the resentments of an angry Lover, was translated into that *English* lamentation,

Frail are a Lover's hopes, &c.

And

And it was pleasant enough to see the most refined persons of the *British* nation dying away and languishing to Notes that were filled with a spirit of rage and indignation. It happened also very frequently, where the sense was rightly translated, the necessary transposition of words which were drawn out of the Phrase of one tongue into that of another, made the Music appear very absurd in one tongue that was very natural in the other. I remember an *Italian* verse that ran thus word for word,

And turn'd my rage into pity;

which the *English* for rhyme sake translated,

And into pity turn'd my rage.

By this means the soft Notes that were adapted to *Pity* in the *Italian*, fell upon the word *Rage* in the *English*; and the angry sounds that were tuned to *Rage* in the original, were made to express *Pity* in the translation. It oftentimes happened likewise, that the finest Notes in the Air fell upon the most insignificant words in the sentence. I have known the word *And* pursued through the whole Gamut, have been entertained with many a melodious *The*, and have heard the most beautiful Graces, Quavers and Divisions bestowed upon *Then*, *For*, and *From*; to the eternal honor of our *English* Particles.

The next step to our refinement, was the introducing of *Italian* Actors into our Opera; who sung their parts in their own language, at the same time that our Country-men performed theirs in our native tongue. The King or Hero of the Play generally spoke in *Italian*, and his Slaves answered him in *English*; the Lover frequently made his Court, and gained the heart of his Princess, in a language which she did not understand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carried on Dialogues after this manner, without an interpreter between the persons that conversed together: but this was the State of the *English* Stage for about three years.

At length the audience grew tired of understanding half the Opera; and therefore to ease themselves intirely of the fatigue of thinking, have so ordered it at present, that the whole Opera is performed in an unknown tongue. We no longer understand the Language of our own Stage; insomuch that I have often been afraid, when I have seen our *Italian* performers chattering in the vehemence of action that they have been calling us names, and abusing us among themselves; but I hope, since we put such an entire confidence in them, they will not talk against us before our faces, though they may do it with the same safety as if it were behind our backs. In the mean time, I cannot forbear thinking how naturally an Historian who

writes

writes two or three hundred years hence, and does not know the taste of his wife fore-fathers, will make the following reflection, *In the beginning of the eighteenth Century the Italian tongue was so well understood in England, that Operas were acted on the public stage in that language.*

One scarce knows how to be serious in the confutation of an absurdity that shews itself at the first sight. It does not want any great measure of sense to see the ridicule of this monstrous practice; but what makes it the more astonishing, it is not the taste of the rabble, but of persons of the greatest politeness, which has established it.

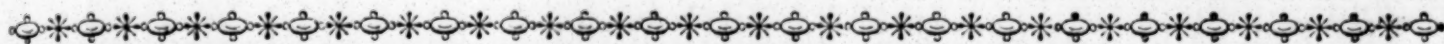
If the *Italians* have a Genius for Music above the *English*, the *English* have a Genius for other performances of a much higher nature, and capable of giving the mind a much nobler entertainment. Would one think it was possible (at a time when an Author lived that was able to write the *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*) for a people to be so stupidly fond of the *Italian Opera*, as scarce to give a third day's hearing to that admirable Tragedy? Music is certainly a very agreeable entertainment, but if it would take the entire possession of our ears, if it would make us incapable of hearing sense, if it would exclude Arts that have a much greater tendency to the refinement of human Nature; I must confess I would allow it no better quarter than *Plato* has done, who banishes it out of his commonwealth.

At present, our notions of Music are so very uncertain, that we do not know what it is we like; only in general, we are transported with any thing that is not *English*: so it be of a foreign growth, let it be *Italian*, *French*, or *High-Dutch*, it is the same thing. In short, our *English* Music is quite rooted out, and nothing yet planted in its stead.

When a Royal Palace is burnt to the ground, every man is at liberty to present his Plan for a new one; and though it be but indifferently put together, it may furnish several hints that may be of use to a good Architect. I shall take the same liberty in a following paper, of giving my opinion upon the subject of Music; which I shall lay down only in a problematical manner, to be considered by those who are Masters in the Art.

N^o 21.

Saturday, March 24.

— *Locus est et pluribus umbris.*

Hor.

I Am sometimes very much troubled, when I reflect upon the three great professions of Divinity, Law and Physic; how they are each of them over-burdened with practitioners, and filled with multitudes of ingenious Gentlemen that starve one another.

We may divide the Clergy into Generals, Field-officers, and Subalterns. Among the first we may reckon Bishops, Deans and Arch-deacons. Among the second are Doctors of Divinity, Prebendaries, and all that wear Scarfs. The rest are comprehended under the Subalterns. As for the first Class, our Constitution preserves it from any redundancy of incumbents, notwithstanding Competitors are numberless. Upon a strict calculation, it is found that there has been a great exceeding of late years in the second division, several Brevets having been granted for the converting of Subalterns into Scarf-officers; insomuch that within my memory the price of Lustring is raised above two pence in a yard. As for the Subalterns, they are not to be numbered. Should our Clergy once enter into the corrupt practice of the Laity, by the splitting of their Freeholds, they would be able to carry most of the Elections in *England*.

The body of the Law is no less encumbered with superfluous members, that are like *Virgil's* Army, which he tells us was so crowded, many of them had not room to use their weapons. This prodigious society of men may be divided into the Litigious and Peaceable. Under the first are comprehended all those who are carried down in coach-fulls to *Westminster-hall*, every morning in term-time. *Martial's* description of this species of Lawyers is full of humor:

Iras et verba locant.

Men that hire out their words and anger; that are more or less passionate according as they are paid for it, and allow their Client a quantity of wrath proportionable to the fee which they receive from him. I must however observe to the reader, that above three parts of those whom I reckon among the

the Litigious, are such as are only quarrelsome in their hearts, and have no opportunity of shewing their passion at the Bar. Nevertheless, as they do not know what strifes may arise, they appear at the Hall every day, that they may shew themselves in a readiness to enter the Lists, whenever there shall be occasion for them.

The Peaceable Lawyers are, in the first place, many of the Benchers of the several Inns of Court, who seem to be the Dignitaries of the Law, and are endowed with those Qualifications of mind that accomplish a man rather for a Ruler, than a Pleader. These men live peaceably in their habitations, Eating once a day, and Dancing once a year, for the honor of their respective societies.

Another numberless branch of Peaceable Lawyers, are those young men who being placed at the Inns of Court in order to study the Laws of their country, frequent the Play-house more than *Westminster-hall*, and are seen in all public assemblies, except in a Court of Justice. I shall say nothing of those silent and busy multitudes that are employed within doors, in the drawing up of Writings and Conveyances; nor of those greater numbers that palliate their want of business with a pretence to such Chamber-practice.

If, in the third place, we look into the profession of Physic, we shall find a most formidable body of men: the sight of them is enough to make a man serious, for we may lay it down as a maxim, that when a nation abounds in Physicians it grows thin of people. Sir *William Temple* is very much puzzled to find out a reason why the Northern Hive, as he calls it, does not send out such prodigious swarms, and over-run the world with *Goths* and *Vandals*, as it did formerly; but had that excellent Author observed that there were no students in Physic among the Subjects of *Thor* and *Woden*, and that this science very much flourishes in the North at present, he might have found a better solution for this difficulty than any of those he has made use of. This body of men, in our own country, may be described like the *British* army in *Cæsar's* time: some of them slay in Chariots, and some on foot. If the Infantry do less execution than the Charioteers, it is because they cannot be carried so soon into all quarters of the town, and dispatch so much business in so short a time. Besides this body of Regular troops, there are Stragglers, who without being duly listed and enrolled, do infinite mischief to those who are so unlucky as to fall into their hands.

There are, besides the above-mentioned, innumerable Retainers to Physic, who, for want of other patients, amuse themselves with the stifling of Cats in an air-pump, cutting up dogs alive; or impaling of Insects upon

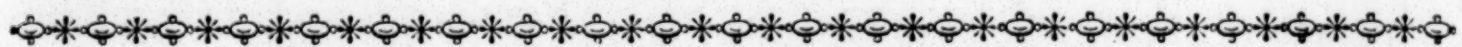
upon the point of a needle for microscopical observations; besides those that are employed in gathering of weeds, and the chace of Butterflies: not to mention the Cockleshell-merchants and Spider-catchers.

When I consider how each of these professions are crouded with multitudes that seek their livelihood in them, and how many men of merit there are in each of them, who may be rather said to be of the Science, than the Profession; I very much wonder at the humor of Parents, who will not rather chuse to place their Sons in a way of life where an honest industry cannot but thrive, than in stations where the greatest Probity, Learning, and good Sense may miscarry. How many men are Country-curates, that might have made themselves Aldermen of *London*, by a right improvement of a smaller sum of money than what is usually laid out upon a learned education? A sober frugal person, of slender parts and a slow apprehension, might have thrived in Trade, though he starves upon Physic; as a man would be well enough pleased to buy Silks of one, whom he would not venture to feel his pulse. *Vagellius* is careful, studious and obliging, but withal a little thick-skulled; he has not a single Client, but might have had abundance of Customers. The misfortune is, that Parents take a liking to a particular profession, and therefore desire their Sons may be of it. Whereas, in so great an affair of life, they should consider the Genius and Abilities of their children, more than their own inclinations.

It is the great advantage of a Trading nation, that there are very few in it so dull and heavy, who may not be placed in stations of life, which may give them an opportunity of making their fortunes. A well-regulated commerce is not, like Law, Physic, or Divinity, to be overstocked with hands; but, on the contrary, flourishes by multitudes, and gives employment to all its Professors. Fleets of Merchant-men are so many squadrons of floating shops, that vend our wares and manufactures in all the markets of the world, and find out chapmen under both the Tropics.

N^o 23.

Tuesday, March 27.



*Sævit atrox Volscens, nec teli conspicit usquam
Auctorem, nec quo se ardens immitere possit.*

Virg.

THERE is nothing that more betrays a base ungenerous Spirit than the giving of secret stabs to a man's reputation. Lampoons and Satires, that are written with Wit and Spirit, are like poisoned Darts, which not only inflict a wound, but make it incurable. For this reason I am very much troubled when I see the talents of humor and ridicule in the possession of an ill-natured man. There cannot be a greater gratification to a barbarous and inhuman wit, than to stir up sorrow in the heart of a private person, to raise uneasiness among near relations, and to expose whole families to derision, at the same time that he remains unseen and undiscovered. If, besides the accomplishments of being witty and ill-natured, a man is vicious into the bargain; he is one of the most mischievous creatures that can enter into a civil Society. His Satire will then chiefly fall upon those who ought to be the most exempt from it. Virtue, Merit, and every thing that is praise-worthy, will be made the subject of ridicule and buffoonery. It is impossible to enumerate the evils which arise from these Arrows that fly in the dark; and I know no other excuse that is or can be made for them, than that the wounds they give are only imaginary, and produce nothing more than a secret shame or sorrow in the mind of the suffering person. It must indeed be confessed, that a Lampoon or a Satire do not carry in them robbery or murder; but at the same time, how many are there that would not rather lose a considerable sum of money, or even life itself, than be set up as marks of infamy or derision? And in this case a man should consider, that an injury is not to be measured by the notions of him that gives, but of him that receives it.

Those who can put the best countenance upon the outrages of this nature which are offered them, are not without their secret anguish. I have often observed a passage in *Socrates's* behavior at his death, in a light wherein none of the Critics have considered it. That excellent man, entertaining his friends, a little before he drank the bowl of poison, with a discourse on the Immortality of the Soul, at his entering upon it says, that he does

not

not believe any the most Comic genius can censure him for talking upon such a subject at such a time. This passage, I think, evidently glances upon *Aristophanes*, who writ a Comedy on purpose to ridicule the discourses of that divine Philosopher. It has been observed by many writers, that *Socrates* was so little moved at this piece of buffoonery, that he was several times present at its being acted upon the Stage, and never expressed the least resentment of it. But with submission, I think the remark I have here made shews us that this unworthy treatment made an impression upon his mind, though he had been too wise to discover it.

When *Julius Cæsar* was lampooned by *Catullus*, he invited him to a supper, and treated him with such a generous civility, that he made the Poet his friend ever after. Cardinal *Mazarine* gave the same kind of treatment to the learned *Quillet*, who had reflected upon his Eminence in a famous Latin Poem. The Cardinal sent for him, and after some kind expostulations upon what he had written, assured him of his esteem, and dismissed him with a promise of the next good Abbey that should fall, which he accordingly conferred upon him in a few months after. This had so good an effect upon the Author, that he dedicated the second edition of his book to the Cardinal, after having expunged the passages which had given him offence.

Sextus Quintus was not of so generous and forgiving a temper. Upon his being made Pope, the statue of *Pasquin* was one night dressed in a very dirty shirt, with an excuse written under it, that he was forced to wear foul linen because his Landlady was made a Princess. This was a reflection upon the Pope's Sister, who, before the promotion of her Brother, was in those mean circumstances that *Pasquin* represented her. As this Pasquinade made a great noise in *Rome*, the Pope offered a considerable sum of money to any person that should discover the Author of it. The Author relying upon his Holiness's Generosity, as also on some private Overtures which he had received from him, made the discovery himself; upon which the Pope gave him the reward he had promised, but at the same time, to disable the Satirist for the future, ordered his tongue to be cut out, and both his hands to be chopped off. *Aretine* is too trite an instance. Every one knows that all the Kings in *Europe* were his tributaries. Nay, there is a Letter of his extant, in which he makes his boasts that he had laid the *Sophi of Persia* under contribution.

Though in the various examples, which I have here drawn together, these several great Men behaved themselves very differently towards the wits of the Age who had reproached them; they all plainly shewed that they were very sensible of their reproaches, and consequently that they received

them as very great injuries. For my own part, I would never trust a man that I thought was capable of giving these secret wounds; and cannot but think that he would hurt the person, whose reputation he thus assaults, in his body or in his fortune, could he do it with the same security. There is indeed something very barbarous and inhuman in the ordinary Scriblers of Lampoons. An innocent young Lady shall be exposed, for an unhappy feature. A Father of a family turned to ridicule, for some domestic calamity. A wife be made uneasy all her life, for a misinterpreted word or action. Nay, a good, a temperate, and a just man, shall be put out of countenance, by the representation of those qualities that should do him honor. So pernicious a thing is Wit, when it is not tempered with Virtue and Humanity.

I have indeed heard of heedless inconsiderate writers, that without any malice have sacrificed the reputation of their friends and acquaintance, to a certain levity of temper, and a silly ambition, of distinguishing themselves by a spirit of Rallery and Satire: as if it were not infinitely more honorable to be a Good-natur'd man, than a Wit. Where there is this little petulant humor in an Author, he is often very mischievous without designing to be so. For which reason I always lay it down as a rule, that an indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; for as the latter will only attack his enemies, and those he wishes ill to; the other injures indifferently both friends and foes. I cannot forbear, on this occasion, transcribing a Fable out of Sir Roger l' *Estrange*, which accidentally lies before me. "A company of waggish Boys were watching of Frogs at the side of a Pond, and still as any of them put up their heads, they'd be pelting them down again with stones. *Children* (says one of the Frogs) *you never consider that though this may be Play to you, 'tis Death to us.*

As this Week is in a manner set apart and dedicated to serious thoughts, I shall indulge myself in such Speculations as may not be altogether unsuitable to the season; and in the mean time, as the settling in ourselves a charitable frame of mind is a work very proper for the time, I have in this paper endeavored to expose that particular breach of Charity which has been generally over-looked by Divines, because there are but few who can be guilty of it.

Thursday,

N^o 25.

Thursday, March 29.

——— *AEgrefcitque medendo.*

Virg.

THE following Letter will explain itself, and needs no apology.

S I R,

“ I Am one of that sickly tribe who are commonly known by the name
 “ of *Valetudinarians*; and do confess to you, that I first contracted this
 “ ill habit of body, or rather of mind, by the study of Physic. I no soon-
 “ er began to peruse books of this nature, but I found my pulse was
 “ irregular; and scarce ever read the account of any disease that I did not
 “ fancy myself afflicted with. Doctor *Sydenham*’s learned treatise of Fe-
 “ vers threw me into a lingering Hectic, which hung upon me all the
 “ while I was reading that excellent piece. I then applied myself to the
 “ study of several Authors, who have written upon Phthifical Distempers,
 “ and by that means fell into a Consumption; till at length growing very
 “ fat, I was in a manner shamed out of that imagination. Not long after
 “ this I found in myself all the symptoms of the Gout, except pain;
 “ but was cured of it by a Treatise upon the Gravel, written by a very
 “ ingenious Author, who (as it is usual for Physicians to convert one dis-
 “ temper into another) eased me of the Gout, by giving me the Stone.
 “ I at length studied myself into a complication of distempers; but, acci-
 “ dentally taking into my hand that ingenious discourse written by
 “ *Sanctorius*, I was resolved to direct myself by a scheme of Rules, which I
 “ had collected from his observations. The learned world are very well
 “ acquainted with that Gentleman’s invention; who, for the better car-
 “ rying on of his experiments, contrived a certain Mathematical Chair,
 “ which was so artificially hung upon springs, that it would weigh any
 “ thing as well as a pair of Scales. By this means he discovered how ma-
 “ ny ounces of his food passed by perspiration, what quantity of it was
 “ turned into nourishment, and how much went away by the other chan-
 “ nels and distributions of Nature.

“ Having

“ Having provided myself with this Chair, I used to study, eat, drink,
 “ and sleep in it; infomuch that I may be said, for these three last years,
 “ to have lived in a pair of Scales. I compute myself, when I am in full
 “ health, to be precisely two hundred weight, falling short of it about a
 “ pound after a day’s fast, and exceeding it as much after a very full meal;
 “ so that it is my continual employment, to trim the balance between these
 “ two volatile pounds in my constitution. In my ordinary Meals I fetch
 “ myself up to two hundred weight and half a pound; and if after having
 “ dined I find myself fall short of it, I drink just so much small-beer, or
 “ eat such a quantity of bread, as is sufficient to make me weight. In
 “ my greatest excesses I do not transgress more than the other half pound;
 “ which for my health’s sake, I do the first *Monday* in every month. As
 “ soon as I find myself duly poised after dinner, I walk till I have per-
 “ spired five ounces and four scruples; and when I discover, by my Chair,
 “ that I am so far reduced, I fall to my books, and study away three ounces
 “ more. As for the remaining parts of the pound, I keep no account of
 “ them. I do not dine and sup by the Clock, but by my Chair; for when
 “ that informs me my pound of food is exhausted, I conclude myself to be
 “ hungry, and lay in another with all diligence. In my days of abstinence
 “ I lose a pound and an half, and on solemn Fasts, am two pound lighter
 “ than on other days in the year.

“ I allow myself, one night with another, a quarter of a pound of sleep
 “ within a few grains more or less; and if upon my rising I find that I
 “ have not consumed my whole quantity, I take out the rest in my Chair.
 “ Upon an exact calculation of what I expended and received the last
 “ year, which I always register in a book, I find the medium to be two
 “ hundred weight, so that I cannot discover that I am impaired one ounce
 “ in my health during a whole twelve-month. And yet, Sir, notwithstand-
 “ ing this my great care to ballast myself equally every day, and to keep
 “ my body in its proper poise, so it is that I find myself in a sick and
 “ languishing condition. My complexion is grown very fallow, my Pulse
 “ low, and my Body hydropical. Let me therefore beg you, Sir, to consider
 “ me as your patient, and to give me more certain rules to walk by than
 “ those I have already observed, and you will very much oblige

Your humble Servant.

This Letter puts me in mind of an *Italian* Epitaph written on the monu-
 ment of a *Valetudinarian*; *Stavo ben, ma per star meglio, sto qui*: which it is im-
 possible to translate. The Fear of Death often proves mortal, and sets peo-
 ple on methods to save their lives, which infallibly destroy them. This is

a reflection made by some Historians, upon observing that there are many more thousands killed in a flight than in a battle; and may be applied to those multitudes of imaginary sick persons that break their Constitutions by Physic, and throw themselves into the arms of Death, by endeavoring to escape it. This method is not only dangerous, but below the practice of a reasonable Creature. To consult the preservation of life, as the only end of it, To make our health our business, To engage in no action that is not part of a regimen, or course of Physic; are purposes so abject, so mean, so unworthy Human Nature, that a generous Soul would rather die than submit to them. Besides, that a continual anxiety for life vitiates all the relishes of it, and casts a gloom over the whole face of Nature; as it is impossible we should take delight in any thing that we are every moment afraid of losing.

I do not mean, by what I have here said, that I think any one to blame for taking due care of their health. On the contrary, as cheerfulness of mind, and capacity for business, are in a great measure the effects of a well-tempered Constitution, a man cannot be at too much pains to cultivate and preserve it. But this care, which we are prompted to, not only by common sense, but by duty and instinct, should never engage us in groundless fears, melancholy apprehensions, and imaginary distempers, which are natural to every man who is more anxious to live than how to live. In short, the preservation of life should be only a secondary concern, and the direction of it our principal. If we have this frame of mind, we shall take the best means to preserve life, without being over-solicitous about the event; and shall arrive at that point of felicity which *Martial* has mentioned as the perfection of Happiness, of neither fearing nor wishing for Death.

In answer to the Gentleman, who tempers his health by ounces and by scruples, and instead of complying with those natural solicitations of hunger and thirst, drowsiness or love of exercise, governs himself by the prescriptions of his Chair, I shall tell him a short fable. *Jupiter*, says the Mythologist, to reward the piety of a certain countryman, promised to give him whatever he would ask. The countryman desired that he might have the management of the weather in his own estate: he obtained his request, and immediately distributed rain, snow, and sunshine among his several fields, as he thought the nature of the soil required. At the end of the year, when he expected to see a more than ordinary crop, his harvest fell infinitely short of that of his neighbours: upon which (says the fable) he desired *Jupiter* to take the weather again into his own hands, or that otherwise he should utterly ruin himself.

Friday,

N^o 26.

Friday, March 30.

*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres. O beate Sesti,
Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam:
Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia*————

Hor.

WHEN I am in a serious humor, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the Churchyard, the Cloisters, and the Church, amusing myself with the Tombstones and Inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another: the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these Registers of existence, whether of Brasses or Marble, as a kind of Satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of Heroic Poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

Γλαυκόν τε Μέδοντά τε Θερσίλοχόν τε.

Hom.

Glaucumque, Medontaque, Therfilochumque.

Virg.

The life of these men is finely described in Holy Writ by *the Path of an Arrow*, which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the Church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixt with a kind of fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in the composition of an human body. Up-
on

on this, I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient Cathedral; how Men and Women, Friends and Enemies, Priests and Soldiers, Monks and Prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great Magazine of Mortality, as it were, in the lump; I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the Monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant Epitaphs, that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in *Greek* or *Hebrew*, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the Poetical quarter, I found there were Poets who had no Monuments, and Monuments which had no Poets. I observed indeed that the present War had filled the Church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of *Blenheim*, or in the Bosom of the Ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern Epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honor to the living as well as to the dead. As a Foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a Nation, from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius, before they are put in execution. Sir *Cloudesley Shovel's* monument has very often given me great offence: instead of the brave rough *English* Admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his Tomb by the figure of a Beau, dressed in a long Perriwig, and reposing himself upon Velvet Cushions under a Canopy of State. The Inscription is answerable to the Monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honor. The *Dutch*, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, shew an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country. The Monuments of their Admirals, which have been erected at the public expence, represent them like themselves; and are adorned with

rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells, and coral.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our *English* Kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of Nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects, which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the Great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the Beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of Parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the Parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow: when I see Kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival-wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

N^o 28.

Monday, April 2.

——— *Neque semper arcum
Tendit Apollo.*

Hor.

I Shall here present my reader with a Letter from a Projector, concerning a new Office which he thinks may very much contribute to the embellishment of the City, and to the driving barbarity out of our streets. I consider it as a Satire upon Projectors in general, and a lively picture of the whole art of modern Criticism.

S I R,

“ Observing that you have thoughts of creating certain Officers under you,
“ for the inspection of several petty enormities which you yourself cannot attend to; and finding daily absurdities hung out upon the sign-posts of
“ this

“ this city, to the great scandal of foreigners, as well as those of our own
 “ country, who are curious spectators of the same: I do humbly propose,
 “ that you would be pleased to make me your Superintendent of all such
 “ figures and devices as are or shall be made use of on this occasion; with
 “ full powers to rectify or expunge whatever I shall find irregular or de-
 “ fective. For want of such an Officer, there is nothing like sound litera-
 “ ture and good sense to be met with in those objects, that are every where
 “ thrusting themselves out to the eye, and endeavoring to become visible.
 “ Our streets are filled with blue Boars, black Swans, and red Lions; not
 “ to mention flying Pigs, Hogs in armour, with many other creatures
 “ more extraordinary than any in the deserts of *Afric*. Strange! that one
 “ who has all the birds and beasts in nature to chuse out of, should live at
 “ the Sign of an *Ens Rationis*!

“ My first task therefore should be, like that of *Hercules*, to clear the city
 “ from Monsters. In the second place I would forbid, that creatures of
 “ jarring and incongruous natures should be joined together in the same
 “ sign; such as the Bell and the Neat’s-tongue, the Dog and Gridiron. The
 “ Fox and Goose may be supposed to have met; but what has the Fox and
 “ the seven Stars to do together? And when did the Lamb and Dolphin
 “ ever meet, except upon a sign-post? As for the Cat and Fiddle, there is a
 “ conceit in it; and therefore I do not intend that any thing I have here
 “ said should affect it. I must however observe to you upon this subject, that
 “ it is usual for a young Tradesman, at his first setting up, to add to his own
 “ Sign that of the Master whom he served; as the Husband after marriage,
 “ gives a place to his Mistress’s Arms in his own Coat. This I take to have
 “ given rise to many of those absurdities which are committed over our heads;
 “ and, as I am informed, first occasioned the three Nuns and a Hare, which
 “ we see so frequently joined together. I would therefore establish certain
 “ rules, for the determining how far one Tradesman may give the sign of
 “ another, and in what cases he may be allowed to quarter it with his own.

“ In the third place, I would enjoin every Shop to make use of a Sign
 “ which bears some affinity to the Wares in which it deals. What can be
 “ more inconsistent, than to see a Bawd at the sign of the Angel, or a Tay-
 “ lor at the Lion? A Cook should not live at the Boot, nor a Shoe-maker
 “ at the roasted Pig; and yet, for want of this regulation, I have seen a
 “ Goat set up before the door of a Perfumer, and the *French* King’s head
 “ at a Sword-cutler’s.

“ An ingenious foreigner observes, that several of those Gentlemen who
 “ value themselves upon their families, and overlook such as are bred to
 “ trade, bear the tools of their forefathers in their Coats of Arms. I will

“ not examine how true this is in fact: but though it may not be necessary
 “ for posterity thus to set up the sign of their forefathers; I think it high-
 “ ly proper for those who actually profess the trade, to shew some such
 “ marks of it before their doors.

“ When the Name gives an occasion for an ingenious Sign-post, I would
 “ likewise advise the owner to take that opportunity of letting the world
 “ know who he is. It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious Mrs.
 “ *Salmon* to have lived at the sign of the Trout; for which reason she has e-
 “ rected before her house the figure of the fish that is her namesake. Mr.
 “ *Bell* has likewise distinguished himself by a device of the same nature: And
 “ here, Sir, I must beg leave to observe to you, that this particular figure
 “ of a Bell has given occasion to several pieces of wit in this kind. A man
 “ of your reading must know that *Abel Drugger* gained great applause by it
 “ in the time of *Ben Johnson*. Our apocryphal heathen God is also repre-
 “ sented by this figure; which, in conjunction with the Dragon, makes a
 “ very handsome picture in several of our streets. As for the Bell-savage,
 “ which is the sign of a Savage man standing by a Bell, I was formerly very
 “ much puzzled upon the conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the read-
 “ ing of an old Romance translated out of the *French*; which gives an ac-
 “ count of a very beautiful woman who was found in a wilderness, and
 “ is called in the *French*, *la belle Sauvage*; and is every where translated by
 “ our countryman the Bell-Savage. This piece of Philology will, I hope,
 “ convince you that I have made Sign-posts my study, and consequently
 “ qualified myself for the employment which I solicit at your hands. But
 “ before I conclude my Letter, I must communicate to you another remark
 “ which I have made upon the subject with which I am now entertaining
 “ you, namely that I can give a shrewd guess at the humor of the Inhabitant
 “ by the Sign that hangs before his door. A surly choleric fellow gene-
 “ rally makes choice of a Bear, as men of milder dispositions frequently
 “ live at the Lamb. Seeing a Punch-bowl painted upon a Sign near *Char-*
 “ *ing-Cross*, and very curiously garnished, with a couple of Angels hovering
 “ over it, and squeezing a Lemon into it, I had the curiosity to ask after
 “ the Master of the house, and found upon enquiry, as I had guessed by
 “ the little *Agréments* upon his Sign, that he was a *Frenchman*. I know, Sir,
 “ it is not requisite for me to enlarge upon these hints to a Gentleman of
 “ your great abilities; so humbly recommending myself to your favor and
 “ patronage,

I remain, &c.

I shall add to the foregoing Letter another, which came to me by the
 same Penny-post. *From*

From my own Apartment near Charing-cross.

Honored Sir,

“ **H**AVING heard that this nation is a great encourager of ingenuity, I
 “ have brought with me a Rope-dancer that was caught in one of the
 “ woods belonging to the great *Mogul*. He is by birth a Monkey; but
 “ swings upon a rope, takes a pipe of tobacco, and drinks a glass of ale,
 “ like any reasonable creature. He gives great satisfaction to the Quality;
 “ and if they will make a Subscription for him, I will send for a brother of
 “ his out of *Holland* that is a very good Tumbler; and also for another of
 “ the same family whom I design for my *Merry-Andrew*, as being an excel-
 “ lent Mimic, and the greatest Droll in the country where he now is. I
 “ hope to have this entertainment in readiness for the next winter; and
 “ doubt not but it will please more than the Opera or Puppet-show. I will
 “ not say that a Monkey is a better man than some of the Opera Heroes;
 “ but certainly he is a better representative of a man, than the most artifi-
 “ cial composition of wood and wire. If you will be pleased to give me a
 “ good word in your paper, you shall be every night a Spectator at my
 “ Show for nothing.

I am, &c.

N^o 29.

Tuesday, April 3.

— *Sermo lingua concinnus utraque*

Suavior: ut Chio nota si commista Falerni est.

Hor.

TH E R E is nothing that has more startled our *English* Audience, than the *Italian Recitativo* at its first entrance upon the Stage. People were wonderfully surpris'd to hear Generals singing the word of command, and Ladies delivering messages in Music. Our country-men could not forbear laughing when they heard a Lover chanting out a Billet-doux, and even the Superscription of a Letter set to a tune. The famous blunder in an old Play of *Enter a King and two Fiddlers solus*, was now no longer an absurdity; when it was impossible for a Hero in a desert, or a Princess in her closet, to speak any thing unaccompanied with musical Instruments.

But

But however this *Italian* method of acting in *Recitativo* might appear at first hearing, I cannot but think it much more just than that which prevailed in our *English* Opera before this innovation: The transition from an Air to *Recitativo* music being more natural, than the passing from a Song to plain and ordinary speaking, which was the common method in *Purcell's* Operas.

The only fault I find in our present practice, is the making use of the *Italian Recitativo* with *English* words.

To go to the bottom of this matter, I must observe, that the Tone, or (as the *French* call it) the Accent of every nation in their ordinary speech, is altogether different from that of every other people; as we may see even in the *Welsh* and *Scotch*, who border so near upon us. By the Tone or Accent, I do not mean the pronunciation of each particular word, but the sound of the whole sentence. Thus it is very common for an *English* Gentleman, when he hears a *French* Tragedy, to complain that the Actors all of them speak in a Tone; and therefore he very wisely prefers his own countrymen, not considering that a foreigner complains of the same Tone in an *English* Actor.

For this reason, the *Recitativo* music in every language, should be as different as the tone or accent of each language; for otherwise, what may properly express a passion in one language, will not do it in another. Every one who has been long in *Italy*, knows very well, that the cadences in the *Recitativo* bear a remote affinity to the tone of their voices in ordinary conversation, or, to speak more properly, are only the accents of their language made more musical and tuneful.

Thus the notes of interrogation, or admiration, in the *Italian* music (if one may so call them) which resemble their accents in discourse on such occasions, are not unlike the ordinary tones of an *English* voice when we are angry; insomuch that I have often seen our audiences extremely mistaken as to what has been doing upon the stage, and expecting to see the Hero knock down his Messenger, when he has been asking him a question; or fancying that he quarrels with his friend, when he only bids him good-morrow.

For this reason the *Italian* Artists cannot agree with our *English* Musicians, in admiring *Purcell's* Compositions, and thinking his tunes so wonderfully adapted to his words; because both Nations do not always express the same passions by the same sounds.

I am therefore humbly of opinion, that an *English* Composer should not follow the *Italian* *Recitativo* too servilely, but make use of many gentle deviations from it, in compliance with his own native language. He may
copy

copy out of it all the lulling softness and *dying falls* (as *Shakespeare* calls them,) but should still remember that he ought to accommodate himself to an *English* Audience; and by humoring the tone of our voices in ordinary conversation, have the same regard to the accent of his own language, as those persons had to theirs whom he professes to imitate. It is observed, that several of the singing birds of our own country learn to sweeten their voices, and mellow the harshness of their natural notes, by practising under those that come from warmer climates. In the same manner I would allow the *Italian* Opera to lend our *English* Music as much as may grace and soften it, but never entirely to annihilate and destroy it. Let the infusion be as strong as you please, but still let the subject matter of it be *English*.

A Composer should fit his music to the genius of the people, and consider that the delicacy of hearing, and taste of harmony, has been formed upon those sounds which every country abounds with: in short, that music is of a relative nature, and what is harmony to one ear, may be dissonance to another.

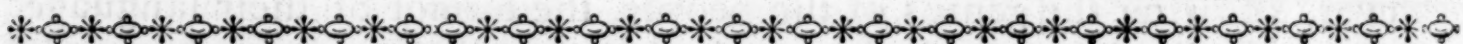
The same observations which I have made upon the Recitative part of music, may be applied to all our Songs and Airs in general.

Signior *Baptist Lully* acted like a man of sense in this particular. He found the *French* Music extremely defective, and very often barbarous: however, knowing the genius of the people, the humor of their language, and the prejudiced ears he had to deal with, he did not pretend to extirpate the *French* Music, and plant the *Italian* in its stead; but only to cultivate and civilize it with innumerable graces and modulations which he borrowed from the *Italian*. By this means the *French* Music is now perfect in its kind; and when you say it is not so good as the *Italian*, you only mean that it does not please you so well, for there is scarce a *Frenchman* who would not wonder to hear you give the *Italian* such a preference. The Music of the *French* is indeed very properly adapted to their pronunciation and accent, as their whole Opera wonderfully favors the genius of such a gay airy people. The Chorus in which that Opera abounds, gives the Parterre frequent opportunities of joining in consort with the stage. This inclination of the audience to sing along with the Actors, so prevails with them, that I have sometimes known the Performer on the stage do no more in a celebrated song, than the Clerk of a parish Church, who serves only to raise the Psalm, and is afterwards drowned in the music of the congregation. Every Actor that comes on the stage is a Beau. The Queens and Heroines are so painted, that they appear as ruddy and cherry-checked as Milk-maids. The Shepherds are all embroidered, and acquit themselves in a Ball better than our *English* Dancing-masters. I have seen a couple of
Rivers

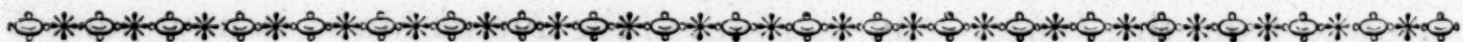
Rivers appear in red stockings; and *Alpheus*, instead of having his head covered with Sedge and Bull-rushes, making love in a fair full-bottomed Perriwig, and a plume of Feathers, but with a voice so full of shakes and quavers, that I should have thought the murmurs of a country brook the much more agreeable music.

I remember the last Opera I saw in that merry nation, was *The Rape of Proserpine*; where *Pluto*, to make the more tempting figure, puts himself in a *French* equipage, and brings *Ascalaphus* along with him as his *Valet de Chambre*. This is what we call folly and impertinence; but what the *French* look upon as gay and polite.

I shall add no more to what I have here offered, than that Music, Architecture and Painting, as well as Poetry and Oratory, are to deduce their laws and rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of those Arts themselves; or in other words, the Taste is not to conform to the Art, but the Art to the Taste. Music is not designed to please only chromatic ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from disagreeable notes. A man of an ordinary ear is a judge whether a passion is expressed in proper sounds, and whether the melody of those sounds be more or less pleasing.

N^o 31.

Thursday, April 5.

*Sit mihi fas audita loqui!*——

Virg.

LAST night, upon my going into a Coffee-house not far from the Hay-Market Theatre, I diverted myself for above half an hour with overhearing the discourse of one, who, by the shabbiness of his dress, the extravagance of his conceptions, and the hurry of his speech, I discovered to be of that species who are generally distinguished by the title of Projectors. This Gentleman, for I found he was treated as such by his audience, was entertaining a whole table of listeners with the project of an Opera, which he told us had not cost him above two or three mornings in the contrivance, and which he was ready to put in execution, provided he might find his account in it. He said, that he had observed the great trouble and inconvenience which Ladies were at, in travelling up and down to the several Shows that are exhibited in different quarters of the town.

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The dancing Monkeys are in one place; the Puppet-show in another; the Opera in a third; not to mention the Lions, that are almost a whole day's journey from the politer part of the town. By this means people of figure are forced to lose half the winter after their coming to town, before they have seen all the strange sights about it. In order to remedy this great inconvenience, our Projector drew out of his pocket the scheme of an Opera, entitled, *The Expedition of Alexander the Great*; in which he had disposed all the remarkable Shows about town, among the scenes and decorations of of his piece. The thought, he confessed, was not originally his own, but that he had taken the hint of it from several performances which he had seen upon our stage: in one of which there was a Raree-show; in another, a Ladder-dance; and in others a Posture-man, a moving Picture, with many curiosities of the like nature.

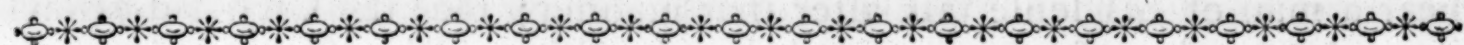
This *Expedition of Alexander* opens with his consulting the Oracle at *Delphos*, in which the dumb Conjuror, who has been visited by so many Persons of Quality of late years, is to be introduced as telling him his fortune: at the same time *Clench of Barnet* is represented in another corner of the Temple, as ringing the Bells of *Delphos*, for joy of his arrival. The Tent of *Darius* is to be peopled by the ingenious Mrs. *Salmon*, where *Alexander* is to fall in love with a piece of Wax-work, that represents the beautiful *Statira*. When *Alexander* comes into that country, in which *Quintus Curtius* tells us the Dogs were so exceeding fierce that they would not loose their hold, though they were cut to pieces limb by limb, and that they would hang upon their prey by their teeth when they had nothing but a mouth left, there is to be a scene of *Hockley in the Hole*, in which is to be represented all the diversions of that place, the Bull-baiting only excepted, which cannot possibly be exhibited in the Theatre, by reason of the lowness of the roof. The several woods in *Asia*, which *Alexander* must be supposed to pass through, will give the audience a sight of Monkeys dancing upon ropes, with the many other pleasantries of that ludicrous species. At the same time, if there chance to be any strange Animals in town, whether birds or beasts, they may be either let loose among the woods, or driven across the stage by some of the country People of *Asia*. In the last great battle, *Pinkethman* is to personate King *Porus* upon an Elephant, and is to be encountred by *Powell*, representing *Alexander the Great*, upon a Dromedary, which nevertheless Mr. *Powell* is desired to call by the name of *Bucephalus*. Upon the close of this great decisive battle, when the two Kings are thoroughly reconciled, to shew the mutual friendship and good correspondence that reigns between them, they both of them go together to a Puppet-show, in which the ingenious Mr. *Powell*, Junior, may have an opportunity of

displaying his whole Art of Machinery, for the diversion of the two Monarchs. Some at the table urged, that a Puppet-show was not a suitable entertainment for *Alexander the Great*; and that it might be introduced more properly, if we suppose the Conqueror touched upon that part of *India*, which is said to be inhabited by the Pigmies. But this objection was looked upon as frivolous, and the proposal immediately over-ruled. Our Projector further added, that after the reconciliation of these two Kings, they might invite one another to dinner, and either of them entertain his guest with the *German* Artist, Mr. *Pinkethman's* Heathen Gods, or any of the like diversions, which shall then chance to be in vogue.

This project was received with very great applause by the whole table. Upon which the Undertaker told us, that he had not yet communicated to us above half his design; for that *Alexander* being a *Greek*, it was his intention that the whole Opera should be acted in that Language, which was a tongue he was sure would wonderfully please the Ladies, especially when it was a little raised and rounded by the *Ionic* dialect; and could not but be acceptable to the whole audience, because there are fewer of them who understand *Greek* than *Italian*. The only difficulty that remained, was, how to get performers, unless we could persuade some Gentlemen of the Universities to learn to sing, in order to qualify them for the stage; but this objection soon vanished, when the projector informed us that the *Greeks* were at present the only Musicians in the *Turkish* Empire, and that it would be very easy for our Factory at *Smyrna* to furnish us every year with a Colony of Musicians, by the opportunity of the *Turkey* Fleet; besides, says he, if we want any single voice for any lower part of the Opera, *Lawrence* can learn to speak *Greek*, as well as he does *Italian*, in a fortnight's time.

The Projector having thus settled matters, to the good liking of all that heard him, he left his seat at the table, and planted himself before the fire, where I had unluckily taken my stand for the convenience of overhearing what he said. Whether he had observed me to be more attentive than ordinary, I cannot tell, but he had not stood by me above a quarter of a minute, but he turned short upon me on a sudden, and catching me by a button of my coat, attacked me very abruptly after the following manner. Besides, Sir, I have heard of a very extraordinary genius for Music that lives in *Switzerland*, who has so strong a spring in his fingers, that he can make the board of an organ sound like a drum, and if I could but procure a subscription of about ten thousand pound every winter, I would undertake to fetch him over, and oblige him by articles to set every thing that should be sung upon the *English* Stage. After this he looked full in my face, expecting I would make an answer; when by good luck, a Gentleman
that

that had entered the Coffee-house since the Projector applied himself to me, hearing him talk of his *Swiss* compositions, cried out with a kind of laugh, Is our Music then to receive further improvements from *Switzerland*? This alarmed the Projector, who immediately let go my button, and turned about to answer him. I took the opportunity of the diversion, which seemed to be made in favor of me, and laying down my penny upon the bar, retired with some precipitation.



N^o 34. *Monday, April 9.*



—*parcit*
Cognatis maculis similis fera —

Juv.

THE Club of which I am a Member, is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed as it were out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind: by this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know every thing that passes in the different quarters and divisions, not only of this great City, but of the whole Kingdom. My readers too have the satisfaction to find, that there is no rank or degree among them who have not their representative in this Club, and that there is always somebody present who will take care of their respective interests, that nothing may be written or published to the prejudice or infringement of their just rights and privileges.

I last night sat very late in company with this select body of friends, who entertained me with several remarks which they and others had made upon these my Speculations, as also with the various success, which they had met with among their several ranks and degrees of readers. *Will Honeycomb* told me, in the softest manner he could, That there were some Ladies (but for your comfort, says *Will*, they are not those of the most wit) that were offended at the liberties I had taken with the Opera and the Puppet-show; that some of them were likewise very much surpris'd, that I should think such serious points as the Dress and Equipage of persons of Quality, proper subjects for rally.

He was going on, when Sir *Andrew Freeport* took him up short and told him, That the papers he hinted at had done great good in the city, and that all their Wives and Daughters were the better for them; and further

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added,

added, That the whole city thought themselves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to scourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condescending to be a publisher of particular Intrigues and Cuckoldoms. In short, says Sir *Andrew*, if you avoid that foolish beaten road of falling upon Aldermen and Citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury of Courts, your paper must needs be of general use.

Upon this my friend the *Templer* told Sir *Andrew*, That he wondered to hear a man of his sense talk after that manner; that the City had always been the province for Satire; and that the Wits of King *Charles's* time jest-ed upon nothing else during his whole reign. He then shewed, by the examples of *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Boileau*, and the best writers of every age, that the follies of the Stage and Court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronized them. But after all, says he, I think your rallery has made too great an excursion, in attacking several persons of the Inns of Court; and I do not believe you can shew me any precedent for your behavior in that particular.

My good friend Sir *Roger de Coverley*, who had said nothing all this while, began his speech with a Pish! and told us, That he wondered to see so many men of sense so very serious upon fooleries. Let our good friend, says he, attack every one that deserves it: I would only advise you, Mr. *Spectator*, applying himself to me, to take care how you meddle with Country Squires: they are the ornaments of the *English* nation; men of good heads and sound bodies! and let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you, that you mention Fox-hunters with so little respect.

Captain *Sentry* spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the Army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

By this time I found every subject of my speculations was taken away from me, by one or other of the Club; and began to think myself in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a dislike to his grey hairs, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an aversion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus musing with myself, my worthy friend the *Clergyman*, who, very luckily for me, was at the Club that night, undertook my cause. He told us, that he wondered any order of persons should think themselves too considerable to be advised: that it was not Quality, but Innocence, which exempted men from reproof: that Vice and Folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous stations of life. He further added,

That

That my paper would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty, if it chiefly exposed those who are already depressed, and in some measure turned into ridicule, by the meanness of their conditions and circumstances. He afterwards proceeded to take notice of the great use this paper might be of to the public, by reprehending those Vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the Law, and too fantastical for the cognizance of the Pulpit. He then advised me to prosecute my undertaking with chearfulness, and assured me, that whoever might be displeased with me, I should be approved by all those whose praises do honor to the persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole Club pays a particular deference to the discourse of this Gentleman, and are drawn into what he says, as much by the candid ingenious manner with which he delivers himself, as by the strength of Argument and force of Reason which he makes use of. *Will Honeycomb* immediately agreed, that what he had said was right; and that for his part, he would not insist upon the quarter which he had demanded for the Ladies. *Sir Andrew* gave up the City with the same frankness. The *Templer* would not stand out; and was followed by *Sir Roger* and the *Captain*: who all agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleased; provided I continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the *Roman* Triumvirate were formerly engaged in, for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found that by this means they should spoil their proscription: and at length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolutions to march on boldly in the cause of Virtue and good Sense, and to annoy their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found: I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If *Punch* grows extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely: if the Stage becomes a nursery of folly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, if I meet with any thing in City, Court or Country, that shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use my utmost endeavors to make an example of it. I must however intreat every particular person, who does me the honor to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself or any of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said: for I promise him never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people; or to publish a single paper that is not written in the spirit of benevolence, and with a love to mankind.

Tuesday,

N^o 35.

Tuesday, April 10.

Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.

Mart.

AMONG all kinds of writing, there is none in which Authors are more apt to miscarry than in works of Humor, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excel. It is not an imagination that teems with monsters, an head that is filled with extravagant conceptions, which is capable of furnishing the world with diversions of this nature; and yet if we look into the productions of several writers, who set up for men of Humor, what wild irregular fancies, what unnatural distortions of thought, do we meet with? if they speak Nonsense, they believe they are talking Humor; and when they have drawn together a scheme of absurd inconsistent ideas, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor Gentlemen endeavor to gain themselves the reputation of Wits and Humorists, by such monstrous conceits as almost qualify them for *Bedlam*; not considering that Humor should always lie under the check of Reason, and that it requires the Direction of the nicest Judgment, by so much the more as it indulges itself in the most boundless freedoms. There is a kind of nature that is to be observed in this sort of compositions, as well as in all other; and a certain regularity of thought which must discover the writer to be a man of sense, at the same time that he appears altogether given up to caprice. For my part, when I read the delirious mirth of an unskilful Author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert myself with it, but am rather apt to pity the man, than to laugh at any thing he writes.

The deceased Mr. *Shadwell*, who had himself a great deal of the talent which I am treating of, represents an empty Rake, in one of his Plays, as very much surpris'd to hear one say that breaking of windows was not humor; and I question not but several *English* readers will be as much startled to hear me affirm, that many of those raving incoherent pieces, which are often spread among us, under odd chimerical titles, are rather the offsprings of a distempered brain, than works of humor.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not Humor, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwise than, as *Cowley* has done Wit, by negatives. Were I to give my own notions of it, I would deliver them after

Plato's

Plato's manner, in a kind of allegory, and by supposing *Humor* to be a person, deduce to him all his qualifications, according to the following genealogy. *Truth* was the founder of the family, and the father of *Good Sense*. *Good Sense* was the father of *Wit*, who married a Lady of a collateral line called *Mirth*, by whom he had issue *Humor*. *Humor* therefore being the youngest of this illustrious family, and descended from parents of such different dispositions, is very various and unequal in his temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave looks and a solemn habit, sometimes airy in his behavior, and fantastic in his dress: infomuch that at different times he appears as serious as a Judge, and as jocular as a *Merry-Andrew*. But as he has a great deal of the Mother in his constitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company laugh.

But since there is an Impostor abroad, who takes upon him the name of this young Gentleman, and would willingly pass for him in the world; to the end that well-meaning persons may not be imposed upon by cheats, I would desire my readers, when they meet with this Pretender, to look into his parentage, and to examine him strictly, whether or no he be remotely allied to *Truth*, and lineally descended from *Good Sense*; if not, they may conclude him a counterfeit. They may likewise distinguish him by a loud and excessive laughter, in which he seldom gets his company to join with him. For as *True Humor* generally looks serious, while every body laughs about him; *False Humor* is always laughing, whilst every body about him looks serious. I shall only add, if he has not in him a mixture of both Parents, that is, if he would pass for the offspring of *Wit* without *Mirth*, or *Mirth* without *Wit*, you may conclude him to be altogether spurious, and a cheat.

The Impostor of whom I am speaking, descends originally from *Falsehood*, who was the Mother of *Nonsense*, who was brought to bed of a Son called *Frenzy*, who married one of the Daughters of *Folly*, commonly known by the name of *Laughter*, on whom he begot that monstrous Infant of which I have been here speaking. I shall set down at length the genealogical table of *False Humor*, and, at the same time, place after it the genealogy of *True Humor*, that the reader may at one view behold their different pedigrees and relations.

F A L S E H O O D.

N O N S E N S E.

F R E N Z Y. — L A U G H T E R.

F A L S E H U M O R.

T R U T H.

T R U T H.
G O O D S E N S E.
W I T.—M I R T H.
H U M O R.

I might extend the allegory, by mentioning several of the children of *False Humor*, who are more in number than the sands of the sea, and might in particular enumerate the many Sons and Daughters which he has begot in this Island. But as this would be a very invidious task, I shall only observe in general, that *False Humor* differs from the *True*, as a Monkey does from a Man.

First of all, He is exceedingly given to little apish tricks and buffooneries.

Secondly, He so much delights in mimicry, that it is all one to him whether he exposes by it vice and folly, luxury and avarice; or, on the contrary, virtue and wisdom, pain and poverty.

Thirdly, He is wonderfully unlucky, insomuch that he will bite the hand that feeds him, and endeavor to ridicule both friends and foes indifferently. For having but small talents, he must be merry where he *can*, not where he *should*.

Fourthly, Being intirely void of reason, he pursues no point either of morality or instruction, but is ludicrous only for the sake of being so.

Fifthly, Being incapable of having any thing but mock-representations, his ridicule is always personal, and aimed at the vicious man, or the writer; not at the vice, or at the writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole species of false Humorists; but as one of my principal designs in this paper is to beat down that malignant spirit, which discovers itself in the writings of the present age, I shall not scruple, for the future, to single out any of the small wits, that infest the world with such compositions as are ill-natured, immoral, and absurd. This is the only exception which I shall make to the general rule I have prescribed myself, of *attacking multitudes*: since every honest man ought to look upon himself as in a natural state of war with the Libeller and Lamponer, and to annoy them wherever they fall in his way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they treat others.

Thursday,

N^o 37.

Thursday, April 12.

— Non illa colo calathifve Minervæ
Fæmineas affueta manus. —

Virg.

SOME months ago, my friend Sir Roger, being in the country, inclosed a letter to me, directed to a certain Lady whom I shall here call by the name of *Leonora*, and as it contained matters of consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own hand. Accordingly I waited upon her Ladyship pretty early in the morning, and was desired by her woman to walk into her Lady's Library, till such time as she was in a readiness to receive me. The very sound of a *Lady's Library* gave me a great curiosity to see it; and as it was some time before the Lady came to me, I had an opportunity of turning over a great many of her books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful order. At the end of the *Folio's* (which were finely bound and gilt) were great Jars of *China* placed one above another in a very noble piece of Architecture. The *Quartos* were separated from the *Octavos* by a pile of smaller vessels, which rose in a delightful Pyramid. The *Octavos* were bounded by Tea-dishes of all shapes, colors and sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden frame, that they looked like one continued Pillar indented with the finest strokes of sculpture, and stained with the greatest variety of dyes. That part of the Library which was designed for the reception of Plays and Pamphlets, and other loose papers, was inclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that I ever saw, and made up of Scaramouches, Lions, Monkies, Mandarines, Trees, Shells, and a thousand other odd figures in *China* ware. In the midst of the room was a little Japan table, with a quire of gilt Paper upon it, and on the Paper a silver Snuff-box made in the shape of a little book. I found there were several other counterfeit books upon the upper shelves, which were carved in wood, and served only to fill up the number, like Fagots in the muster of a Regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixt kind of furniture, as seemed very suitable both to the Lady and the Scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy myself in a Grotto, or in a Library.

Upon my looking into the books, I found there were some few which the Lady had bought for her own use, but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the Authors of them. Among several that I examined, I very well remember these that follow.

Ogilby's Virgil.

Dryden's Juvenal.

Cassandra.

Cleopatra.

Astræa.

Sir Isaac Newton's works.

The Grand Cyrus; with a Pin stuck in one of the middle leaves.

Pembroke's Arcadia.

Locke of human understanding; with a paper of Patches in it.

A Spelling-book.

A Dictionary for the explanation of hard words.

Sherlock upon Death.

The fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.

Sir William Temple's Essays.

Father *Malbranche's* search after Truth, translated into *English*.

A book of Novels.

The Academy of Compliments.

Culpepper's Midwifery.

The Lady's Calling.

Tales in verse by Mr. *Durfey*: bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in several places.

All the Classic Authors in wood.

A set of *Elzevir's* by the same hand.

Clelia: Which opened of itself in the place that describes two Lovers in a Bower.

Baker's Chronicle.

Advice to a Daughter.

The new *Atalantis*, with a Key to it.

Mr. *Steele's* Christian Hero.

A Prayer-book: with a bottle of *Hungary* water by the side of it.

Dr. *Sacheverell's* Speech.

Fielding's Trial.

Seneca's Morals.

Taylor's holy Living and Dying.

La Ferte's Instructions for Country Dances.

I was taking a Catalogue in my pocket-book of these, and several other Authors, when *Leonora* entered, and upon my presenting her with the Letter from the Knight, told me, with an unspeakable grace, that she hoped Sir *Roger* was in good health: I answered *Yes*, for I hate long speeches, and after a bow or two retired.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is still a very lovely woman. She has been a widow for two or three years, and being unfortunate in her first marriage, has taken a resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no children to take care of, and leaves the management of her Estate to my good friend Sir *Roger*. But as the mind naturally sinks into a kind of Lethargy, and falls asleep, that is not agitated by some favorite pleasures and pursuits, *Leonora* has turned all the passions of her Sex into a love of books and retirement. She converses chiefly with men, (as she has often said herself) but it is only in their writings; and admits of very few male-visitants, except my friend Sir *Roger*, whom she hears with great pleasure, and without scandal. As her reading has lain very much among Romances, it has given her a very particular turn of thinking, and discovers itself even in her house, her gardens, and her furniture. Sir *Roger* has entertained me an hour together with a description of her country-seat, which is situated in a kind of wilderness, about an hundred miles distant from *London*, and looks like a little enchanted Palace. The Rocks about her are shaped into artificial grottoes covered with wood-bines and jessamines. The woods are cut into shady walks, twisted into Bowers, and filled with cages of Turtles. The springs are made to run among pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected into a beautiful Lake, that is inhabited by a couple of Swans, and empties itself by a little rivulet which runs through a green meadow, and is known in the family by the name of *The purling Stream*. The Knight likewise tells me, that this Lady preserves her game better than any of the Gentlemen in the country, not (says Sir *Roger*) that she sets so great a value upon her Partridges and Pheasants, as upon her Larks and Nightingales. For she says that every bird which is killed in her ground, will spoil a consort, and that she shall certainly miss him the next year.

When I think how oddly this Lady has improved by learning, I look upon her with a mixture of admiration and pity. Amidst these innocent entertainments which she has formed to herself, how much more valuable does she appear than those of her Sex, who employ themselves in diversions

that are less reasonable, though more in fashion? What improvements would a woman have made, who is so susceptible of impressions from what she reads, had she been guided to such books as have a tendency to enlighten the understanding and rectify the passions, as well as to those which are of little more use than to divert the imagination?

But the manner of a Lady's employing herself usefully in reading shall be the subject of another Paper, in which I design to recommend such particular books as may be proper for the improvement of the Sex. And as this is a subject of a very nice nature, I shall desire my correspondents to give me their thoughts upon it.

N^o 39.

Saturday, April 14.

*Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,
Cum scribo*—————

Hor.

AS a perfect Tragedy is the noblest production of human nature, so it is capable of giving the mind one of the most delightful and most improving entertainments. A virtuous man (says *Seneca*) struggling with misfortunes, is such a spectacle as Gods might look upon with pleasure; and such a pleasure it is which one meets with in the representation of a well-written Tragedy. Diversions of this kind wear out of our thoughts every thing that is mean and little. They cherish and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature. They soften insolence, soothe affliction, and subdue the mind to the dispensations of Providence.

It is no wonder therefore that in all the polite nations of the world, this part of the *Drama* has met with public encouragement.

The modern Tragedy excels that of *Greece* and *Rome*, in the intricacy and disposition of the Fable; but, what a Christian writer would be ashamed to own, falls infinitely short of it in the moral part of the performance.

This I may shew more at large hereafter; and in the mean time, that I may contribute something towards the improvement of the *English* Tragedy,

dy, I shall take notice, in this and in other following papers, of some particular parts in it that seem liable to exception.

Aristotle observes, that the *Iambic* verse in the *Greek* tongue was the most proper for Tragedy; because at the same time that it lifted up the discourse from Prose, it was that which approached nearer to it than any other kind of Verse. For, says he, we may observe that men in ordinary discourse very often speak *Iambics*, without taking notice of it. We may make the same observation of our *English* Blank verse, which often enters into our common discourse, though we do not attend to it, and is such a due medium between Rhyme and Prose, that it seems wonderfully adapted to Tragedy. I am therefore very much offended when I see a Play in Rhyme; which is as absurd in *English*, as a Tragedy of *Hexameters* would have been in *Greek* or *Latin*. The Solecism is, I think, still greater in those Plays that have some Scenes in Rhyme and some in Blank verse, which are to be looked upon as two several languages: or where we see some particular Similes dignified with Rhyme, at the same time that every thing about them lies in Blank verse. I would not however debar the Poet from concluding his Tragedy, or, if he pleases every Act of it, with two or three Couplets, which may have the same effect as an Air in the *Italian* Opera after a long *Recitativo*, and give the Actor a graceful *Exit*. Besides that we see a diversity of numbers in some parts of the Old Tragedy, in order to hinder the ear from being tired with the same continued modulation of voice. For the same reason I do not dislike the speeches in our *English* Tragedy that close with an *Hemistich*, or half verse, notwithstanding the person who speaks after it begins a new verse, without filling up the preceding one; nor abrupt pauses and breakings-off in the middle of the verse, when they humor any Passion that is expressed by it.

Since I am upon this subject, I must observe that our *English* Poets have succeeded much better in the Style, than in the Sentiments of their Tragedies. Their language is very often noble and sonorous, but the sense either very trifling or very common. On the contrary, in the ancient Tragedies, and indeed in those of *Corneille* and *Racine*, though the expressions are very great, it is the thought that bears them up and swells them. For my own part, I prefer a noble sentiment that is depressed with homely language, infinitely before a vulgar one that is blown up with all the sound and energy of expression. Whether this defect in our Tragedies may arise from want of genius, knowledge, or experience in the writers, or from their compliance with the vicious taste of their readers, who are better judges of the language than of the sentiments, and consequently relish the one more than the other, I cannot determine. But I believe it might rectify

tify the conduct both of the one and of the other, if the writer laid down the whole contexture of his dialogue in plain *English*, before he turned it into blank verse; and if the reader, after the perusal of a scene, would consider the naked thought of every speech in it, when divested of all its Tragic ornaments. By this means, without being imposed upon by words, we may judge impartially of the thought, and consider whether it be natural or great enough for the person that utters it, whether it deserves to shine in such a blaze of eloquence, or shew itself in such a variety of lights as are generally made use of by the writers of our *English* Tragedy.

I must in the next place observe, that when our thoughts are great and just, they are often obscured by the sounding phrases, hard metaphors, and forced expressions in which they are clothed. *Shakespear* is often very faulty in this particular. There is a fine observation in *Aristotle* to this purpose, which I have never seen quoted. The expression, says he, ought to be very much labored in the unactive parts of the fable, as in descriptions, similitudes, narrations, and the like; in which the opinions, manners, and passions of men are not represented; for these, (namely the opinions, manners and passions) are apt to be obscured by pompous phrases, and elaborate expressions. *Horace*, who copied most of his criticisms after *Aristotle*, seems to have had his eye on the foregoing rule, in the following verses:

*Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.
Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ.*

*Tragedians too lay by their state, to grieve.
Peleus and Telephus, exil'd and poor,
Forget their swelling and gigantic words.*

Ld. ROSCOMMON.

Among our modern *English* Poets, there is none who was better turned for Tragedy than *Lee*; if instead of favoring the impetuosity of his genius, he had restrained it, and kept it within its proper bounds. His thoughts are wonderfully suited to Tragedy, but frequently lost in such a cloud of words, that it is hard to see the beauty of them: there is an infinite fire in his works, but so involved in smoke, that it does not appear in half its lustre. He frequently succeeds in the passionate parts of the Tragedy, but more particularly where he slackens his efforts, and eases the style of

of those Epithets and Metaphors, in which he so much abounds. What can be more natural, more soft, or more passionate, than that line in *Stattira's* speech, where she describes the charms of *Alexander's* conversation?

Then he would talk:—Good Gods! how he would talk!

That unexpected break in the line, and turning the description of his manner of talking into an admiration of it, is inexpressibly beautiful, and wonderfully suited to the fond Character of the person that speaks it. There is a simplicity in the words, that outshines the utmost pride of expression.

Otway has followed Nature in the Language of his Tragedy, and therefore shines in the passionate parts more, than any of our *English* poets. As there is something familiar and domestic in the fable of his Tragedy, more than in those of any other Poet, he has little pomp, but great force in his expressions. For which reason, though he has admirably succeeded in the tender and melting part of his Tragedies, he sometimes falls into too great a familiarity of phrase in those parts, which, by *Aristotle's* rule, ought to have been raised and supported by the dignity of expression.

It has been observed by others, that this Poet has founded his Tragedy of *Venice Preserved* on so wrong a Plot, that the greatest characters in it are those of rebels and traitors. Had the Hero of his Play discovered the same good qualities in the defence of his country, that he shewed for its ruin and subversion, the audience could not enough pity and admire him: but as he is now represented, we can only say of him what the *Roman* Historian says of *Catiline*, that his fall would have been glorious (*si pro patria sic cecidisset*) had he so fallen in the service of his country.

Monday,

N^o 40.

Monday, April 16.

*Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
 Cum recte tractant alii, laudare maligne;
 Ille per extantum funem mihi posse videtur
 Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
 Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
 Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.*

Hor.

THE English writers of Tragedy are possessed with a notion, that when they represent a virtuous or innocent person in distress, they ought not to leave him till they have delivered him out of his troubles, or made him triumph over his enemies. This error they have been led into by a ridiculous doctrine in modern criticism, that they are obliged to an equal distribution of rewards and punishments, and an impartial execution of poetical justice. Who were the first that established this rule I know not; but I am sure it has no foundation in nature, in reason, or in the practice of the Ancients. We find that good and evil happen alike to all men on this side the grave; and as the principal design of Tragedy is to raise compassion and terror in the minds of the audience, we shall defeat this great end, if we always make virtue and innocence happy and successful. Whatever crosses and disappointments a good man suffers in the body of the Tragedy, they will make but small impression on our minds, when we know that in the last act he is to arrive at the end of his wishes and desires. When we see him engaged in the depth of his afflictions, we are apt to comfort ourselves, because we are sure he will find his way out of them; and that his grief, how great soever it may be at present, will soon terminate in gladness. For this reason the ancient writers of Tragedy treated men in their Plays, as they are dealt with in the world, by making virtue sometimes happy, and sometimes miserable, as they found it in the fable which they made choice of, or as it might affect their audience in the most agreeable manner. Aristotle considers the Tragedies that were written in either of these kinds, and observes, that those which ended unhap-

unhappily, had always pleased the people, and carried away the prize in the public disputes of the stage, from those that ended happily. Terror and commiseration leave a pleasing anguish in the mind; and fix the audience in such a serious composure of thought, as is much more lasting and delightful than any little transient starts of joy and satisfaction. Accordingly, we find that more of our *English* Tragedies have succeeded, in which the favorites of the audience sink under their calamities, than those in which they recover themselves out of them. The best Plays of this kind are the *Orphan*, *Venice preserved*, *Alexander the Great*, *Theodosius*, *All for Love*, *Oedipus*, *Oroonoko*, *Othello*, &c. *King Lear* is an admirable Tragedy of the same kind, as *Shakespear* wrote it; but as it is reformed according to the chimerical notion of poetical justice, in my humble opinion it has lost half its beauty. At the same time I must allow, that there are very noble Tragedies, which have been framed upon the other plan, and have ended happily; indeed most of the good Tragedies, which have been written since the starting of the abovementioned criticism, have taken this turn: as the *Mourning Bride*, *Tamerlane*, *Ulysses*, *Phædra* and *Hippolytus*, with most of Mr. *Dryden's*. I must also allow, that many of *Shakespear's*, and several of the celebrated Tragedies of antiquity, are cast in the same form. I do not therefore dispute against this way of writing Tragedies, but against the criticism that would establish this as the only method; and by that means would very much cramp the *English* Tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong bent to the genius of our writers.

The Tragi-comedy, which is the product of the *English* Theatre, is one of the most monstrous inventions that ever entered into a Poet's thoughts. An Author might as well think of weaving the adventures of *Æneas* and *Hudibras* into one Poem, as of writing such a motly piece of mirth and sorrow. But the absurdity of these performances is so very visible, that I shall not insist upon it.

The same objections which are made to Tragi-comedy, may in some measure be applied to all Tragedies that have a double Plot in them; which are likewise more frequent upon the *English* Stage, than upon any other: for though the grief of the audience, in such performances, be not changed into another passion, as in Tragi-comedies; it is diverted upon another object, which weakens their concern for the principal action, and breaks the tide of sorrow, by throwing it into different channels. This inconvenience, however, may in a great measure be cured, if not wholly removed, by the skilful choice of an Under-plot, which may bear such a near relation to the principal design, as to contribute towards the completion of it, and be concluded by the same Catastrophe.

There is also another particular, which may be reckoned among the blemishes, or rather the false beauties of our *English* Tragedy: I mean those particular Speeches which are commonly known by the name of *Rants*. The warm and passionate parts of a Tragedy, are always the most taking with the audience; for which reason we often see the Players pronouncing, in all the violence of action, several parts of the Tragedy which the Author writ with great temper, and designed that they should have been so acted. I have seen *Powell* very often raise himself a loud clap by this artifice. The Poets that were acquainted with this secret, have given frequent occasion for such emotions in the Actor, by adding vehemence to words where there was no passion, or inflaming a real passion into fustian. This hath filled the mouths of the Heroes with bombast; and given them such sentiments, as proceed rather from a swelling than a greatness of mind. Unnatural exclamations, curses, vows, blasphemies, a defiance of mankind, and an outraging of the Gods, frequently pass upon the audience for tow'ring thoughts, and have accordingly met with infinite applause.

I shall here add a remark, which I am afraid our Tragic writers may make an ill use of. As our Heroes are generally Lovers, their swelling and blustering upon the Stage very much recommends them to the fair part of their audience. The Ladies are wonderfully pleased to see a man insulting Kings or affronting the Gods, in one Scene, and throwing himself at the feet of his Mistress in another. Let him behave himself insolently towards the men, and abjectly towards the fair one, and it is ten to one but he proves a favorite of the boxes. *Dryden* and *Lee*, in several of their Tragedies, have practised this secret with good success.

But to shew how a *Rant* pleases beyond the most just and natural thought that is not pronounced with vehemence, I would desire the Reader, when he sees the Tragedy of *Oedipus*, to observe how quietly the Hero is dismissed at the end of the third Act, after having pronounced the following lines, in which the thought is very natural, and apt to move compassion.

*To you, good Gods, I make my last appeal;
Or clear my virtues, or my crimes reveal.
If in the maze of Fate I blindly run,
And backward tread those paths I sought to shun;
Impute my errors to your own decree:
My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.*

Let us then observe with what thunder-claps of applause he leaves the stage, after the impieties and execrations at the end of the fourth Act; and you will wonder to see an audience so cursed and so pleased at the same time.

O that

O that as oft I have at Athens seen

(Where, by the way, there was no Stage till many years after
Oedipus)

The Stage arise, and the big clouds descend;

So now in very deed, I might behold

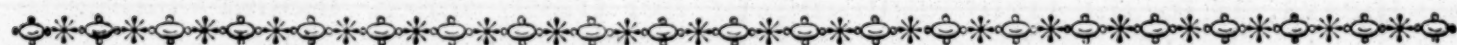
This pond'rous Globe, and all yon marble roof,

Meet like the hands of Jove, and crush mankind,

For all the Elements, &c.

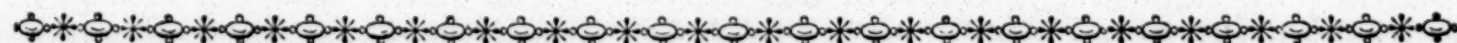
A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

Having spoken of Mr. Powell, as sometimes raising himself applause from the ill taste of an audience; I must do him the Justice to own, that he is excellently formed for a Tragedian, and, when he pleases, deserves the admiration of the best judges; as I doubt not but he will in the Conquest of Mexico, which is acted for his own benefit to-morrow night.



N^o 42.

Wednesday, April 18.



Garganum mugire putes nemus aut mare Tuscum,

Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,

Divitiæque peregrinæ; quibus ablatus actor

Cum stetit in scena, concurrat dextera lævæ.

Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil sane. Quid placet ergo?

Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

Hor.

ARISTOTLE has observed, that ordinary writers of Tragedy endeavored to raise Terror and Pity in their audience, not by proper sentiments and expressions, but by the dresses and decorations of the Stage. There is something of this kind very ridiculous in the *English* Theatre. When the Author has a mind to terrify us, it thunders; when he would make us melancholy, the Stage is darkened. But among all our tragic Artifices, I am the most offended at those which are made use of to inspire us with magnificent ideas of the persons that speak. The ordinary method of making an Hero, is to clap a huge Plume of feathers upon his head,

M m m 2

which

which rises so very high, that there is often a greater length from his chin to the top of his head, than to the sole of his foot. One would believe, that we thought a Great man and a Tall man the same thing. This very much embarrasses the Actor, who is forced to hold his neck extremely stiff and steady all the while he speaks; and notwithstanding any anxieties which he pretends for his Mistress, his Country or his Friends, one may see by his action, that his greatest care and concern is to keep the Plume of feathers from falling off his Head. For my own part, when I see a man uttering his complaints under such a mountain of feathers, I am apt to look upon him rather as an unfortunate Lunatic, than a distressed Hero. As these superfluous ornaments upon the head make a Great man, a Princess generally receives her grandeur from those additional incumbrances that fall into her tail: I mean the broad sweeping train that follows her in all her motions, and finds constant employment for a boy who stands behind her to open and spread it to advantage. I do not know how others are affected at this sight, but, I must confess, my eyes are wholly taken up with the Page's part; and as for the Queen, I am not so attentive to any thing she speaks, as to the right adjusting of her train, lest it should chance to trip up her heels, or incommode her, as she walks to and fro upon the Stage. It is, in my opinion, a very odd spectacle, to see a Queen venting her passion in a disordered motion, and a little boy taking care all the while that they do not ruffle the tail of her Gown. The parts that the two persons act on the Stage at the same time, are very different: the Princess is afraid lest she should incur the displeasure of the King her father, or lose the Hero her lover, whilst her attendant is only concerned lest she should entangle her feet in her Petticoat.

We are told, that an ancient tragic Poet, to move the pity of his audience, for his exiled Kings and distressed Heroes, used to make the Actors represent them in dress and clothes that were thread-bare and decayed. This artifice for moving pity, seems as ill-contrived, as that we have been speaking of to inspire us with a great idea of the persons introduced upon the Stage. In short, I would have our conceptions raised by the dignity of thought and sublimity of expression, rather than by a train of robes or a plume of feathers.

Another mechanical method of making Great men, and adding dignity to Kings and Queens, is to accompany them with Halberts and Battle-axes. Two or three shifters of scenes, with the two candle-snuffers, make up a complete body of Guards upon the *English* stage; and by the addition of a few Porters dressed in red coats, can represent above a dozen legions. I have sometimes seen a couple of armies drawn up together upon the stage, when

when the Poet has been disposed to do honor to his Generals. It is impossible for the reader's imagination to multiply twenty men into such prodigious multitudes, or to fancy that two or three hundred thousand Soldiers are fighting in a room of forty or fifty yards in compass. Incidents of such a nature should be told, not represented.

Non tamen intus
Digna geri promes in scenam: multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.

Hor.

*Yet there are things improper for a scene,
Which men of judgment only will relate.*

Ld. ROSCOMMON.

I shall therefore, in this particular, recommended to my countrymen the example of the *French Stage*, where the Kings and Queens always appear unattended, and leave their Guards behind the scenes. I should likewise be glad if we imitated the *French* in banishing from our stage the noise of drums, trumpets, and huzza's; which is sometimes very great, that when there is a battel in the *Hay-Market Theatre*, one may hear it is far as *Charing-Cross*.

I have here only touched upon those particulars which are made use of to raise and aggrandize the persons of a Tragedy; and shall shew in another paper the several expedients which are practised by Authors of a vulgar genius, to move terror, pity, or admiration, in their hearers.

The Taylor and the Painter often contribute to the success of a Tragedy more than the Poet. Scenes affect ordinary minds as much as speeches, and our Actors are very sensible, that a well-dressed Play has sometimes brought them as full audiences, as a well-written one. The *Italians* have a very good phrase to express this art of imposing upon the spectators by appearances: they call it the *Fourberia della scena*, the *knavery or trickish part of the drama*. But however the show and outside of the Tragedy may work upon the vulgar, the more understanding part of the audience immediately see through it, and despise it.

A good Poet will give the reader a more lively idea of an army or a battle in a description, than if he actually saw them drawn up in squadrons and battalions, or engaged in the confusion of a fight. Our minds should be opened to great conceptions, and inflamed with glorious sentiments, by what the Actor speaks, more than by what he appears. Can all the trappings or equipage of a King or Hero, give *Brutus* half that pomp and majesty which he receives from a few lines in *Shakespeare*?

Friday,

N^o 44.*Friday, April 20.**Tu, quid ego et populus mecum desideret, audi.*

Hor.

AMONG the several artifices which are put in practice by the Poets to fill the minds of an audience with Terror, the first place is due to Thunder and Lightning, which are often made use of at the descending of a God, or the rising of a Ghost, at the vanishing of a Devil, or at the death of a Tyrant. I have known a Bell introduced into several Tragedies with good effect; and have seen the whole assembly in a very great alarm all the while it has been ringing. But there is nothing which delights and terrifies our *English* Theatre so much as a Ghost, especially when he appears in a bloody shirt. A spectre has very often saved a Play, though he has done nothing but stalked across the stage, or rose through a cleft of it, and sunk again without speaking one word. There may be a proper season for the several terrors; and when they only come in as aids and assistances to the Poet, they are not only to be excused, but to be applauded. Thus the sounding of the clock in *Venice Preserved*, makes the hearts of the whole audience quake; and conveys a stronger terror to the mind, than it is possible for words to do. The appearance of the Ghost in *Hamlet* is a master-piece in its kind, and wrought up with all the circumstances that can create either attention or horror. The mind of the reader is wonderfully prepared for his reception by the discourses that precede it: his dumb behavior at his first entrance, strikes the imagination very strongly; but every time he enters, he is still more terrifying. Who can read the speech with which young *Hamlet* accosts him, without trembling?

Hor. *Look, my Lord, it comes!*Ham. *Angels and Ministers of grace defend us!**Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd;**Bring with thee airs from Heav'n, or blasts from Hell;**Be thy intent wicked or charitable;**Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,**That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,**King,*

*King, Father, Royal Dane: Oh! answer me,
 Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
 Why thus thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cearments? why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws
 To cast thee up again? what may this mean?
 That thou dead coarſe again in complete ſteel
 Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous?*

I do not therefore find fault with the Artifices above-mentioned, when they are introduced with ſkill, and accompanied by proportionable ſentiments and expreſſions in writing.

For the moving of Pity, our principal machine is the handkerchief; and indeed in our common Tragedies, we ſhould not know very often that the perſons are in diſtreſs by any thing they ſay, if they did not from time to time apply their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Far be it from me to think of baniſhing this inſtrument of ſorrow from the ſtage; I know a Tragedy could not ſubſiſt without it: all that I would contend for, is, to keep it from being miſapplied. In a word, I would have the Actor's tongue ſympathize with his eyes.

A diſconſolate Mother, with a Child in her hand, has frequently drawn compaſſion from the audience, and has therefore gained a place in ſeveral Tragedies. A modern writer, that obſerved how this had taken in other Plays, being reſolved to double the diſtreſs, and melt his audience twice as much as thoſe before him had done, brought a Princeſs upon the ſtage with a little Boy in one hand and a Girl in the other. This too had a very good effect. A third Poet being reſolved to out-write all his predeceſſors, a few years ago introduced three children, with great ſucceſs: and, as I am informed, a young Gentleman, who is fully determined to break the moſt obdurate hearts, has a Tragedy by him, where the firſt perſon that appears upon the ſtage is an afflicted Widow in her mourning-weeds, with half a dozen fatherleſs Children attending her, like thoſe that uſually hang about the figure of Charity. Thus ſeveral incidents that are beautiful in a good writer, become ridiculous by falling into the hands of a bad one.

But among all our methods of moving Pity or Terror, there is none ſo abſurd and barbarous, and that more expoſes us to the contempt and ridicule of our neighbours, than that dreadful butchering of one another, which is ſo
 very

very frequent upon the *English* Stage. To delight in seeing men stabbed, poisoned, racked, or impaled, is certainly the sign of a cruel temper: and as this is often practised before the *British* Audience, several *French* Critics, who think these are grateful spectacles to us, take occasion from them to represent us as a people that delight in blood. It is indeed very odd, to see our stage strowed with carcases in the last scene of a Tragedy; and to observe in the ward-robe of the play-house several daggers, poniards, wheels, bowls for poison, and many other instruments of death. Murders and executions are always transacted behind the scenes in the *French* Theatre; which in general is very agreeable to the manners of a polite and civilized people: but as there are no exceptions to this rule on the *French* Stage, it leads them into absurdities almost as ridiculous as that which falls under our present censure. I remember in the famous Play of *Corneille*, written upon the subject of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*; the fierce young Hero who had overcome the *Curiatii* one after another, (instead of being congratulated by his Sister for his victory, being upbraided by her for having slain her lover) in the height of his passion and resentment kills her. If any thing could extenuate so brutal an action, it would be the doing of it on a sudden, before the sentiments of nature, reason, or manhood could take place in him. However, to avoid *public Blood-shed*, as soon as his passion is wrought to its height, he follows his Sister the whole length of the stage, and forbears killing her till they are both withdrawn behind the scenes. I must confess, had he murdered her before the audience, the indecency might have been greater; but as it is, it appears very unnatural, and looks like killing in cold blood. To give my opinion upon this case; the fact ought not to have been represented, but to have been told, if there was any occasion for it.

It may not be unacceptable to the Reader, to see how *Sophocles* has conducted a Tragedy under the like delicate circumstances. *Orestes* was in the same condition with *Hamlet* in *Shakespeare*, his Mother having murdered his Father, and taken possession of his Kingdom in conspiracy with her Adulterer. That young Prince therefore, being determined to revenge his father's Death upon those who filled his Throne, conveys himself by a beautiful stratagem into his Mother's apartment, with a resolution to kill her. But because such a spectacle would have been too shocking to the audience, this dreadful resolution is executed behind the Scenes: The Mother is heard calling out to her Son for mercy; and the Son answering her, that she shewed no mercy to his Father: after which she shrieks out that she is wounded, and by what follows we find that she is slain. I do not remember that in any of our Plays there are speeches made behind the Scenes, though there are other instances of this nature to be met with in those of the ancients: and I believe

believe my reader will agree with me, that there is something infinitely more affecting in this dreadful Dialogue between the Mother and her Son behind the Scenes, than could have been in any thing transacted before the audience. *Orestes* immediately after meets the Usurper at the entrance of his Palace; and by a very happy thought of the Poet avoids killing him before the Audience, by telling him that he should live some time in his present bitterness of Soul before he would dispatch him, and by ordering him to retire into that part of the Palace where he had slain his Father, whose murder he would revenge in the very same place where it was committed. By this means the Poet observes that decency, which *Horace* afterwards established by a rule, of forbearing to commit parricides or unnatural murders before the Audience.

Nec coram populo natos Medea trucidet.

*Let not Medea draw her murdering knife,
And spill her childrens blood upon the stage.*

The *French* have therefore refined too much upon *Horace's* Rule, who never designed to banish all kinds of Death from the Stage; but only such as had too much horror in them, and which would have a better effect upon the audience when transacted behind the Scenes. I would therefore recommend to my Countrymen the practice of the ancient Poets, who were very sparing of their public executions, and rather chose to perform them behind the Scenes, if it could be done with as great an effect upon the Audience. At the same time I must observe, that though the devoted persons of the Tragedy were seldom slain before the Audience, which has generally something ridiculous in it, their bodies were often produced after their Death, which has always in it something melancholy or terrifying; so that the killing on the Stage does not seem to have been avoided only as an indecency, but also as an improbability.

*Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus;
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*

Hor.

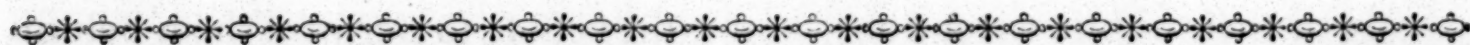
*Medea must not draw her murd'ring Knife,
Nor Atreus there his horrid feast prepare,
Cadmus and Progne's Metamorphosis,
(She to a Swallow turn'd, he to a Snake)
And whatsoever contradicts my sense,
I hate to see, and never can believe.*

Ld. ROSCOMMON.

I have now gone through the several dramatic inventions which are made use of by the Ignorant Poets to supply the place of Tragedy, and by the Skilful to improve it; some of which I could wish entirely rejected, and the rest to be used with caution. It would be an endless task to consider Comedy in the same light, and to mention the innumerable shifts that small wits put in practice to raise a laugh. *Bullock* in a short coat, and *Norris* in a long one, seldom fail of this effect. In ordinary Comedies, a broad and a narrow brimmed hat are different characters. Sometimes the wit of the Scene lies in a shoulder-belt, and sometimes in a pair of whiskers. A Lover running about the Stage, with his head peeping out of a barrel, was thought a very good jest in King *Charles* the Second's time; and invented by one of the first Wits of that Age. But because ridicule is not so delicate as compassion, and because the objects that make us laugh are infinitely more numerous than those that make us weep, there is a much greater latitude for Comic than Tragic artifices, and by consequence a much greater indulgence to be allowed them.

N^o 45.

Saturday, April 21.

*Natio Comæda est*——

Juv.

THERE is nothing which I more desire than a safe and honorable Peace, though at the same time I am very apprehensive of many ill consequences that may attend it. I do not mean in regard to our Politics, but to our Manners. What an inundation of Ribbons and Brocades will break in upon us? What peals of laughter and impertinence shall we be exposed to? For the prevention of these great evils, I could heartily wish that there was an Act of Parliament for prohibiting the importation of *French Fopperies*.

The Female Inhabitants of our Island have already received very strong impressions from this ludicrous nation, though by the length of the War (as there is no evil which has not some good attending it) they are pretty well worn out and forgotten. I remember the time when some of our well-bred Country-women kept their *Valet de Chambre*, because forsooth, a man was much more handy about them than one of their own Sex. I myself have seen one of these male *Abigails* tripping about the room with a
Looking-

Looking-glass in his hand, and combing his Lady's hair a whole morning together. Whether or no there was any truth in the story of a Lady's being got with child by one of these her Handmaids, I cannot tell; but I think at present the whole race of them is extinct in our own country.

About the time that several of our Sex were taken into this kind of service, the Ladies likewise brought up the fashion of receiving visits in their beds. It was then looked upon as a piece of ill-breeding for a woman to refuse to see a man, because she was not stirring; and a Porter would have been thought unfit for his place, that could have made so awkward an excuse. As I love to see every thing that's new, I once prevailed upon my friend *Will Honeycomb* to carry me along with him to one of these travelled Ladies, desiring him, at the same time to present me as a foreigner who could not speak *English*, that so I might not be obliged to bear a part in the discourse. The Lady, though willing to appear undrest, had put on her best looks, and painted herself for our reception. Her hair appeared in a very nice disorder, as the night-gown which was thrown upon her shoulders was ruffled with great care. For my part, I am so shocked with every thing which looks immodest in the Fair sex, that I could not forbear taking off my eye from her when she moved in her bed, and was in the greatest confusion imaginable every time she stirred a leg or an arm. As the Coquets, who introduced this custom, grew old, they left it off by degrees; well knowing that a woman of threescore may kick and tumble her heart out, without making any impressions.

Sempronia is at present the most perfect admirer of the *French* nation, but is so modest as to admit her visitants no farther than her Toilet. It is a very odd sight that beautiful creature makes, when she is talking Politics with her tresses flowing about her shoulders, and examining that face in the glass, which does such execution upon all the Male standers-by. How prettily does she divide her discourse between her woman and her visitants? What sprightly transitions does she make from an Opera or a Sermon, to an Ivory comb or a Pin-cushion? How have I been pleased to see her interrupted in an account of her travels, by a message to her Footman? and holding her tongue in the midst of a moral reflection, by applying the tip of it to a patch?

There is nothing which exposes a woman to greater dangers, than that gaiety and airiness of temper, which are natural to most of the sex. It should be therefore the concern of every wise and virtuous woman, to keep this sprightliness from degenerating into levity. On the contrary, the whole discourse and behavior of the *French* is to make the sex more fantastical, or (as they are pleased to term it) *more awakened*, than is consistent

either with virtue or discretion. To speak loud in public Assemblies, to let every one hear you talk of things that should only be mentioned in private, or in whisper, are looked upon as parts of a refined education. At the same time, a blush is unfashionable, and silence more ill-bred than any thing that can be spoken. In short, discretion and modesty, which in all other Ages and countries have been regarded as the greatest ornaments of the Fair sex, are considered as the ingredients of narrow conversation, and family behavior.

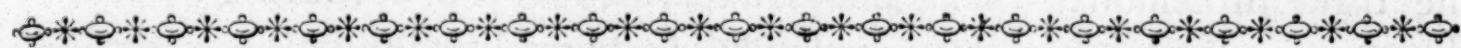
Some years ago I was at the Tragedy of *Macbeth*, and unfortunately placed myself under a woman of Quality that is since dead; who, as I found by the noise she made, was newly returned from *France*. A little before the rising of the curtain, she broke out into a loud soliloquy, *When will the dear Witches enter?* and immediately upon their first appearance, asked a Lady that sat three boxes from her, on her right hand, if those Witches were not charming creatures. A little after, as *Betterton* was in one of the finest speeches of the Play, she shook her fan at another Lady, who sat as far on her left hand, and told her with a whisper, that might be heard all over the pit, We must not expect to see *Balloon* to night. Not long after, calling out to a young Baronet by his name, who sat three seats before me, she asked him whether *Macbeth's* Wife was still alive; and before he could give an answer, fell a talking of the Ghost of *Banquo*. She had by this time formed a little audience to herself, and fixed the attention of all about her. But as I had a mind to hear the Play, I got out of the sphere of her impertinence, and planted myself in one of the remotest corners of the pit.

This pretty childishness of behavior is one of the most refined parts of Coquetry, and is not to be attained in perfection, by Ladies that do not travel for their improvement. A natural and unconstrained behavior has something in it so agreeable, that it is no wonder to see people endeavoring after it. But at the same time, it is so very hard to hit, when it is not born with us, that people often make themselves ridiculous in attempting it.

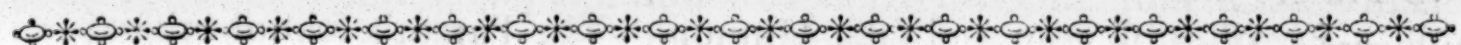
A very ingenious *French* Author tells us, that the Ladies of the Court of *France*, in his time, thought it ill-breeding, and a kind of female pedantry, to pronounce an hard word right; for which reason they took frequent occasion to use hard words, that they might shew a politeness in murdering them. He farther adds, that a Lady of some Quality at Court, having accidentally made use of an hard word in a proper place, and pronounced it right, the whole assembly was out of countenance for her.

I must however be so just as to own, that there are many Ladies who have travelled several thousands of miles without being the worse for it, and have brought home with them all the modesty, discretion, and good sense,
that

that they went abroad with. As on the contrary, there are great numbers of *travelled Ladies*, who have lived all their days within the smoke of *London*. I have known a woman that never was out of the parish of *St. James's* betray as many foreign fopperies in her carriage, as she could have gleaned up in half the countries of *Europe*.



N^o 46. *Monday, April 23.*



Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum. Ovid.

WHEN I want materials for this paper, it is my custom to go abroad in quest of game: and when I meet any proper subject, I take the first opportunity of setting down an hint of it upon paper. At the same time I look into the letters of my correspondents, and if I find any thing suggested in them that may afford matter of speculation, I likewise enter a minute of it in my collection of materials. By this means I frequently carry about me a whole sheet-full of hints, that would look like a Rhapsody of nonsense to any body but myself: there is nothing in them but obscurity and confusion, raving and inconsistency. In short, they are my Speculations in the first principles, that (like the world in its chaos) are void of all light, distinction, and order.

About a week since there happened to me a very odd accident, by reason of one of these my papers of minutes which I had accidentally dropped at *Lloyd's Coffee-house*, where the Auctions are usually kept. Before I missed it, there was a cluster of people who had found it, and were diverting themselves with it at one end of the Coffee-house: it had raised so much laughter among them before I had observed what they were about, that I had not the courage to own it. The boy of the Coffee-house, when they had done with it, carried it about in his hand, asking every body if they had dropped a written paper; but no body challenging it, he was ordered by those merry Gentlemen who had before perused it, to get up into the auction-pulpit, and read it to the whole room, that if any one would own it, they might. The boy accordingly mounted the pulpit, and with a very audible voice read as follows.

M I N U T E S.

Sir *Roger de Coverley's* country feat — Yes, for I hate long speeches — Query, if a good Christian may be a Conjurer — *Childermas-day*, Salt-feller,

feller, House-dog, Screech-owl, Cricket——Mr. *Thomas Inkle* of *London*, in the good ship call'd the *Achilles*. *Yarrico*——*AEgrescitque medendo*——Ghosts——The Lady's Library——Lion by trade a Taylor——Dromedary called *Bucephalus*——Equipage the Lady's *summum bonum*——*Charles Lillie* to be taken notice of——Short face a relief to envy——Redundancies in the three professions——King *Latinus* a recruit——Jew devouring an ham of Bacon——*Westminster-Abbey*——*Grand Cairo*——Procrastination——*April* fools——Blue Boars, Red Lions, Hogs in armour——Enter a King and two Fiddlers *solus*——Admission into the Ugly Club——Beauty how improveable——Families of true and false Humor——The Parrot's school-mistress——Face half *Piet* half *British*——No man to be an Hero of a Tragedy under six foot——Club of Sighers——Letters from Flower-pots, Elbow-chairs, Tapestry figures, Lion, Thunder——The Bell rings to the Puppet-show——Old Woman with a Beard married to a smock-faced Boy——My next coat to be turned up with blue——Fable of Tongs and Gridiron——Flower Dyers——The Soldier's Prayer——Thank ye for nothing, says the Gally-pot——*Paetolus* in stockings, with golden clocks to them——Bamboos, Cudgels, Drum-sticks——Slip of my Land-lady's eldest daughter——The black Mare with a star in her forehead——The Barber's pole——*Will Honeycombe's* coat-pocket——*Cæsar's* behavior and my own in parallel circumstances——Poem in Patch-work——*Nulli gravis est percussus Achilles*——The Female Conventicler——The Ogle-master.

The reading of this paper made the whole Coffee-house very merry; some of them concluded it was written by a Madman, and others by some body that had been taking notes out of the Spectator. One who had the appearance of a very substantial citizen, told us, with several politic winks and nods, that he wished there was no more in the paper than what was expressed in it: that for his part, he looked upon the Dromedary, the Gridiron, and the Barber's pole, to signify something more than what is usually meant by those words; and that he thought the Coffee-man could not do better, than to carry the paper to one of the Secretaries of State. He further added, that he did not like the name of the out-landish man with the golden clock in his stockings. A young *Oxford* Scholar, who chanced to be with his Uncle at the Coffee-house, discovered to us who this *Paetolus* was; and by that means turned the whole scheme of this worthy Citizen into ridicule. While they were making their several conjectures upon this innocent paper, I reached out my arm to the Boy, as he was coming out of the pulpit, to give it me; which he did accordingly. This drew the eyes of the whole company upon me; but after having cast a cursory glance

glance over it, and shook my head twice or thrice at the reading of it, I twisted it into a kind of match, and lit my pipe with it. My profound silence, together with the steadiness of my countenance, and the gravity of my behavior during this whole transaction, raised a very loud laugh on all sides of me; but as I had escaped all suspicion of being the Author, I was very well satisfied, and applying myself to my Pipe and the *Post-man*, took no further notice of any thing that passed about me.

My reader will find, that I have already made use of above half the contents of the foregoing paper; and will easily suppose, that those subjects which are yet untouched, were such provisions as I had made for his future entertainment. But as I have been unluckily prevented by this accident, I shall only give him the letters which relate to the two last hints. The first of them I should not have published, were I not informed that there is many an husband who suffers very much in his private affairs by the indiscreet zeal of such a partner as is hereafter mentioned; to whom I may apply the barbarous inscription quoted by the Bishop of *Salisbury* in his Travels; *Dum nimia pia est, facta est impia.*

S I R,

“ I Am one of those unhappy men that are plagued with a Gospel-gossip,
 “ so common among Dissenters (especially Friends.) Lectures in the
 “ morning, Church-meetings at noon, and Preparation sermons at night,
 “ take up so much of her time, 'tis very rare she knows what we have for
 “ dinner, unless when the Preacher is to be at it. With him come a Tribe,
 “ all Brothers and Sisters it seems; while others, really such, are deemed
 “ no relations. If at any time I have her company alone, she is a mere
 “ sermon popgun, repeating and discharging texts, proofs, and applicati-
 “ ons so perpetually, that however weary I may go to bed, the noise in my
 “ head will not let me sleep till towards morning. The misery of my case,
 “ and great numbers of such sufferers, plead your pity and speedy relief;
 “ otherwise must expect, in a little time, to be lectured, preached, and
 “ prayed into want, unless the happiness of being sooner talked to death
 “ prevent it.

I am, &c. R. G.

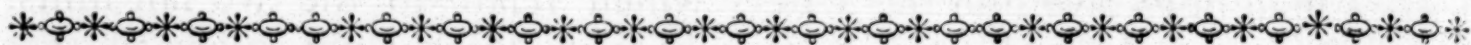
The second Letter, relating to the Ogling Master, runs thus,

Mr. SPECTATOR,

“ I Am an *Irish* Gentleman, that have travelled many years for my Im-
 “ provement; during which time I have accomplished myself in the
 “ whole art of Ogling, as it is at present practised in all the polite nations
 “ of

“ of *Europe*. Being thus qualified, I intend, by the advice of my friends,
 “ to set up for an Ogling-master. I teach the Church Ogle in the morn-
 “ ing, and the Playhouse Ogle by candle-light. I have also brought over
 “ with me a new flying Ogle fit for the Ring; which I teach in the dusk of
 “ the evening, or in any hour of the day by darkning one of my windows.
 “ I have a manuscript by me called *the complete Ogler*, which I shall be
 “ ready to shew you upon any occasion. In the mean time, I beg you
 “ will publish the substance of this Letter in an advertisement, and you will
 “ very much oblige,

Yours, &c.



N^o 47.

Tuesday, April 24.



Ride si sapiis ———

Mart.

MR. *Hobbs*, in his discourse of human Nature, which, in my humble opinion, is much the best of all his works, after some very curious observations upon Laughter, concludes thus; “ The passion of Laughter
 “ is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of
 “ some eminency in ourselves by comparison with the infirmity of others,
 “ or with our own formerly: for men laugh at the past follies of them-
 “ selves when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with
 “ them any present dishonor.

According to this Author therefore, when we hear a man laugh excessively, instead of saying he is very merry, we ought to tell him he is very proud. And indeed, if we look into the bottom of this matter, we shall meet with many observations to confirm us in his opinion. Every one laughs at some body that is in an inferior state of folly to himself. It was formerly the custom for every great house in *England* to keep a tame Fool dressed in petticoats, that the Heir of the family might have an opportunity of joking upon him, and diverting himself with his absurdities. For the same reason Idiots are still in request in most of the Courts of *Germany*, where there is not a Prince of any great magnificence who has not two or three dressed, distinguished, undisputed Fools in his retinue, whom the rest of the Courtiers are always breaking their jests upon.

The

The *Dutch*, who are more famous for their Industry and Application, than for Wit and Humor, hang up in several of their streets what they call the sign of the *Gaper*, that is, the head of an Idiot dressed in a cap and bells, and gaping in a most immoderate manner: this is a standing jest at *Amsterdam*.

Thus every one diverts himself with some person or other that is below him in point of understanding, and triumphs in the superiority of his genius, whilst he has such objects of derision before his eyes. Mr. *Dennis* has very well expressed this in a couple of humorous lines, which are part of a translation of a Satire in Monsieur *Boileau*.

*Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at another,
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother.*

Mr. *Hobbs*'s reflection gives us the reason why the insignificant people above-mentioned are stirrers up of Laughter among men of a gross taste: but as the more understanding part of mankind do not find their risibility affected by such ordinary objects, it may be worth the while to examine into the several provocatives of Laughter in men of superior sense and knowledge.

In the first place I must observe, that there is a set of merry Drolls, whom the common people of all countries admire, and seem to love so well *that they could eat them*, according to the old Proverb; I mean those circumforaneous Wits whom every nation calls by the name of that dish of meat which it loves best. In *Holland* they are termed *Pickled Herrings*; in *France*, *Jean Pottages*; in *Italy* *Maccaronies*; and in *Great-Britain*, *Jack Puddings*. These merry Wags, from whatsoever food they receive their titles, that they may make their audiences laugh, always appear in a Fool's coat, and commit such blunders and mistakes in every step they take, and every word they utter, as those who listen to them would be ashamed of.

But this little triumph of the understanding, under the disguise of laughter, is no where more visible than in that custom which prevails every where among us on the first day of the present month, when every body takes it in his head to make as many fools as he can. In proportion as there are more follies discovered, so there is more laughter raised on this day than on any other in the whole year. A neighbour of mine, who is a Haberdasher by trade, and a very shallow conceited fellow, makes his boasts that for these ten years successively he has not made less than an hundred *April* fools. My Landlady had a falling out with him about a fortnight ago, for sending every one of her children upon some *sleeveless errand*, as she terms it. Her eldest Son went to buy an half-penny worth of Inkle at a Shoemaker's; the eldest daughter was dispatched half a mile to see a Monster; and in short,

the whole family of innocent children made *April Fools*. Nay, my Landlady herself did not escape him. This empty fellow has laugh'd upon these conceits ever since.

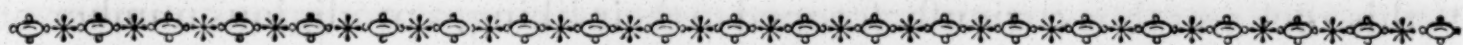
This art of Wit is well enough, when confined to one day in a twelve-month; but there is an ingenious tribe of men sprung up of late years, who are for making *April fools* every day in the year. These Gentlemen are commonly distinguished by the name of *Biters*; a race of men that are perpetually employed in laughing at those mistakes which are of their own production.

Thus we see, in proportion as one man is more refined than another, he chuses his Food out of a lower or higher class of mankind; or, to speak in a more Philosophical language, That secret elation and pride of heart which is generally called Laughter, arises in him from his comparing himself with an object below him, whether it so happens that it be a natural or an artificial Fool. It is indeed very possible, that the persons we laugh at may in the main of their characters be much wiser men than ourselves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they must fall short of us in those respects, which stir up this passion.

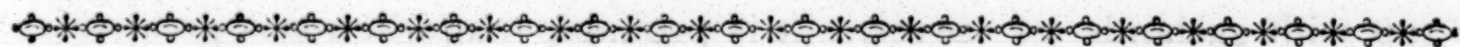
I am afraid I shall appear too abstracted in my speculations, if I shew that when a man of wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying some oddness or infirmity in his own character, or in the representation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a brute, or even at an inanimate thing, it is at any action or incident that bears a remote Analogy to some blunder or absurdity in reasonable creatures.

But to come into common life: I shall pass by the consideration of those Stage Coxcombs that are able to shake a whole audience, and take notice of a particular sort of men who are such provokers of mirth in conversation, that it is impossible for a Club or merry-meeting to subsist without them; I mean those honest Gentlemen that are always exposed to the wit and rallery of their well-wishers and companions; that are pelted by men, women, and children, friends, and foes, and, in a word, stand as *Butts* in conversation, for every one to shoot at that pleases. I know several of these *Butts* who are men of wit and sense, though by some odd turn of humor, some unlucky cast in their person or behavior, they have always the misfortune to make the company merry. The truth of it is, a man is not qualified for a *Butt*, who has not a good deal of wit and vivacity, even in the ridiculous side of his character. A stupid *Butt* is only fit for the conversation of ordinary people: Men of wit require one that will give them play, and bestir himself in the absurd part of his behavior. A *Butt* with these accomplishments frequently gets the Laugh on his side, and turns the ridicule

cule upon him that attacks him. Sir *John Falstaff* was an Hero of this species, and gives a good description of himself in his capacity of a *Butt*, after the following manner; *Men of all sorts* (says that merry Knight) *take a pride to gird at me. The brain of man is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that Wit is in other men.*



N^o 50. *Friday, April 27.*



Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dixit.

Juv.

WHEN the four *Indian* Kings were in this country about a twelve-month ago, I often mixed with the rabble, and followed them a whole day together, being wonderfully struck with the sight of every thing that is new or uncommon. I have, since their departure, employed a friend to make many enquiries of their Landlord the Upholsterer, relating to their manners and conversation, as also concerning the remarks which they made in this country: for, next to the forming a right notion of such strangers, I should be desirous of learning what Ideas they have conceived of us.

The Upholsterer finding my friend very inquisitive about these his Lodgers, brought him some time since a little bundle of papers, which he assured him were written by King *Sa Ga Yean Qua Rash Tow*, and, as he supposes, left behind by some mistake. These papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd observations, which I find this little fraternity of Kings made during their stay in the Isle of *Great Britain*. I shall present my reader with a short specimen of them in this Paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the article of *London* are the following words, which without doubt are meant of the Church of *St. Paul*.

“ On the most rising part of the town there stands a huge house, big enough to contain the whole nation of which I am King. Our good Brother *E Tow O Koam*, King of the *Rivers*, is of opinion it was made by the hands of that great God to whom it is consecrated. The Kings of *Grana-jah* and of the *Six Nations* believe that it was created with the Earth, and produced on the same day with the Sun and Moon. But for my own part by the best information that I could get of this matter, I am apt to

O o o 2

“ think

“ think that this prodigious Pile was fashioned into the shape it now bears
“ by several tools and instruments, of which they have a wonderful variety
“ in this country. It was probably at first an huge mis-shapen rock that
“ grew upon the top of the hill, which the natives of the country (after
“ having cut it into a kind of a regular figure) bored and hollowed with in-
“ credible pains and industry, till they have wrought in it all those beauti-
“ ful vaults and caverns into which it is divided at this day. As soon as
“ this rock was thus curiously scooped to their liking, a prodigious number of
“ hands must have been employed in chipping the out-side of it, which is
“ now as smooth as the surface of a pebble; and is in several places hewn out
“ into Pillars that stand like the trunks of so many trees bound about the
“ top with garlands of leaves. It is probable that when this great work
“ was begun, which must have been many hundred years ago, there was
“ some religion among this people; for they give it the name of a Temple,
“ and have a tradition that it was designed for men to pay their devotions
“ in. And indeed, there are several reasons which make us think, that
“ the natives of this country had formerly among them some sort of wor-
“ ship; for they set apart every seventh day as sacred: but upon my go-
“ ing into one of these holy houses on that day, I could not observe any
“ circumstance of their devotion in their behavior: there was indeed a
“ man in black who was mounted above the rest, and seemed to utter
“ something with a great deal of vehemence; but as for those underneath
“ him, instead of paying their worship to the Deity of the place, they were
“ most of them bowing and curtesying to one another, and a considerable
“ number of them fast asleep.

“ The Queen of the country appointed two men to attend us, that had
“ enough of our language to make themselves understood in some few par-
“ ticulars. But we soon perceived these two were great enemies to one
“ another, and did not always agree in the same story. We could make a
“ shift to gather out of one of them, that this Island was very much infest-
“ ed with a monstrous kind of Animals, in the shape of men, called *Whigs*;
“ and he often told us, that he hoped we should meet with none of them
“ in our way, for that if we did, they would be apt to knock us down for
“ being Kings.

“ Our other interpreter used to talk very much of a kind of animal cal-
“ led a *Tory*, that was as great a monster as the *Whig*, and would treat us as ill
“ for being Foreigners. These two creatures, it seems, are born with a se-
“ cret antipathy to one another, and engage when they meet as naturally
“ as the Elephant and the Rhinoceros. But as we saw none of either of
“ these species, we are apt to think that our guides deceived us with mis-
representations

“ representations and fictions, and amused us with an account of such
“ monsters as are not really in their country.

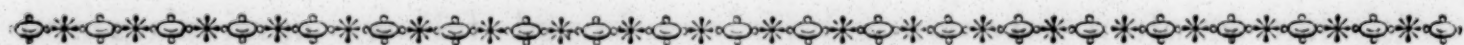
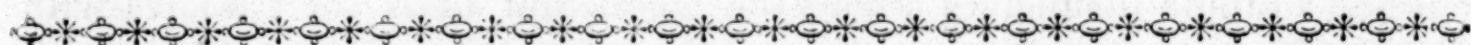
“ These particulars we made a shift to pick out from the discourse of our
“ interpreters; which we put together as well as we could, being able to
“ understand but here and there a word of what they said, and afterwards
“ made up the meaning of it among ourselves. The men of the country
“ are very cunning and ingenious in handicraft works; but withal so very
“ idle, that we often saw young lusty raw-boned fellows carried up and
“ down the streets in little covered rooms by a couple of Porters, who are
“ hired for that service. Their dress is likewise very barbarous, for they
“ almost strangle themselves about the neck, and bind their bodies with
“ many ligatures, that we are apt to think are the occasion of several dis-
“ tempers among them, which our country is entirely free from. Instead
“ of those beautiful feathers with which we adorn our heads, they often
“ buy up a monstrous bush of hair, which covers their heads, and falls
“ down in a large fleece below the middle of their backs; with which they
“ walk up and down the streets, and are as proud of it as if it was of their
“ own growth.

“ We were invited to one of their public diversions, where we hoped to
“ have seen the great men of their country running down a Stag or pitch-
“ ing a Bar, that we might have discovered who were the persons of the
“ greatest abilities among them; but instead of that, they conveyed us into
“ an huge room lighted up with abundance of candles, where this lazy
“ people sat still above three hours to see several feats of ingenuity per-
“ formed by others, who it seems were paid for it.

“ As for the women of the country, not being able to talk with them,
“ we could only make our remarks upon them at a distance. They let the
“ hair of their heads grow to a great length; but as the men make a great
“ show with heads of hair that are none of their own, the women, who
“ they say have very fine heads of hair, tie it up in a knot, and cover it
“ from being seen. The women look like Angels, and would be more
“ beautiful than the Sun, were it not for little black spots that are apt to
“ break out in their faces, and sometimes rise in very odd figures. I have
“ observed that those little blemishes wear off very soon; but when they dis-
“ appear in one part of the face, they are very apt to break out in another,
“ insomuch that I have seen a spot upon the forehead in the afternoon,
“ which was upon the chin in the morning,

The Author then proceeds to shew the absurdity of breeches and petti-
coats, with many other curious observations, which I shall reserve for a-
nother occasion. I cannot however conclude this paper without taking no-
tice,

tice, that amidst these wild remarks, there now and then appears something very reasonable. I cannot likewise forbear observing, that we are all guilty in some measure of the same narrow way of thinking, which we meet with in this abstract of the *Indian Journal*; when we fancy the customs, dresses, and manners of other countries are ridiculous and extravagant, if they do not resemble those of our own.

N^o 55.*Thursday, May 3.*

——— *Intus, et in jecore ægro*
Noscuntur Domini———

Perf.

MOST of the Trades, Professions, and ways of living among mankind, take their original either from the love of pleasure, or the fear of want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into *Luxury*, and the latter into *Avarice*. As these two principles of action draw different ways, *Persius* has given us a very humorous account of a young fellow who was roused out of his bed, in order to be sent upon a long voyage by *Avarice*, and afterwards over-persuaded and kept at home by *Luxury*. I shall set down at length the pleadings of these two imaginary persons, as they are in the original, with Mr. *Dryden's* Translation of them.

Mane, piger, stertis: surge, inquit Avaritia; eja
Surge. Negas? inflat, Surge inquit. Non queo. Surge.
Et quid agam? Rogitas? Saperdas advehe Ponto,
Castoreum, stuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa.
Tolle recens primus piper è sitiente camelo.
Verte aliquid; jura. Sed Jupiter audiet. Eheu!
Baro, reguflatum digito terebrare salinum
Contentus parages, si vivere cum Jove tendis.
Jam pueris pellem succinctus et ænophorum aptas;
Ocyus ad navem. Nil obstat quin trabe vastâ
Ægeum rapias, nisi solers Luxuria ante
Sæduclum moneat; Quò deinde, insane ruis? Quo?
Quid tibi vis? Calido sub pectore mascula bilis
Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicutæ?
Tun' mare transilias? Tibi tortâ cannabe fulto

Cena

*Cæna sit in transtro? Veientanumque rubellum
 Exhalet vapida læsum pice sessilis obba?
 Quid petis? Ut nummi, quos hic quincunce modesto
 Nutrieras, pergant avidos sudare deunces?
 Indulge genio: carpamus dulcia; nostrum est
 Quod vivis; cinis, et manes, et fabula fies,
 Vive memor lethi: fugit hora. Hoc quod loquor, inde est.
 En quid agis? Duplici in diversum scinderis hamo,
 Hunc cæne, an hunc sequeris? ———*

Whether alone, or in thy Harlot's lap,
 When thou would'st take a lazy morning's nap;
 Up, up, says *AVARICE*; thou snor'st again,
 Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain.
 The rugged Tyrant no denial takes;
 At his command th' unwilling fluggard wakes.
 What must I do? he cries; What? says his Lord:
 Why rise, make ready, and go straight aboard:
 With fish, from *Euxine* seas, thy vessel freight;
 Flax, Castor, *Coan* wines, the precious weight
 Of Pepper, and *Sabeen* incense, take
 With thy own hands, from the tir'd Camel's back,
 And with post-haste thy running markets make.
 Be sure to turn the penny; lye and swear,
 'Tis wholesome Sin: But *Jove*, thou say'st will hear.
 Swear, fool, or starve; for the *Dilemma*'s even:
 A Tradesman thou! and hope to go to Heav'n?
 Resolv'd for Sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,
 Each saddled with his burden on his back:
 Nothing retards thy voyage, now; but he,
 That soft voluptuous Prince, call'd *LUXURY*;
 And he may ask this civil question; Friend,
 What dost thou make a-shipboard? to what end?
 Art thou of *Bethlem*'s noble College free?
 Stark, staring mad, that thou would'st tempt the Sea?
 Cubb'd in a Cabin, on a Mattress laid,
 On a brown George, with lowfy Swobbers fed;

Dead

Dead wine that stinks of the *Borachio*, sup
 From a foul Jack, or greasy Maple cup?
 Say, would'st thou bear all this, to raise thy store,
 From six i'th' hundred to six hundred more?
 Indulge, and to thy genius freely give:
 For, not to live at ease, is not to live:
 Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour
 Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.
 Live while thou liv'st; for Death will make us all
 A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.
 Speak; wilt thou *Avarice* or *Pleasure* chuse
 To be thy Lord? Take one; and one refuse.

When a Government flourishes in conquests, and is secure from foreign attacks, it naturally falls into all the pleasures of Luxury; and as these pleasures are very expensive, they put those who are addicted to them upon raising fresh supplies of money, by all the methods of rapaciousness and corruption; so that Avarice and Luxury very often become one complicated principle of action, in those whose hearts are wholly set upon ease, magnificence and pleasure. The most elegant and correct of all the *Latin* Historians observes, that in his time, when the most formidable States in the world were subdued by the *Romans*, the Republic sunk into those two Vices of a quite different nature, Luxury and Avarice: and accordingly describes *Catiline* as one who coveted the wealth of other men, at the same time that he squandered away his own. This observation on the Commonwealth, when it was in its height of power and riches, holds good of all Governments that are settled in a state of ease and prosperity. At such times men naturally endeavor to outshine one another in pomp and splendor, and having no fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themselves in the enjoyment of all the pleasures they can get into their possession; which naturally produces Avarice, and an immoderate pursuit after wealth and riches.

As I was humoring myself in the speculation of these two great principles of action, I could not forbear throwing my thoughts into a little kind of Allegory or Fable, with which I shall here present my reader.

There were two very powerful Tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other: the name of the first was *Luxury*, and of the second *Avarice*. The aim of each of them was no less than an universal Monarchy over the hearts of mankind. *Luxury* had many Generals under him, who did him great service, as *Pleasure*, *Mirth*, *Pomp*, and *Fashion*. *Avarice* was likewise very strong in his Officers, being faithfully served by *Hunger*, *Industry*, *Care*,
 and

and *Watchfulness*: he had likewise a Privy-Counsellor who was always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear: the name of this Privy-Counsellor was *Poverty*. As *Avarice* conducted himself by the counsels of *Poverty*, his antagonist was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of *Plenty*, who was his first Counsellor and Minister of State, that concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great Rivals were thus contending for Empire, their Conquests were very various. *Luxury* got possession of one heart, and *Avarice* of another. The Father of a family would often range himself under the banners of *Avarice*, and the Son under those of *Luxury*. The Wife and Husband would often declare themselves on the two different parties; nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wise men of the world stood *Neuter*: but alas! their numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two Potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their Counsellors were to be present. It is said that *Luxury* began the parly, and after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good friends, were it not for the instigations of *Poverty*, that pernicious Counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions, and prejudices. To this *Avarice* replied, that he looked upon *Plenty* (the first Minister of his antagonist) to be a much more destructive Counsellor than *Poverty*, for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles on which the Government of *Avarice* was founded. At last, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary, that each of them should immediately dismiss his Privy-Counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a Peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, insomuch that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them whatever conquests were made on either side. For this reason, we now find *Luxury* and *Avarice* taking possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the Counsellors above-mentioned, *Avarice* supplies *Luxury* in the room of *Plenty*, as *Luxury* prompts *Avarice* in the place of *Poverty*.

N^o 56.

Friday, May 4.

Felices errore sua——

Lucan.

THE *Americans* believe that all creatures have Souls, not only men and women, but brutes, vegetables, nay even the most inanimate things, as stocks and stones. They believe the same of all the works of art, as of knives, boats, looking-glasses: and that as any of these things perish, their souls go into another world, which is inhabited by the Ghosts of men and women. For this reason they always place by the corpse of their dead friend a bow and arrows, that he may make use of the Souls of them in the other world, as he did of their wooden bodies in this. How absurd soever such an opinion as this may appear, our *European* Philosophers have maintained several notions altogether as improbable. Some of *Plato's* followers in particular, when they talk of the world of ideas, entertain us with substances and beings no less extravagant and chimerical. Many *Aristotelians* have likewise spoken as unintelligibly of their substantial forms. I shall only instance *Albertus Magnus*, who in his dissertation upon the loadstone observing that fire will destroy its magnetic virtues, tells us that he took particular notice of one as it lay glowing amidst an heap of burning coals, and that he perceived a certain blue vapor to arise from it, which he believed might be the *substantial Form*, that is, in our *West-Indian* phrase, the *Soul* of the load-stone.

There is a tradition among the *Americans*, that one of their countrymen descended in a vision to the great repository of Souls, or, as we call it here, to the other world; and that upon his return he gave his friends a distinct account of every thing he saw among those regions of the dead. A friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the interpreters of the *Indian* Kings, to enquire of them, if possible, what tradition they have among them of this matter; which, as well as he could learn by those many questions which he asked them at several times, was in substance as follows.

The Visionary, whose name was *Marraton*, after having travelled for a long space under an hollow mountain, arrived at length on the confines of this world of Spirits; but could not enter it by reason of a thick forest made up

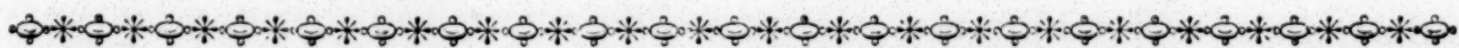
up of bushes, brambles, and pointed thorns, so perplex'd and interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some track or path-way that might be worn in any part of it, he saw an huge Lion couched under the side of it, who kept his eye upon him in the same posture as when he watches for his prey. The *Indian* immediately started back, whilst the Lion rose with a spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other weapons, he stooped down to take up an huge stone in his hand; but to his infinite surprise grasped nothing, and found the supposed stone to be only the apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this side, he was as much pleased on the other, when he found the Lion, which had seized on his left shoulder, had no power to hurt him, and was only the Ghost of that ravenous creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent enemy, but he marched up to the wood, and after having surveyed it for some time, endeavored to press into one part of it that was a little thinner than the rest; when again, to his great surprise, he found the bushes made no resistance, but that he walked through briers and brambles with the same ease as through the open air; and, in short, that the whole wood was nothing else but a wood of Shades. He immediately concluded, that this huge thicket of thorns and brakes was designed as a kind of fence or quick-set hedge to the Ghosts it inclosed; and that probably their soft substances might be torn by these subtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impressions in flesh and blood. With this thought he resolved to travel through this intricate wood; when by degrees he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much further when he observed the thorns and briers to end, and give place to a thousand beautiful green trees covered with blossoms of the finest scents and colors, that formed a wilderness of sweets, and were a kind of lining to those ragged scenes which he had before passed through. As he was coming out of this delightful part of the wood, and entering upon the plains it inclosed, he saw several horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the cry of a pack of dogs. He had not listened long before he saw the apparition of a milk-white steed, with a young man on the back of it, advancing upon full stretch after the souls of about an hundred beagles that were hunting down the ghost of an hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable swiftness. As the man on the milk-white steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young Prince *Ni-charagua*, who died about half a year before, and, by reason of his great virtues, was at that time lamented over all the western parts of *America*.

He had no sooner got out of the wood, but he was entertained with such a landscape of flowry plains, green meadows, running streams, sunny hills, and shady vales, as were not to be represented by his own expressions, nor, as he said, by the conceptions of others. This happy region was peopled with innumerable swarms of Spirits, who applied themselves to exercises and diversions according as their fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the figure of a coit; others were pitching the shadow of a bar; others were breaking the apparition of a horse; and multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious handicrafts with the Souls of *departed Utenfils*; for that is the name which in the *Indian* language they give their tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the flowers that rose every where about him in the greatest variety and profusion, having never seen several of them in his own country: but he quickly found that though they were objects of his sight, they were not liable to his touch. He at length came to the side of a great river, and being a good fisherman himself, stood upon the banks of it some time to look upon an Angler that had taken a great many shapes of fishes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

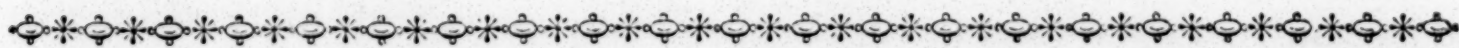
I should have told my Reader, that this *Indian* had been formerly married to one of the greatest beauties of his country, by whom he had several children. This couple were so famous for their love and constancy to one another, that the *Indians* to this day, when they give a married man joy of his wife, wish that they may live together like *Marraton* and *Yaratilda*. *Marraton* had not stood long by the fisherman when he saw the shadow of his beloved *Yaratilda*, who had for some time fixed her eye upon him, before he discovered her. Her arms were stretched out towards him, floods of tears ran down her eyes; her looks, her hands, her voice called him over to her; and at the same time seemed to tell him that the river was unpassable. Who can describe the passion made up of joy, sorrow, love, desire, astonishment, that rose in the *Indian* upon the sight of his dear *Yaratilda*? he could express it by nothing but his tears, which ran like a river down his cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this posture long, before he plunged into the stream which lay before him; and finding it to be nothing but the phantom of a river, walked on the bottom of it till he arose on the other side. At his approach *Yaratilda* flew into his arms, whilst *Marraton* wished himself disincumbred of that body which kept her from his embraces. After many questions and endearments on both sides, she conducted him to a bower which she had dressed with her own hands with all the ornaments that could be met with in those blooming regions. She had made it gay beyond imagination, and was every day adding something

something new to it. As *Marraton* stood astonished at the unspeakable beauty of her habitation, and ravished with the fragrancy that came from every part of it, *Yaratilda* told him that she was preparing this bower for his reception, as well knowing that his piety to his God, and his faithful dealing towards men, would certainly bring him to that happy place, whenever his life should be at an end. She then brought two of her children to him, who died some years before, and resided with her in the same delightful bower; advising him to breed up those others which were still with him in such a manner, that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy place.

The traditon tells us farther, that he had afterwards a sight of those dismal habitations which are the portion of ill men after death; and mentions several molten seas of gold, in which were plunged the Souls of barbarous *Europeans*, who put to the sword so many thousands of poor *Indians* for the sake of that precious metal: but having already touched upon the chief points of this tradition, and exceeded the measure of my paper, I shall not give any further account of it.



N^o 57. *Saturday, May 5.*



*Quem præstare potest mulier galeata pudorem
Quæ fugit a sexu? —————*

Juv.

WHEN the wife of *Hector*, in *Homer's Iliads*, discourses with her husband about the battle in which he was going to engage, the Hero, desiring her to leave that matter to his care, bids her go to her maids and mind her spinning: by which the Poet intimates, that men and women ought to busy themselves in their proper spheres, and on such matters only as are suitable to their respective sex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young Gentleman, who has passed a great part of his life in the nursery, and, upon occasion, can make a caudle or a sack-posset better than any man in *England*. He is likewise a wonderful Critic in cambric and muslins, and will talk an hour together upon a sweet-meat. He entertains his mother every night with observations that he makes both in Town and Court: as what Lady shews the nicest fancy in her dress; what man of quality wears the fairest wig; who has the finest linen,

linen, who the prettiest snuff-box, with many other the like curious remarks that may be made in good company.

On the other hand I have very frequently the opportunity of seeing a rural *Andromache*, who came up to Town last winter, and is one of the greatest fox-hunters in the country. She talks of hounds and horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a fix-bar gate. If a man tells her a wag-gish story, she gives him a push with her hand in jest, and calls him an impudent dog; and if her servant neglects his business, threatens to kick him out of the house. I have heard her, in her wrath, call a substantial tradesman a lousy cur; and remember one day, when she could not think of the name of a person, she described him, in a large company of Men and Ladies, by the fellow with broad shoulders.

If those speeches and actions, which in their own nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong sex, the faults and imperfections of one sex transplanted into another, appear black and monstrous. As for the men, I shall not in this paper any further concern myself about them; but as I would fain contribute to make woman-kind, which is the most beautiful part of the creation, entirely amiable, and wear out all those little spots and blemishes that are apt to rise among the charms which nature has poured out upon them, I shall dedicate this paper to their service. The spot which I would here endeavor to clear them of, is that party-rage which of late years is very much crept into their conversation. This is, in its nature, a male vice, and made up of many angry and cruel passions that are altogether repugnant to the softness, the modesty, and those other endearing qualities which are natural to the fair sex. Women were found to temper mankind, and sooth them into tenderness and compassion; not to set an edge upon their minds, and blow up in them those passions which are too apt to rise of their own accord. When I have seen a pretty mouth uttering calumnies and invectives, what would I not have given to have flopt it? how have I been troubled to see some of the finest features in the world grow pale, and tremble with party-rage? *Camilla* is one of the greatest beauties in the *British* nation, and yet values herself more upon being the *Virago* of one party, than upon being the Toast of both. The dear creature, about a week ago, encountred the fierce and beautiful *Penthesilea* across a tea-table; but in the height of her anger, as her hand chanced to shake with the earnestness of the dispute, she scalded her fingers, and spilt a dish of tea upon her petticoat. Had not this accident broke off the debate, no body knows where it would have ended.

There is one consideration which I would earnestly recommend to all my female readers, and which, I hope, will have some weight with them. In short,

short, it is this, that there is nothing so bad for the face as party-zeal. It gives an ill-natured cast to the eye, and a disagreeable sourness to the look; besides, that it makes the lines too strong, and flushes them worse than brandy. I have seen a woman's face break out in heats, as she has been talking against a great Lord, whom she had never seen in her life; and indeed never knew a party-woman that kept her beauty for a twelve-month. I would therefore advise all my female readers, as they value their complexions, to let alone all disputes of this nature; though, at the same time, I would give free liberty to all superannuated motherly partizans to be as violent as they please, since there will be no danger either of their spoiling their faces, or of their gaining converts.

For my own part I think a man makes an odious and despicable figure, that is violent in a party; but a woman is too sincere to mitigate the fury of her principles with temper and discretion, and to act with that caution and reservedness which are requisite in our sex. When this unnatural zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thousand heats and extravagances; their generous Souls set no bounds to their love, or to their hatred; and whether a Whig or Tory, a Lap-dog or a Gallant, an Opera or a Puppet-show, be the object of it, the passion, while it reigns, engrosses the whole woman.

I remember when Dr. *Titus Oates* was in all his glory, I accompanied my friend *Will Honeycomb* in a visit to a Lady of his acquaintance: we were no sooner sat down, but upon casting my eyes about the room, I found in almost every corner of it a print that represented the Doctor in all magnitudes and dimensions. A little after, as the Lady was discoursing my friend, and held her snuff-box in her hand, who should I see in the lid of it but the Doctor. It was not long after this, when she had occasion for her handkerchief, which upon the first opening discovered among the plaits of it the figure of the Doctor. Upon this my friend *Will*, who loves rally, told her, that if he was in Mr. *True-love's* place (for that was the name of her husband) he should be made as uneasy by a handkerchief as ever *Othello* was. *I am afraid*, said she, *Mr. Honeycomb, you are a Tory; tell me truly, are you a friend to the Doctor or not?* *Will*, instead of making her a reply, smiled in her face (for indeed she was very pretty) and told her that one of her patches was dropping off. She immediately adjusted it, and looking a little seriously, *Well*, says she, *I'll be hanged if you and your silent friend there are not against the Doctor in your hearts, I suspected as much by his saying nothing.* Upon this she took her fan into her hand, and upon the opening of it again displayed to us the figure of the Doctor, who was placed with great gravity among the sticks of it. In a word, I found that the Doctor had taken possession

possession of her thoughts, her discourse, and most of her furniture; but finding myself pressed too close by her question, I winked upon my friend to take his leave, which he did accordingly.

N^o 58.*Monday, May 7.**Ut pictura, poesis erit* ———

Hor.

NOTHING is so much admired, and so little understood, as Wit. No Author that I know of has written professedly upon it; as for those who make any mention of it, they only treat on the subject as it has accidentally fallen in their way, and that too in little short reflections, or in general declamatory flourishes, without entering into the bottom of the matter. I hope therefore I shall perform an acceptable work to my Countrymen, if I treat at large upon this subject; which I shall endeavor to do in a manner suitable to it, that I may not incur the censure which a famous Critic bestows upon one who had written a Treatise upon *the Sublime* in a low groveling stile. I intend to lay aside a whole week for this undertaking, that the scheme of my thoughts may not be broken and interrupted; and I dare promise myself, if my Readers will give me a week's attention, that this great City will be very much changed for the better by next *Saturday* night. I shall endeavor to make what I say intelligible to ordinary capacities; but if my Readers meet with any paper that in some parts of it may be a little out of their reach, I would not have them discouraged, for they may assure themselves the next shall be much clearer.

As the great and only end of these my Speculations is to banish vice and ignorance out of the territories of *Great Britain*, I shall endeavor as much as possible to establish among us a taste of polite writing. It is with this view that I have endeavored to set my Readers right in several points relating to Opera's and Tragedies; and shall from time to time impart my notions of Comedy, as I think they may tend to its refinement and perfection. I find by my Bookseller, that these papers of Criticism, with that upon Humor, have met with a more kind reception than indeed I could have hoped for from such subjects; for which reason I shall enter upon my present undertaking with greater chearfulness.

In this, and one or two following papers, I shall trace out the history of false wit, and distinguish the several kinds of it as they have prevailed in different

different ages of the world. This I think the more necessary at present, because I observed there were attempts on foot last winter to revive some of those antiquated modes of Wit that have been long exploded out of the Commonwealth of Letters. There were several Satires and Panegyrics handed about in Acrostic, by which means some of the most arrant undisputed blockheads about the town began to entertain ambitious thoughts, and to set up for polite Authors. I shall therefore describe at length those many arts of false Wit, in which a writer does not shew himself a man of a beautiful genius, but of great industry.

The first species of false wit which I have met with, is very venerable for its antiquity, and has produced several pieces which have lived very near as long as the *Iliad* itself: I mean those short Poems printed among the minor *Greek* Poets, which resemble the figure of an Egg, a pair of Wings, an Ax, a shepherd's Pipe and an Altar.

As for the first it is a little oval Poem, and may not improperly be called a Scholar's egg. I would endeavor to hatch it, or in more intelligible language, to translate it into *English*, did not I find the interpretation of it very difficult; for the Author seems to have been more intent upon the figure of his Poem, than upon the sense of it.

The pair of wings consists of twelve verses, or rather feathers, every verse decreasing gradually in its measure according to its situation in the wing. The subject of it (as in the rest of the Poems which follow) bears some remote affinity with the figure, for it describes a God of Love, who is always painted with wings.

The Ax methinks would have been a good figure for a Lampoon, had the edge of it consisted of the most satirical parts of the work; but as it is in the original, I take it to be nothing else but the poesy of an Ax which was consecrated to *Minerva*, and was thought to have been the same that *Epeus* made use of in the building of the *Trojan* Horse; which is a hint I shall leave to the consideration of the Critics. I am apt to think that the Poesy was written originally upon the Ax, like those which our modern Cutlers inscribe upon their knives; and that therefore the Poesy still remains in its ancient shape, though the Ax itself is lost.

The Shepherd's pipe may be said to be full of music, for it is composed of nine different kinds of verses, which by their several lengths resemble the nine stops of the old musical instrument, that is likewise the subject of the Poem.

The Altar is inscribed with the Epitaph of *Troilus* the son of *Hecuba*; which, by the way, makes me believe, that these false pieces of wit are much more ancient than the Authors to whom they are generally ascribed;

at least I will never be persuaded, that so fine a writer as *Theocritus* could have been the Author of any such simple works.

It was impossible for a man to succeed in these performances who was not a kind of Painter, or at least a Designer: he was first of all to draw the out-line of the subject which he intended to write upon, and afterwards conform the description to the figure of his subject. The Poetry was to contract or dilate itself according to the mould in which it was cast. In a word, the verses were to be cramped or extended to the dimensions of the frame that was prepared for them; and to undergo the fate of those persons whom the Tyrant *Procrustes* used to lodge in his iron bed; if they were too short, he stretched them on a rack, and if they were too long, chopped off a part of their legs, till they fitted the couch which he had prepared for them.

Mr. *Dryden* hints at this obsolete kind of wit in one of the following Verses in his *Mac Fleckno*; which an *English* reader cannot understand, who does not know that there are those little Poems abovementioned in the shape of Wings and Altars.

———Choose for thy command
Some peaceful Province in Acrostic land;
There may'st thou Wings display, and Altars raise,
And torture one poor word a thousand ways.

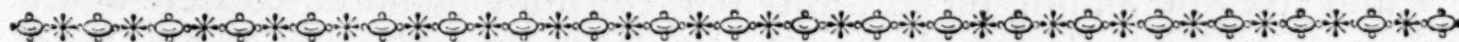
This fashion of false wit was revived by several Poets of the last age, and in particular may be met with among Mr. *Herbert's* Poems; and, if I am not mistaken, in the translation of *Du Bartas*. I do not remember any other kind of work among the moderns which more resembles the performances I have mentioned, than that famous picture of King *Charles* the first, which has the whole book of *Psalms* written in the lines of the face and the hair of the head. When I was last at *Oxford* I perused one of the whiskers; and was reading the other, but could not go so far in it as I would have done, by reason of the impatience of my friends and fellow-travellers, who all of them pressed to see such a piece of curiosity. I have since heard, that there is now an eminent writing-master in town, who has transcribed all the *Old Testament* in a full-bottom'd perriwig; and if the fashion should introduce the thick kind of Wigs which were in vogue some few years ago, he promises to add two or three supernumerary locks that shall contain all the *Apocrypha*. He designed this Wig originally for King *William*, having disposed of the two books of *Kings* in the two forks of the foretop; but

but that glorious Monarch dying before the Wig was finished, there is a space left in it for the face of any one that has a mind to purchase it.

But to return to our ancient Poems in picture, I would humbly propose, for the benefit of our modern smatterers in Poetry, that they would imitate their brethren among the ancients in those ingenious devices. I have communicated this thought to a young poetical Lover of my acquaintance, who intends to present his Mistress with a copy of verses made in the shape of her fan; and, if he tells me true, has already finished the three first sticks of it. He has likewise promised me to get the measure of his Mistress's marriage-finger, with a design to make a poesy in the fashion of a ring which shall exactly fit it. It is so very easy to enlarge upon a good hint, that I do not question but my ingenious Readers will apply what I have said to many other particulars; and that we shall see the Town filled in a very little time with poetical tippets, handkerchiefs, snuff-boxes, and the like female ornaments. I shall therefore conclude with a word of advice to those admirable *English* Authors who call themselves Pindaric writers, that they would apply themselves to this kind of wit without loss of time, as being provided better than any other Poets with verses of all sizes and dimensions.

N^o 59.

Tuesday, May 8.

*Operosè nihil agunt.*

Sen.

THERE is nothing more certain than that every man would be a Wit if he could, and notwithstanding Pedants of pretended depth and solidity are apt to decry the writings of a polite Author, as *Flash* and *Froth*, they all of them shew upon occasion that they would spare no pains to arrive at the character of those whom they seem to despise. For this reason we often find them endeavoring at works of fancy, which cost them infinite pangs in the production. The truth of it is, a man had better be a gally-slave than a wit, were one to gain that title by those elaborate trifles which have been the inventions of such Authors as were often masters of great learning, but no genius.

In my last paper I mentioned some of these false wits among the ancients, and in this shall give the Reader two or three other species of them, that flourished in the same early ages of the world. The first I shall produce are

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the

the *Lipogrammatists* or *Letter-droppers* of antiquity, that would take an exception, without any reason, against some particular letter in the alphabet, so as not to admit it once into a whole Poem. One *Tryphiodorus* was a great master in this kind of writing. He composed an *Odyssy* or epic Poem on the adventures of *Ulysses*, consisting of four and twenty books, having entirely banished the letter *A* from his first book, which was called *Alpha* (as *lucus a non lucendo*) because there was not an *Alpha* in it. His second book was inscribed *Beta*, for the same reason. In short, the Poet excluded the whole four and twenty letters in their turns, and shewed them, one after another, that he could do his business without them.

It must have been very pleasant to have seen this Poet avoiding the reprobate Letter, as much as another would a false quantity, and making his escape from it through the several *Greek* dialects, when he was pressed with it in any particular syllable. For the most apt and elegant word in the whole language was rejected, like a diamond with a flaw in it, if it appeared blemished with a wrong letter. I shall only observe upon this head, that if the work I have here mentioned had been now extant, the *Odyssy* of *Tryphiodorus*, in all probability, would have been oftener quoted by our learned Pedants, than the *Odyssy* of *Homer*. What a perpetual fund would it have been of obsolete words and phrases, unusual barbarisms and rusticities, absurd spellings and complicated dialects? I make no question but it would have been looked upon as one of the most valuable treasures of the *Greek* tongue.

I find likewise among the ancients that ingenious kind of conceit which the moderns distinguish by the name of a *Rebus*, that does not sink a letter but a whole word, by substituting a picture in its place. When *Cæsar* was one of the masters of the *Roman* mint, he placed the figure of an Elephant upon the reverse of the public money; the word *Cæsar* signifying an Elephant in the *Punic* language. This was artificially contrived by *Cæsar*, because it was not lawful for a private man to stamp his own figure upon the coin of the Commonwealth. *Cicero*, who was so called from the founder of his family, that was marked on the nose with a little wen like a vetch (which is *cicer* in *Latin*) instead of *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, ordered the words *Marcus Tullius* with the figure of a vetch at the end of them to be inscribed on a public monument. This was done probably to shew that he was neither ashamed of his name or family, notwithstanding the envy of his competitors had often reproached him with both. In the same manner we read of a famous building that was marked in several parts of it with the figures of a Frog and a Lizard: those words in *Greek* having been the names of the architects, who by the laws of their country were never permitted to
inscribe

inscribe their own names upon their works. For the same reason it is thought, that the forelock of the horse in the antique-equestrian statue of *Marcus Aurelius*, represents at a distance the shape of an Owl, to intimate the country of the statuary, who, in all probability, was an *Athenian*. This kind of wit was very much in vogue among our own countrymen about an age or two ago, who did not practise it for any oblique reason, as the ancients abovementioned, but purely for the sake of being witty. Among innumerable instances that may be given of this nature, I shall produce the device of one Mr. *Newberry*, as I find it mentioned by our learned *Cambden* in his remains. Mr. *Newberry*, to represent his name by a picture, hung up at his door the sign of a Yew-tree, that had several berries upon it, and in the midst of them a great golden *N* hung upon a bough of the tree, which by the help of a little false spelling made up the word *N-ew-berry*.

I shall conclude this topic with a *Rebus*, which has been lately hewn out in free-stone, and erected over two of the portals of *Blenheim* house, being the figure of a monstrous Lion tearing to pieces a little Cock. For the better understanding of which device, I must acquaint my *English* reader that a Cock has the misfortune to be called in *Latin* by the same word that signifies a *French-man*, as a Lion is an emblem of the *English* nation. Such a device in so noble a pile of building looks like a Punn in an heroic Poem; and I am very sorry the truly ingenious architect would suffer the statuary to blemish his excellent plan with so poor a conceit: but I hope what I have said will gain quarter for the Cock, and deliver him out of the Lion's paw.

I find likewise in ancient times the conceit of making an Echo talk sensibly, and give rational answers. If this could be excusable in any writer, it would be in *Ovid*, where he introduces the Echo as a Nymph, before she was worn away into nothing but a voice. The learned *Erasmus*, though a man of wit and genius, has composed a Dialogue upon this silly kind of device, and made use of an Echo who seems to have been a very extraordinary linguist, for she answers the person she talks with in *Latin*, *Greek* and *Hebrew*, according as she found the syllables which she was to repeat in any of those learned languages. *Hudibras*, in ridicule of this false kind of wit, has described *Bruin* bewailing the loss of his Bear to a solitary Echo, who is of great use to the Poet in several distichs, as she does not only repeat after him, but helps out his verse, and furnishes him with *Rhymes*.

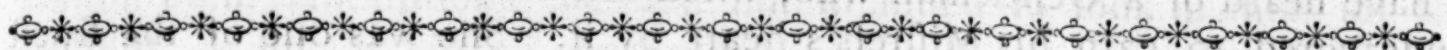
*He raged, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas;
Forcing the vallies to repeat
The accents of his sad regret;*

He

He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
For loss of his dear crony Bear,
That Echo from the hollow ground
His doleful wailings did resound
More wistfully, by many times,
Than in small Poets splay-foot Rhymes,
That make her in their rueful stories,
To answer to Int'rogatories,
And most unconscionably depose
Things of which she nothing knows:
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the Lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,
Art thou fled to my —— Echo, Ruin?
I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step
For fear. (Quoth Echo) Marry guep.
Am I not here to take thy part!
Then what has quell'd thy stubborn heart?
Have these bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear sake. (Quoth she) Mum budget.
Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish
Thou turn'st thy back? quoth Echo, Pish.
To run from those th' hadst overcome
Thus cowardly? quoth Echo. Mum.
But what a-vengeance makes thee fly
From me too as thine enemy?
Or if thou hadst no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet shame and honor might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who wou'd grudge to spend his blood in
His honor's cause? quoth she, A pudding.



N^o 60. *Wednesday, May 9.*



Hoc est quod palles? cur quis non prandeat, hoc est? Per. Sat. 3.

SEVERAL kinds of false wit that vanished in the refined ages of the world, discovered themselves again in the times of monkish ignorance.

As the Monks were the masters of all that little learning which was then extant, and had their whole lives entirely disengaged from business, it is no wonder that several of them, who wanted genius for higher performances, employed many hours in the composition of such tricks in writing as required much time and little capacity. I have seen half the *Æneid* turned into *Latin* rhymes by one of the *Beaux Esprits* of that dark age; who says in his preface to it, that the *Æneid* wanted nothing but the sweets of rhyme to make it the most perfect work in its kind. I have likewise seen an Hymn in Hexameters to the Virgin *Mary*, which filled a whole book, though it consisted but of the eight following words;

Tot, tibi, sunt, Virgo, dotes, quot, sidera, cælo.

Thou hast as many Virtues, O Virgin, as there are stars in Heaven.

The Poet rung the changes upon these eight several words, and by that means made his verses almost as numerous as the virtues and the stars which they celebrated. It is no wonder that men who had so much time upon their hands, did not only restore all the antiquated pieces of false wit, but enriched the world with inventions of their own. It was to this age that we owe the production of Anagrams, which is nothing else but a transmutation of one word into another, or the turning of the same set of letters into different words; which may change night into day, or black into white if Chance, who is the Goddess that presides over these sorts of composition, shall so direct. I remember a witty Author, in allusion to this kind of writing, calls his Rival, who (it seems) was distorted, and had his limbs set in places that did not properly belong to them, *The Anagram of a man.*

When the Anagrammatist takes a name to work upon, he considers it at first as a Mine not broken up, which will not shew the treasure it contains
till

till he shall have spent many hours in the search of it: for it is his business to find out one word that conceals itself in another, and to examine the letters in all the variety of stations in which they can possibly be ranged. I have heard of a Gentleman who, when this kind of wit was in fashion, endeavored to gain his Mistress's heart by it. She was one of the finest women of her age, and known by the name of the Lady *Mary Boon*. The Lover not being able to make any thing of *Mary*, by certain liberties indulged to this kind of writing converted it into *Moll*; and after having shut himself up for half a year, with indefatigable industry produced an Anagram. Upon the presenting it to his Mistress, who was a little vexed in her heart to see herself degraded into *Moll Boon*, she told him, to his infinite surprise, that he had mistaken her Surname, for that it was not *Boon* but *Bohun*.

————— *Ibi omnis*
Effusus labor —————

The Lover was thunder-struck with his misfortune, insomuch that in a little time after he lost his senses, which indeed had been very much impaired by that continual application he had given to his Anagram.

The Acrostic was probably invented about the same time with the Anagram, though it is impossible to decide whether the inventor of the one or the other were the greater blockhead. The *Simple* Acrostic is nothing but the name or title of a person or thing made out of the initial letters of several verses, and by that means written, after the manner of the *Chinese*, in a perpendicular line. But besides these there are *Compound* Acrostics, when the principal letters stand two or three deep. I have seen some of them where the Verses have not only been edged by a name at each extremity, but have had the same name running down like a seam through the middle of the Poem.

There is another near relation of the Anagrams and Acrostics, which is commonly called a Chronogram. This kind of wit appears very often on many modern Medals, especially those of *Germany*, when they represent in the Inscription the year in which they were coined. Thus we see on a Medal of *Gustavus Adolphus* the following words, CHRISTVS DUX ERGO TRIVMPHVS. If you take the pains to pick the figures out of the several words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to MDCXVVII, or 1627, the year in which the Medal was stamped: for as some of the Letters distinguish themselves from the rest, and over-top their fellows, they are to be considered in a double capacity, both as Letters and as Figures. Your laborious *German* Wits will turn over a whole Dictionary for

for one of these ingenious devices. A man would think they were searching after an apt classical term; but instead of that, they are looking out a word that has an L, an M, or a D in it. When therefore we meet with any of these Inscriptions, we are not so much to look in them for the thought, as for the year of the Lord.

The *Bouts-Rimez* were the favorites of the *French* nation for a whole age together, and that at a time when it abounded in wit and learning. They were a list of words that rhyme to one another, drawn up by another hand, and given to a Poet, who was to make a Poem to the Rhymes in the same order that they were placed upon the list: the more uncommon the Rhymes were, the more extraordinary was the genius of the Poet that could accommodate his verses to them. I do not know any greater instance of the decay of wit and learning among the *French* (which generally follows the declension of Empire) than the endeavoring to restore this foolish kind of wit. If the Reader will be at the trouble to see examples of it, let him look into the new *Mercure Gallant*; where the author every month gives a list of Rhymes to be filled up by the Ingenious, in order to be communicated to the public in the *Mercure* for the succeeding month. That for the month of *November* last, which now lies before me, is as follows.

----- *Lauriers*
 ----- *Guerriers*
 ----- *Musette*
 ----- *Lisette*
 ----- *Cesars*
 ----- *Etendars*
 ----- *Houlette*
 ----- *Folette*

One would be amazed to see so learned a man as *Menage* talking seriously on this kind of trifle in the following passage.

Monsieur de la Chambre has told me, that he never knew what he was going to write when he took his pen into his hand; but that one sentence always produced another. For my own part, I never knew what I should write next when I was making verses. In the first place I got all my rhymes together, and was afterwards perhaps three or four months in filling them up. I one day shewed *Monsieur Gombaud* a composition of this nature, in which among others I had made use of the four following rhymes, *Amaryllis*, *Phyllis*, *Marne*, *Arne*, desiring him to give me his opinion of it. He told me immediately, that my verses were good for nothing. And upon my asking his reason, he said, because the rhymes are too common; and for

that, reason easy to be put into verse. Marry, says I, if it be so, I am very well rewarded for all the pains I have been at. But by Monsieur Gombaud's leave, notwithstanding the severity of the criticism, the verses were good. Vid. MENAGIANA. Thus far the learned Menage, whom I have translated word for word.

The first occasion of these *Bouts-Rimez* made them in some manner excusable, as they were tasks which the French Ladies used to impose on their Lovers. But when a grave Author, like him above mentioned, tasked himself, could there be any thing more ridiculous? or would not one be apt to believe that the Author played booty, and did not make his list of rhymes till he had finished his Poem?

I shall only add, that this piece of false Wit has been finely ridiculed by Monsieur Sarasin, in a Poem entitled, *La Defaite des Bouts-Rimez, the Rout of the Bouts-Rimez*.

I must subjoin to this last kind of wit the Double rhymes, which are used in doggerel Poetry, and generally applauded by ignorant readers. If the thought of the couplet in such compositions is good, the rhyme adds little to it; and if bad, it will not be in the power of the rhyme to recommend it. I am afraid that great Numbers of those who admire the incomparable *Hudibras*, do it more on account of these doggerel rhymes, than of the parts that really deserve admiration. I am sure I have heard the

*Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick;*

and

*There was an ancient sage Philosopher
Who had read Alexander Ross over,*

more frequently quoted, than the finest pieces of Wit in the whole Poem.

Thursday,

N^o 61.

Thursday, May, 10.

*Non equidem studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis**Pagina turgescant, dare pondus idonea fumo.*

Perf.

T H E R E is no kind of false Wit which has been so recommended by the practice of all ages, as that which consists in a jingle of words, and is comprehended under the general name of *Punning*. It is indeed impossible to kill a weed, which the soil has a natural disposition to produce. The seeds of Punning are in the minds of all men, and though they may be subdued by reason, reflection, and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius, that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raise the mind to Poetry, Painting, Music or other more noble arts, it often breaks out in Puns and Quibbles.

Aristotle, in the eleventh chapter of his book of Rhetoric, describes two or three kinds of Puns, which he calls Paragrams, among the beauties of good writing, and produces instances of them out of some of the greatest Authors in the *Greek* tongue. *Cicero* has sprinkled several of his works with Puns, and in his book where he lays down the rules of Oratory, quotes abundance of sayings as pieces of Wit, which also upon examination prove arrant Puns. But the age in which the *Pun* chiefly flourished, was the reign of King *James* the first. That learned Monarch was himself a tolerable Punster, and made very few Bishops or Privy-Councillors that had not some time or other signalized themselves by a Clinch, or a *Conundrum*. It was therefore in this age that the *Pun* appeared with pomp and dignity. It had before been admitted into merry speeches and ludicrous compositions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit, or pronounced in the most solemn manner at the Council-table. The greatest Authors, in their most serious works, made frequent use of Puns. The Sermons of Bishop *Andrews*, and the Tragedies of *Shakespeare*, are full of them. The sinner was punned into repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more usual than to see a Hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together.

I must add to these great Authorities, which seem to have given a kind of sanction to this piece of false Wit, that all the writers of Rhetoric have treated of Punning with very great respect, and divided the several kinds of it into hard names, that are reckoned among the figures of speech, and recommended as ornaments in discourse. I remember a country school-master of my acquaintance told me once, that he had been in company with a Gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greatest *Paragrammatist* among the moderns. Upon enquiry, I found my learned friend had dined that day with Mr. *Swan*, the famous Punster; and desiring him to give me some account of Mr. *Swan's* conversation, he told me that he generally talked in the *Paranomasia*, that he sometimes gave into the *Plocè*, but that in his humble opinion he shined most in the *Antanadasis*.

I must not here omit, that a famous University of this land was formerly very much infested with Puns; but whether or no this might not arise from the fens and marshes in which it was situated, and which are now drained, I must leave to the determination of more skillful Naturalists.

After this short history of Punning, one would wonder how it should be so entirely banished out of the learned world, as it is at present, especially since it had found a place in the writings of the most ancient polite Authors. To account for this we must consider, that the first race of Authors, who were the great Heroes in writing, were destitute of all rules and arts of criticism; and for that reason, though they excel later writers in greatness of genius, they fall short of them in accuracy and correctness. The Moderns cannot reach their beauties, but can avoid their imperfections. When the world was furnished with these Authors of the first eminence, there grew up another set of writers, who gained themselves a reputation by the remarks which they made on the works of those who preceded them. It was one of the employments of these secondary Authors, to distinguish the several kinds of Wit by terms of art, and to consider them as more or less perfect, according as they were founded in truth. It is no wonder therefore, that even such Authors as *Isocrates*, *Plato*, and *Cicero*, should have such little blemishes as are not to be met with in Authors of a much inferior character, who have written since those several blemishes were discovered. I do not find that there was a proper separation made between puns and true wit by any of the ancient Authors, except *Quintilian* and *Longinus*. But when this distinction was once settled, it was very natural for all men of sense to agree in it. As for the revival of this false Wit, it happened about the time of the revival of letters; but as soon as it was once detected, it immediately vanished and disappeared. At the same time there is no question, but has it has sunk in one age, and rose in another, it will again
recover

recover itself in some distant period of time, as pedantry and ignorance shall prevail upon wit and sense. And, to speak the truth, I do very much apprehend, by some of the last winter's productions, which had their sets of admirers, that our posterity will in a few years degenerate into a race of Punsters: at least, a man may be very excusable for any apprehensions of this kind, that has seen *Acrostics* handed about the Town with great secrecy and applause; to which I must also add a little *Epigram* called the *Witches Prayer*, that fell into verse when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it cursed one way and blessed the other. When one sees there are actually such pains-takers among our *British Wits*, who can tell what it may end in? If we must lash one another, let it be with the manly strokes of Wit and Satire; for I am of the old Philosopher's opinion, that if I must suffer from one or the other, I would rather it should be from the paw of a Lion, than the hoof of an Ass. I do not speak this out of any spirit of party. There is a most crying dullness on both sides. I have seen Tory *Acrostics* and Whig *Anagrams*, and do not quarrel with either of them, because they are *Whigs* or *Tories*, but because they are *Anagrams* and *Acrostics*.

But to return to Punning. Having pursued the history of a Pun, from its original to its downfall, I shall here define it to be a conceit arising from the use of two words that agree in the sound, but differ in the sense. The only way therefore to try a piece of wit, is to translate it into a different language: if it bears the test, you may pronounce it true; but if it vanishes in the experiment, you may conclude it to have been a Pun. In short, one may say of a Pun as the country-man described his Nightingale, that is, *vox et præterea nihil*, a sound, and nothing but a sound. On the contrary one may represent true Wit by the description which *Aristenetus* makes of a fine woman, when she is dressed she is beautiful, when she is undressed she is beautiful: Or as, *Mercerus* has translated it more emphatically, *Induitur, formosa est: Exuitur, ipsa forma est*.

Friday,

N^o 62.

Friday, May 11.

Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.

Hor.

MR. Locke has an admirable reflection upon the difference of Wit and Judgement, whereby he endeavors to shew the reason why they are not always the talents of the same person. His words are as follow: *And hence, perhaps, may be given some reason of that common observation, That men who have a great deal of wit and prompt memories, have not always the clearest judgment, or deepest reason. For Wit lying most in the assemblage of Ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy; Judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other side, in separating carefully one from another, Ideas wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being mis-led by similitude, and by affinity, to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to Metaphor and Allusion; wherein, for the most part, lies that entertainment and pleasantry of Wit which strikes so lively on the fancy, and is therefore so acceptable to all people.*

This is, I think, the best and most philosophical account that I have ever met with of Wit, which generally, though not always, consists in such a resemblance and congruity of Ideas as this Author mentions. I shall only add to it, by way of explanation, That every resemblance of Ideas is not that which we call Wit, unless it be such an one that gives *Delight* and *Surprise* to the Reader: these two properties seem essential to Wit, more particularly the least of them. In order therefore that the resemblance in the Ideas be Wit, it is necessary that the Ideas should not lie too near one another in the nature of things; for where the likeness is obvious, it gives no surprise. To compare one man's singing to that of another, or to represent the whiteness of any object by that of Milk and Snow, or the variety of its colors by those of the Rainbow, cannot be called Wit, unless, besides this obvious resemblance, there be some further congruity discovered in the two Ideas that is capable of giving the Reader some surprise. Thus when a poet tells us, the bosom of his Mistress is as white as snow, there is no Wit in the comparison; but when he adds, with a sigh, that it is as cold too,

too, it then grows into Wit. Every Reader's memory may supply him with innumerable instances of the same nature. For this reason, the similitudes in heroic Poets, who endeavor rather to fill the mind with great conceptions, than to divert it with such as are new and surprising, have seldom any thing in them that can be called Wit. Mr. *Locke's* account of Wit, with this short explanation, comprehends most of the species of Wit, as Metaphors, Similitudes, Allegories, AEnigmas, Mottos, Parables, Fables, Dreams, Visions, Dramatic writings, Burlesque, and all the method, of Allusion: as there are many other pieces of Wit, (how remote soever they may appear at first sight from the foregoing description) which upon examination will be found to agree with it.

As *true Wit* generally consists in this resemblance and congruity of Ideas, *false Wit* chiefly consists in the resemblance and congruity sometimes of single Letters, as in Anagrams, Chronograms, Lipograms, and Acrostics: sometimes of Syllables, as in Echoes and Doggerel Rhymes: sometimes of Words, as in Puns and Quibbles; and sometimes of whole Sentences or Poems, cast into the figures of *Eggs*, *Axes*, or *Altars*: nay, some carry the notion of Wit so far, as to ascribe it even to external Mimickry; and to look upon a man as an ingenious person, that can resemble the tone, posture, or face of another.

As *true Wit* consists in the resemblance of Ideas, and *false Wit* in the resemblance of Words, according to the foregoing instances; there is another kind of Wit which consists partly in the resemblance of Ideas, and partly in the resemblance of Words; which, for distinction sake, I shall call *mixt Wit*. This kind of Wit is that which abounds in *Cowley*, more than in any Author that ever wrote. Mr. *Waller* has likewise a great deal of it. Mr. *Dryden* is very sparing in it. *Milton* has a genius much above it. *Spencer* is in the same Class with *Milton*. The *Italians*, even in their Epic Poetry, are full of it. Monsieur *Boileau*, who formed himself upon the ancient Poets, has every where rejected it with scorn. If we look after *mixt Wit* among the *Greek* writers, we shall find it no where but in the Epigrammatists. There are indeed some strokes of it in the little Poem ascribed to *Musæus*, which by that, as well as many other marks, betrays itself to be a modern composition. If we look into the *Latin* writers, we find none of this *mixt Wit* in *Virgil*, *Lucretius* or *Catullus*; very little in *Horace*, but a great deal of it in *Ovid*, and scarce any thing else in *Martial*.

Out of the innumerable branches of *mixt Wit*, I shall chuse one instance which may be met with in all the writers of this Class. The passion of Love in its nature has been thought to resemble fire; for which reason the words Fire and Flame are made use of to signify Love. The witty Poets

Poets therefore have taken an advantage from the doubtful meaning of the word Fire, to make an infinite number of Witticisms. *Cowley* observing the cold regard of his Mistress's eyes, and at the same time their power of producing love in him, considers them as Burning-glasses made of ice; and finding himself able to live in the greatest extremities of Love, concludes the torrid Zone to be habitable. When his Mistress has read his letter written in Juice of Lemmon by holding it to the fire, he desires her to read it over a second time by Love's flames. When she weeps, he wishes it were inward heat that distilled those drops from the Limbec. When she is absent, he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty degrees nearer the Pole than when she is with him. His ambitious Love is a fire that naturally mounts upwards; his happy Love is the beams of Heaven, and his unhappy Love flames of Hell. When it does not let him sleep, it is a flame that sends up no smoke; when it is opposed by counsel and advice, it is a fire that rages the more by the wind's blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a tree in which he had cut his loves, he observes that his written flames had burnt up and withered the tree. When he resolves to give over his passion, he tells us that one burnt like him, for ever dreads the fire. His heart is an *AEtna*, that instead of *Vulcan's* shop incloses *Cupid's* forge in it. His endeavoring to drown his love in wine, is throwing oil upon the fire. He would insinuate to his Mistress, that the fire of Love, like that of the Sun (which produces so many living creatures) should not only warm but beget. Love in another place cooks Pleasure at his fire. Sometimes the Poet's heart is frozen in every breast, and sometimes scorched in every eye. Sometimes he is drowned in tears, and burnt in love, like a ship set on fire in the middle of the sea.

The Reader may observe in every one of these instances, that the Poet mixes the qualities of fire with those of love; and in the same sentence speaking of it both as a passion, and as real fire, surprises the Reader with those seeming resemblances or contradictions that make up all the Wit in this kind of writing. Mixt Wit therefore is a composition of Pun and true Wit, and is more or less perfect as the resemblance lies in the Ideas, or in the Words: its foundations are laid partly in falsehood and partly in truth: reason puts in her claim for one half of it, and extravagance for the other. The only province therefore for this kind of Wit, is Epigram, or those little occasional Poems that in their own nature are nothing else but a tissue of Epigrams. I cannot conclude this head of *mixt Wit*, without owning that the admirable Poet out of whom I have taken the examples of it, had as much true Wit as any Author that ever writ: and indeed all other talents of an extraordinary genius.

It

It may be expected, since I am upon this subject, that I should take notice of Mr. *Dryden*'s definition of Wit; which, with all the deference that is due to the judgment of so great a man, is not so properly a definition of Wit, as of good writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is "a propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject." If this be a true definition of Wit, I am apt to think that *Euclid* was the greatest Wit that ever set pen to paper: it is certain there never was a greater propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject, than what that Author has made use of in his *Elements*. I shall only appeal to my Reader, if this definition agrees with any notion he has of Wit: if it be a true one, I am sure Mr. *Dryden* was not only a better Poet, but a greater Wit than Mr. *Cowley*; and *Virgil* a much more facetious man than either *Ovid* or *Martial*.

Bouhours, whom I look upon to be the most penetrating of all the *French* Critics, has taken pains to shew, that it is impossible for any thought to be beautiful which is not just, and has not its foundation in the nature of things: that the basis of all wit is truth; and that no thought can be valuable, of which good sense is not the ground-work. *Boileau* has endeavored to inculcate the same notion in several parts of his writings, both in prose and verse. This is that natural way of writing, that beautiful simplicity, which we so much admire in the compositions of the ancients; and which no body deviates from, but those who want strength of genius to make a thought shine in its own natural beauties. Poets who want this strength of genius, to give that majestic simplicity to nature, which we so much admire in the works of the ancients, are forced to hunt after foreign ornaments, and not to let any piece of Wit of what kind soever escape them. I look upon these writers as *Goths* in Poetry, who, like those in Architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful simplicity of the old *Greeks* and *Romans*, have endeavored to supply its place with all the extravagancies of an irregular fancy. Mr. *Dryden* makes a very handsome observation on *Ovid*'s writing a letter from *Dido* to *Aeneas*, in the following words: " *Ovid* (says he, speaking of *Virgil*'s fiction of *Dido* and *Aeneas*) " takes it up after " him, even in the same age, and makes an ancient Heroine of *Virgil*'s " new-created *Dido*; dictates a letter for her just before her death to the " ungrateful fugitive; and, very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a " sword with a man so much superior in force to him on the same subject. " I think I may be judge of this, because I have translated both. The " famous Author of the *Art of Love* has nothing of his own; he borrows all " from a greater master in his own profession, and, which is worse, im- " proves nothing which he finds: nature fails him, and being forced to his

“ old shift, he has recourse to witticism. This passes indeed with his soft
 “ admirers, and gives him the preference to *Virgil* in their esteem.

Were I not supported by so great an authority as that of Mr. *Dryden*, I should not venture to observe, that the taste of most of our *English* Poets as well as Readers, is extremely *Gothic*. He quotes Monsieur *Segrais* for a three-fold distinction of the Readers of Poetry: in the first of which he comprehends the rabble of Readers, whom he does not treat as such with regard to their quality, but to their numbers and the coarseness of their taste. His words are as follow: “ *Segrais* has distinguished the Readers of Poetry, “ according to their capacity of judging, into three Classes. (He might “ have said the same of writers too, if he had pleased.) In the lowest form “ he places those whom he calls *Les Petits Esprits*, such things as are our “ upper-gallery audience in a Play-house; who like nothing but the husk “ and rind of Wit, prefer a Quibble, a conceit, an Epigram before solid “ sense, and elegant expression: these are Mob-readers. If *Virgil* and *Mar-* “ *tial* stood for Parliament-men, we know already who would carry it. “ But though they make the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the “ loudest, the best on’t is they are but a sort of *French* Huguenots, or *Dutch* “ Boors, brought over in herds, but not naturalized; who have not lands “ of two Pounds *per Annum* in *Parnassus*, and therefore are not privileged to “ Poll. Their Authors are of the same level, fit to represent them on a “ Mountebank’s stage, or to be masters of the ceremonies in a Bear-garden; “ yet these are they who have the most admirers. but it often happens, “ to their mortification, that as their Readers improve their stock of sense, “ (as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of “ judgment) they soon forsake them.

I must not dismiss this subject without observing, that as Mr. *Locke* in the passage above-mentioned has discovered the most fruitful source of Wit, so there is another of a quite contrary nature to it, which does likewise branch itself out into several kinds. For not only the *Resemblance* but the *Opposition* of Ideas does very often produce Wit; as I could shew in several little points, turns, and antitheses, that I may possibly enlarge upon in some future Speculation.

N^o 63.

Saturday, May 12.

*Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
 Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas
 Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
 Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;
 Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?
 Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum
 Per similem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ
 Finguntur species ———*

Hor.

IT is very hard for the mind to disengage itself from a subject in which it has been long employed. The thoughts will be rising of themselves from time to time, though we give them no encouragement; as the tossings and fluctuations of the sea continue several hours after the winds are laid.

It is to this that I impute my last night's Dream or Vision, which formed into one continued allegory the several schemes of Wit, whether false, mixed, or true, that have been the subject of my late papers.

Methought I was transported into a country that was filled with prodigies and enchantments, governed by the Goddesses of *Falseness*, and entitled the *region of false Wit*. There was nothing in the fields, the woods, and the rivers, that appeared natural. Several of the trees blossomed in leaf-gold, some of them produced bone-lace, and some of them precious stones. The fountains bubbled in an Opera tune, and were filled with Stags, Wild boars, and Mermaids, that lived among the waters; at the same time that Dolphins and several kinds of fish played upon the banks, or took their pastime in the meadows. The birds had many of them golden beaks, and human voices. The flowers perfumed the air with smells of incense, amber-greese and pulvillos; and were so interwoven with one another, that they grew up in pieces of embroidery. The winds were filled with sighs and messages of distant lovers. As I was walking to and fro in this enchanted wilderness, I could not forbear breaking out into soliloquies upon the several wonders which lay before me, when to my great surprise, I found there were artificial Echoes in every walk, that by repetitions of certain words which I spoke, agreed with me, or contradicted me,

S f f 2

in

in every thing I said. In the midst of my conversation with these invisible companions, I discovered in the centre of a very dark grove a monstrous fabric built after the *Gothic* manner, and covered with innumerable devices in that barbarous kind of sculpture. I immediately went up to it, and found it to be a kind of heathen temple consecrated to the God of *Dulness*. Upon my entrance I saw the deity of the place dressed in the habit of a Monk, with a book in one hand and a rattle in the other. Upon his right hand was *Industry*, with a lamp burning before her; and on his left *Caprice*, with a Monkey sitting on her shoulder. Before his feet there stood an *Altar* of a very odd make, which, as I afterwards found, was shaped in that manner to comply with the inscription that surrounded it. Upon the Altar there lay several offerings of *Axes*, *Wings*, and *Eggs*, cut in paper, and inscribed with verses. The Temple was filled with votaries, who applied themselves to different diversions, as their fancies directed them. In one part of it I saw a regiment of *Anagrams*, who were continually in motion, turning to the right or to the left, facing about, doubling their ranks, shifting their stations, and throwing themselves into all the figures and counter-marches of the most changeable and perplexed exercise.

Not far from these was a body of *Acrostics*, made up of very disproportioned persons. It was disposed into three columns, the Officers planting themselves in a line on the left hand of each column. The Officers were all of them at least six foot high, and made three rows of very proper men; but the common Soldiers, who filled up the spaces between the Officers, were such dwarfs, cripples, and scarecrows, that one could hardly look upon them without laughing. There were behind the *Acrostics* two or three files of *Chronograms*, which differed only from the former, as their Officers were equipped (like the figure of Time) with an hourglass in one hand, and a scythe in the other, and took their posts promiscuously among the private men whom they commanded.

In the body of the temple, and before the very face of the Deity, methought I saw the Phantom of *Tryphiodorus* and *Lipogrammatist*, engaged in a ball with four and twenty persons, who pursued him by turns through all the intricacies and labyrinths of a country dance, without being able to overtake him.

Observing several to be very busy at the western end of the *Temple*, I enquired into what they were doing, and found there was in that quarter the great magazine of *Rebuses*. These were several things of the most different natures tied up in bundles, and thrown upon one another in heaps like faggots. You might behold an anchor, a night-rail, and a hobby-horse bound up together. One of the workmen seeing me very much surprised,

prised, told me, there was an infinite deal of Wit in several of those bundles, and that he would explain them to me if I pleased: I thanked him for his civility, but told him I was in very great haste at that time. As I was going out of the Temple, I observed in one corner of it a cluster of men and women laughing very heartily, and diverting themselves at a game of *Crambo*. I heard several *double rhymes* as I passed by them, which raised a great deal of mirth.

Not far from these was another set of merry people engaged at a diversion, in which the whole jest was to mistake one person for another. To give occasion for these ludicrous mistakes, they were divided into pairs, every pair being covered from head to foot with the same kind of dress, though perhaps there was not the least resemblance in their faces. By this means an old man was sometimes mistaken for a boy, a woman for a man, and a black-a-moor for an *European*, which very often produced great peals of laughter. These I guessed to be a party of *Puns*. But being very desirous to get out of this world of magic, which had almost turned my brain, I left the Temple, and crossed over the fields that lay about it with all the speed I could make. I was not gone far before I heard the sound of trumpets and alarms, which seemed to proclaim the march of an enemy; and, as I afterwards found, was in reality what I apprehended it. There appeared at a great distance a very shining light, and in the midst of it a person of a most beautiful aspect; her name was *Truth*. On her right hand there marched a male Deity, who bore several quivers on his shoulders, and grasped several Arrows in his hand. His name was *Wit*. The approach of these two enemies filled all the territories of *False Wit* with an unspeakable consternation, insomuch that the Goddesses of those Regions appeared in person upon the frontiers, with the several inferior Deities, and the different bodies of forces which I had before seen in the Temple, who were now drawn up in array, and prepared to give their foes a warm reception. As the march of the enemy was very slow, it gave time to the several Inhabitants who bordered upon the *Regions of Falseness* to draw their forces into a body, with a design to stand upon their guard as neutrals, and attend the issue of the combat.

I must here inform my Reader, that the frontiers of the enchanted region, which I have before described, were inhabited by the Species of *Mixed Wit*, who made a very odd appearance when they were mustered together in an army. There were men whose bodies were stuck full of darts, and women whose eyes were burning-glasses: men that had hearts of fire, and women that had breasts of snow. It would be endless to describe several Monsters of the like nature, that composed this great army; which immediately

diately fell afunder and divided itself into two parts, the one half throwing themselves behind the banners of *Truth*, and the others behind those of *Falseness*.

The Goddess of *Falseness* was of a gigantic stature, and advanced some paces before the front of the Army; but as the dazzling light, which flowed from *Truth*, began to shine upon her, she faded insensibly; insomuch that in a little space she looked rather like an huge Phantom, than a real substance. At length, as the Goddess of *Truth* approached still nearer to her, she fell away entirely, and vanished amidst the brightness of her presence; so that there did not remain the least trace or impression of her figure in the place where she had been seen.

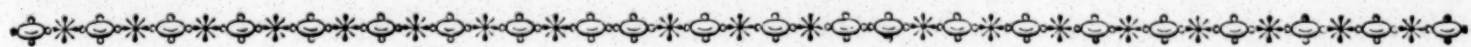
As at the rising of the Sun the Constellations grow thin, and the Stars go out one after another, till the whole Hemisphere is extinguished; such was the vanishing of the Goddess: and not only of the Goddess herself, but of the whole Army that attended her, which sympathized with their leader, and shrunk into nothing, in proportion as the Goddess disappeared. At the same time the whole Temple sunk, the fish betook themselves to the streams, and the wild beasts to the woods, the fountains recovered their murmurs, the birds their voices, the trees their leaves, the flowers their scents, and the whole face of nature its true and genuine appearance. Though I still continued asleep, I fancied myself as it were awakened out of a dream, when I saw this region of Prodigies restored to woods and rivers, fields and meadows.

Upon the removal of that wild scene of wonders, which had very much disturbed my imagination, I took a full survey of the persons of *Wit* and *Truth*; for indeed it was impossible to look upon the first, without seeing the other at the same time. There was behind them a strong and compact body of Figures. The genius of *Heroic Poetry* appeared with a Sword in her hand, and a Laurel on her head. *Tragedy* was crowned with Cypress, and covered with robes dipped in blood. *Satire* had smiles in her look, and a dagger under her garment. *Rhetoric* was known by her Thunderbolt; and *Comedy* by her Mask. After several other figures, *Epigram* marched up in the rear, who had been posted there at the beginning of the expedition, that he might not revolt to the enemy, whom he was suspected to favor in his heart. I was very much awed and delighted with the appearance of the God of *Wit*; there was something so amiable and yet so piercing in his looks, as inspired me at once with love and terror. As I was gazing on him to my unspeakable joy, he took a quiver of arrows from his shoulder, in order to make me a present of it; but as I was reaching out my hand to receive it of him, I knocked it against a chair, and by that means awaked.

Friday,



N^o 68. *Friday, May 18.*



Nos duo turba fumus ———

Ovid.

ONE would think that the larger the company is in which we are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and subjects would be started in discourse; but instead of this, we find that Conversation is never so much straitned and confined as in numerous Assemblies. When a multitude meet together upon any subject of discourse, their debates are taken up chiefly with forms and general positions; nay, if we come into a more contracted Assembly of men and women, the talk generally runs upon the weather, fashions, news, and the like public topics. In proportion, as conversation gets into Clubs and knots of friends, it descends into particulars, and grows more free and communicative: but the most open, instructive, and unreserved discourse, is that which passes between two persons who are familiar and intimate friends. On these occasions, a man gives a loose to every passion and every thought that is uppermost, discovers his most retired opinions of persons and things, tries the beauty and strength of his sentiments, and exposes his whole Soul to the examination of his friend.

Tully was the first who observed, that friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy and dividing of our grief; a thought in which he hath been followed by all the essayers upon friendship, that have written since his time. *Sir Francis Bacon* has finely described other advantages, or, as he calls them, fruits of friendship; and indeed there is no subject of Morality which has been better handled and more exhausted than this. Among the several fine things which have been spoken of it, I shall beg leave to quote some out of a very ancient Author, whose book would be regarded by our modern Wits as one of the most shining tracts of Morality that is extant, if it appeared under the name of a *Confucius*, or of any celebrated *Grecian* Philosopher: I mean the little Apocryphal treatise entitled, *The Wisdom of the Son of Sirach*. How finely has he described the art of making friends, by an obliging and affable behavior? and laid down that precept which a late excellent Author has delivered as his own, "That we should have many well-wishers, but few friends." *Sweet language will multiply friends; and a fair speaking tongue will encrease kind greetings.*

greetings. *Be in peace with many, nevertheless have but one counsellor of a thousand.* With what prudence does he caution us in the choice of our friends? and with what strokes of nature (I could almost say of humor) has he described the behavior of a treacherous; and self interested friend? *If thou would'st get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him: for some man is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble. And there is a friend who being turned to enmity and strife, will discover thy reproach. Again, Some friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thy affliction: but in thy prosperity he will be as thyself, and will be bold over thy servants. If thou be brought low he will be against thee, and hide himself from thy face. What can be more strong and pointed than the following verse? Separate thyself from thine enemies, and take heed of thy friends.* In the next words he particularizes one of those fruits of friendship which is described at length by the two famous Authors abovementioned, and falls into a general elogium of friendship, which is very just as well as very sublime. *A faithful friend is a strong defence; and he that hath found such an one, hath found a treasure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful friend, and his excellency is unvaluable. A faithful friend is the medicine of life; and they that fear the Lord shall find him. Whoso feareth the Lord shall direct his friendship aright; for as he is, so shall his neighbour (that is his friend) be also.* I do not remember to have met with any saying that has pleased me more than that of a friend's being the medicine of life, to express the efficacy of friendship in healing the pains and anguish which naturally cleave to our existence in this world; and am wonderfully pleased with the turn in the last sentence, That a virtuous man shall as a blessing meet with a friend who is as virtuous as himself. There is another saying in the same Author, which would have been very much admired in an heathen writer; *For sake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him: A new friend is as new wine; when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure.* With what strength of allusion, and force of thought, has he described the breaches and violations of friendship? *Whoso casteth a stone at the birds, frayeth them away; and he that upbraideth his friend, breaketh friendship. Though thou drawest a sword at a friend, yet despair not, for there may be a returning to favor. If thou hast opened thy mouth against thy friend, fear not, for there may be a reconciliation; except for upbraiding, or pride, or disclosing of secrets, or a treacherous wound; for, for these things every friend will depart.* We may observe in this and several other precepts in this Author, those little familiar instances and illustrations which are so much admired in the moral writings of *Horace* and *Epicetetus*. There are very beautiful instances of this nature in the following passages, which are likewise written upon the same subject: *Whoso discovereth secrets, loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind. Love thy friend*

friend and be faithful unto him; but if thou bewrayest his secrets, follow no more after him: for as a man hath destroyed his enemy, so hast thou lost the love of thy friend; as one that letteth a bird go out of his hand, so hast thou let thy friend go, and shalt not get him again. Follow after him no more, for he is too far off; he is as a roe escaped out of the snare. As for a wound, it may be bound up, and after reviling there may be reconciliation; but he that bewrayeth secrets, is without hope.

Among the several qualifications of a good friend, this wise man has very justly singled out constancy and faithfulness as the principal: to these, others have added virtue, knowledge, discretion, equality in age and fortune, and, as Cicero calls it, *morum comitas*, a pleasantness of temper. If I were to give my opinion upon such an exhausted subject, I should join to these other qualifications a certain æquability or evenness of behavior. A man often contracts a friendship with one whom perhaps he does not find out 'till after a year's conversation; when on a sudden some latent ill humor breaks out upon him, which he never discovered or suspected at his first entering into an intimacy with him. There are several persons who in some certain periods of their lives are inexpressibly agreeable, and in others as odious and detestable. Martial has given us a very pretty picture of one of this species in the following Epigram;

*Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem,
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.*

*In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.*

It is very unlucky for a man to be entangled in a friendship with one, who by these changes and vicissitudes of humor is sometimes amiable and sometimes odious: and as most men are at some times in an admirable frame and disposition of mind, it should be one of the greatest tasks of wisdom to keep ourselves well when we are so, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable part of our character.

N^o 69.

Saturday, May 19.

*Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ:
 Arborei fœtus alibi, atque injussa virescunt
 Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,
 India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabæi?
 At Chalybes nudi ferrum, viroſaque Pontus
 Caſtorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum?
 Continuo has leges æternaque fœdera certis
 Impoſuit natura locis——*

Virg.

THERE is no place in the Town which I ſo much love to frequent as the *Royal Exchange*. It gives me a ſecret ſatisfaction, and, in ſome meaſure, gratifies my vanity, as I am an *Engliſhman*, to ſee ſo rich an aſſembly of country-men and foreigners conſulting together upon the private buſineſs of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of *Emporium* for the whole Earth. I muſt confeſs I look upon high-change to be a great council, in which all conſiderable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what Ambaſſadors are in the politic world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correſpondence between thoſe wealthy ſocieties of men that are divided from one another by ſeas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleaſed to hear diſputes adjusted between an inhabitant of *Japan* and an Alderman of *London*, or to ſee a ſubject of the *Great Mogul* entering into a league with one of the *Czar* of *Muſcovy*. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with theſe ſeveral miniſters of commerce, as they are diſtinguiſhed by their different walks and different languages: ſometimes I am juſtled among a body of *Armenians*: ſometimes I am loſt in a crowd of *Jews*; and ſometimes make one in a groupe of *Dutchmen*, I am a *Dane*, *Swede*, or *Frenchman* at different times; or rather fancy myſelf like the old Philoſopher, who upon being asked what countryman he was, replied, that he was a citizen of the world.

Though I very frequently viſit this buſy multitude of people, I am known to no body there but my friend Sir *Andrew*, who often ſmiles upon me as he

he sees me bustling in the crowd, but at the same time connives at my presence without taking any further notice of me. There is indeed a merchant of *Egypt*, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some money to *Grand Cairo*; but as I am not versed in the modern *Coptic*, our conferences go no further than a bow and a grimace.

This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainments. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, insomuch that at many public solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stoln down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock: or in other words, raising estates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependance upon one another, and be united together by their common interest. Almost every *Degree* produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country, and the fauce in another. The fruits of *Portugal* are corrected by the products of *Barbadoes*: the infusion of a *China* plant sweetned with the pith of an *Indian* cane. The *Philippic* Islands give a flavor to our *European* bowels. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of an hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the Earth. The Scarf is sent from the torrid Zone, and the tippet from beneath the Pole. The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of *Peru*, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of *Indostan*.

If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren uncomfortable spot of Earth falls to our share! Natural Historians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us, besides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with other delicacies of the like nature; that our climate of itself, and without the assistance of art, can make no further advances towards a plumb than to a floe, and carries an apple to no greater a perfection than a crab: that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our *English* gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left

to the mercy of our sun and foil. Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world, than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every Climate: our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines; our rooms are filled with Pyramids of *China*, and adorned with the workmanship of *Japan*: our morning's-draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the Earth: we repair our bodies by the drugs of *America*, and repose ourselves under *Indian* canopies. My friend Sir *Andrew* calls the vineyards of *France* our garden: the spice-Islands our hot-beds: the *Persians* our silk-weavers and the *Chinese* our potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessities of life, but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with every thing that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the north and south, we are free from those extremities of weather which give them birth; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of *Britain*, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the Tropics.

For these reasons there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, and wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our *English* merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies. The *Mahometans* are clothed in our *British* manufactures, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

When I have been upon the *Change*, I have often fancied one of our old Kings standing in person, where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case, how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of *Europe* spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the Vassals of some powerful Baron, negotiating like princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury! Trade, without enlarging the *British* territories, has given us a kind of additional Empire: It has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed Estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other Estates as valuable as the lands themselves.

Monday,

N^o 70.

Monday, May 21.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt.

Hor.

WHEN I travelled, I took a particular delight in hearing the Songs and Fables that are come from Father to Son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that any thing should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man. Human nature is the same in all reasonable creatures; and whatever falls in with it, will meet with admirers among Readers of all qualities and conditions. *Moliere*, as we are told by *Monfieur Boileau*, used to read all his Comedies to an old woman who was his House-keeper, as she sat with him at her work by the chimney-corner; and could foretell the success of his Play in the Theatre, from the reception it met at his fire-side: for he tells us the Audience always followed the old woman, and never failed to laugh in the same place.

I know nothing which more shews the essential and inherent perfection of simplicity of thought, above that which I call the Gothic manner in writing, than this; that the first pleases all kinds of palates, and the latter only such as have formed to themselves a wrong artificial taste upon little fanciful Authors and writers of Epigram. *Homer*, *Virgil*, or *Milton*, so far as the Language of their Poems is understood, will please a Reader of plain common sense, who would neither relish nor comprehend an Epigram of *Martial*, or a Poem of *Cowley*: so, on the contrary, an ordinary Song or Ballad that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such Readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or ignorance; and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of Nature which recommend it to the most ordinary Reader, will appear beautiful to the most refined.

The old Song of *Chevy-Chase* is the favorite Ballad of the common people of *England*, and *Ben Johnson* used to say he had rather have been the Author of it than of all his works. *Sir Philip Sidney* in his discourse of Poetry speaks of it in the following words; *I never heard the old Song of Piercy and Douglas, that I found not my heart more moved than with a Trumpet; and yet it is sung*

sung by some blind Crowder with no rougher voice than rude stile; which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age. what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar? For my own part I am so professed an admirer of this antiquated Song, that I shall give my reader a Critic upon it, without any further apology for so doing.

The greatest modern Critics have laid it down as a rule, That an heroic Poem should be founded upon some important precept of Morality, adapted to the constitution of the country in which the Poet writers. *Homer* and *Virgil* have formed their plans in this view. As *Greece* was a collection of many Governments, who suffered very much among themselves, and gave the *Persian* Emperor, who was their common enemy, many advantages over them by their mutual jealousies and animosities, *Homer*, in order to establish among them an union, which was so necessary for their safety, grounds his Poem upon the discords of the several *Grecian* Princes who were engaged in a confederacy against an *Asiatic* Prince, and the several advantages which the enemy gained by such their discords. At the time the Poem we are now treating of was written, the dissensions of the Barons, who were then so many petty Princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled among themselves, or with their neighbours, and produced unspeakable calamities to the country: The Poet, to deter men from such unnatural contentions, describes a bloody battle and dreadful scene of death, occasioned by the mutual feuds which reigned in the families of an *English* and *Scotch* Nobleman: that he designed this for the instruction of his Poem, we may learn from his four last lines, in which, after the example of the modern Tragedians, he draws from it a precept for the benefit of his Readers.

*God save the King, and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth that foul debate
'Twixt Noblemen may cease.*

The next point observed by the greatest heroic Poets, hath been to celebrate persons and actions which do honor to their country: thus *Virgil's* Hero was the Founder of *Rome*, *Homer's* a Prince of *Greece*; and for this reason *Valerius Flaccus* and *Statius*, who were both *Romans*, might be justly derided for having chosen the expedition of the *Golden Fleece* and the wars of *Thebes*, for the subject of their Epic writings.

The Poet before us, has not only found out an Hero in his own country, but raises the reputation of it by several beautiful incidents. The *English* are the first who take the field, and the last who quit it. The *English* bring only

only fifteen hundred to the battle, and the *Scotch* two thousand. The *English* keep the field with fifty three: the *Scotch* retire with fifty-five: all the rest on each side being slain in battle. But the most remarkable circumstance of this kind, is the different manner in which the *Scotch* and *English* Kings receive the news of this fight, and of the great mens deaths who commanded in it.

*This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's King did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.*

*Oh heavy news, King James did say,
Scotland can witness be,
I have not any Captain more
Of such account as he.*

*Like tidings to King Henry came
Within as short a space,
That Piercy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chase.*

*Now God be with him, said our King,
Sith 'twill no better be,
I trust I have within my Realm
Five hundred as good as he.*

*Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say
But I will vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all
For brave Lord Piercy's sake.*

*This Vow full well the King perform'd,
After on Humble-down,
In one day fifty Knights were slain,
With Lords of great renown.*

*And of the rest of small account
Did many thousands dye, &c.*

At the same time that our Poet shews a laudable partiality to his County-men, he represents the *Scots* after a manner not unbecoming so bold and brave a people.

Earl

*Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
Most like a Baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like Gold.*

His sentiments and actions are every way suitable to an Hero. One of us two, says he, must dye: I am an Earl as well as yourself, so that you can have no pretence for refusing the combat: however, says he, 'tis pity, and indeed would be a sin, that so many innocent men should perish for our sakes, rather let you and I end our quarrel in single fight.

*Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die?
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord Piercy, so am I.*

*But trust me, Piercy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill.*

*Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside;
Accurst be he, Lord Piercy said,
By whom this is deny'd.*

When these brave men had distinguished themselves in the battle, and in single combat with each other, in the midst of a generous parly, full of heroic sentiments, the Scotch Earl falls; and with his dying words encourages his men to revenge his death, representing to them, as the most bitter circumstance of it, that his rival saw him fall.

*With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow.*

*Who never spoke more Words than these,
Fight on my merry men all,
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Piercy sees me fall.*

Merry

Merry Men, in the language of those times, is no more than a chearful word for companions and fellow-soldiers. A passage in the eleventh book of *Virgil's Aeneids* is very much to be admired, where *Camilla* in her last agonies instead of weeping over the wound she had received, as one might have expected from a warrior of her sex, considers only (like the *Hero* of whom we are now speaking) how the battle should be continued after her death.

Tum sic expirans, &c.

*A gathering mist o'erclouds her chearful eyes;
And from her cheeks the rosy color flies.
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain.
Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,
Inexorable death; and claims his right.
Bear my last words to Turnus, fly with speed,
And bid him timely to my charge succeed:
Repel the Trojans, and the Town relieve:
Farewel. ———*

Turnus did not die in so heroic a manner: though our Poet seems to have had his eye upon *Turnus's* speech in the last verse.

Lord Piercy sees my fall.

——— *Vicisti, et victum tendere palmas
Ausonii videre* ———

Earl Piercy's lamentation over his enemy is generous, beautiful, and passionate; I must only caution the Reader not to let the simplicity of the style, which one may well pardon in so old a Poet, prejudice him against the greatness of the thought.

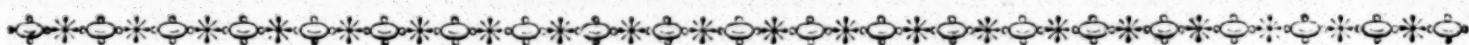
*Then leaving life, Earl Piercy took
The dead man by the hand,
And said, Earl Douglas for thy life
Would I had lost my land.
O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more renowned Knight
Mischance did never take.*

That beautiful line, *Taking the dead man by the hand*, will put the Reader in mind of *AEneas's* behavior towards *Lausus*, whom he himself had slain as he came to the rescue of his aged father.

*At vero ut vultum vidit morientis, et ora,
Ora modis Anchisiades pallentia miris:
Ingemuit miserans graviter, dextramque tetendit, &c.*

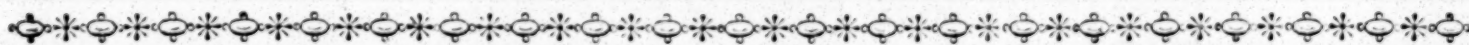
*The pious Prince beheld young Lausus dead;
He griev'd, he wept; then grasp'd his hand, and said,
Poor helpless youth! what praises can be paid
To worth so great——!*

I shall take another opportunity to consider the other parts of this old Song.



N^o 72.

Wednesday, May 23.



—— *Genus immortale manet, multosque per annos.
Stat fortuna, et avi numerantur avorum.*

Virg.

HAVING already given my Reader an account of several extraordinary Clubs both ancient and modern; I did not design to have troubled him with any more narratives of this nature; but I have lately received information of a Club which I can call neither ancient nor modern, that I dare say will be no less surprising to my Reader than it was to myself; for which reason I shall communicate it to the public as one of the greatest curiosities of its kind.

A friend of mine complaining of a tradesman who is related to him, after having represented him as a very idle worthless fellow, who neglected his family, and spent most of his time over a bottle, told me, to conclude his character, that he was a member of the *everlasting Club*. So very odd a title raised my curiosity to enquire into the nature of a Club that had such a founding name; upon which my friend gave me the following account.

THE *everlasting Club* consists of a hundred members, who divide the whole twenty-four hours among them in such a manner, that the Club sits day and night from one end of the year to another; no party presuming to rise till they are relieved by those who are in course to succeed them.

them. By this means a member of the *everlasting Club* never wants company; for though he is not upon duty himself, he is sure to find some who are; so that if he be disposed to take a whet, a nooning, an evening's draught, or a bottle after midnight, he goes to the Club, and finds a knot of friends to his mind.

It is a maxim in this Club that the Steward never dies: for as they succeed one another by way of rotation, no man is to quit the great elbow-chair which stands at the upper end of the table, till his successor is in readiness to fill it; infomuch that there has not been a *Sede vacante* in the memory of man.

This Club was instituted towards the end (or, as some of them say, about the middle) of the Civil Wars, and continued without interruption till the time of the *Great Fire*, which burnt them out, and dispersed them for several weeks. The Steward at that time maintained his post till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring house, (which was demolished in order to stop the fire) and would not leave the chair at last, till he had emptied all the bottles upon the table, and received repeated directions from the Club to withdraw himself. This Steward is frequently talked of in the Club, and looked upon by every member of it as a greater man, than the famous Captain mentioned in my Lord *Clarendon*, who was burnt in his ship because he would not quit it without orders. It is said that towards the close of 1700, being the great year of Jubilee, the Club had it under consideration whether they should break up or continue their session; but after many speeches and debates, it was at length agreed to sit out the other century. This resolution passed in a general Club *Nemine contradicente*.

Having given this short account of the institution and continuation of the *everlasting Club*, I shall here endeavor to say something of the manners and characters of its several members, which I shall do according to the best lights I have received in this matter.

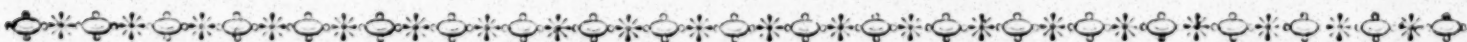
It appears by their books in general, that since their first institution they have smoaked fifty tun of tobacco, drank thirty thousand butts of ale, one thousand hogsheds of red port, two hundred barrels of brandy, and a kilderkin of small beer: there has been likewise a great consumption of cards. It is also said, that they observe the law in *Ben Johnson's Club*, which orders the fire to be always kept in (*focus perennis esto*) as well for the convenience of lighting their pipes, as to cure the dampness of the Club-room. They have an old woman in the nature of a Vestal, whose business it is to cherish and perpetuate the fire, which burns from generation to generation, and has seen the glass-house fires in and out above an hundred times.

The *everlasting Club* treats all other Clubs with an eye of contempt, and talks even of the *Kit-Cat* and *October* as of a couple of upstarts. Their ordinary discourse (as much as I have been able to learn of it) turns altogether upon such adventures as have passed in their own assembly; of members who have taken the glass in their turns for a week together, without stirring out of the Club; of others who have smoked an hundred pipes at a sitting; of others who have not missed their morning's draught for twenty years together: sometimes they speak in raptures of a run of ale in King Charles's reign; and sometimes reflect with astonishment upon games at whist, which have been miraculously recovered by members of the society, when in all human probability the case was desperate.

They delight in several old catches, which they sing at all hours to encourage one another to moisten their clay, and grow immortal by drinking; with many other edifying exhortations of the like nature.

There are four general Clubs held in a year, at which times they fill up vacancies, appoint waiters, confirm the old fire-maker, or elect a new one, settle contributions for coals, pipes, tobacco, and other necessaries.

The senior member has out-lived the whole Club twice over, and has been drunk with the grandfathers of some of the present sitting members.

N^o 73.*Thursday, May 24.*——— *O Dea certe!*

Virg.

IT is very strange to consider, that a creature like man, who is sensible of so many weaknesses and imperfections, should be actuated by a love of fame: that vice and ignorance, imperfection and misery should contend for praise, and endeavor as much as possible to make themselves objects of admiration.

But notwithstanding man's essential perfection is but very little, his comparative perfection may be very considerable. If he looks upon himself in an abstracted light, he has not much to boast of; but if he considers himself with regard to others, he may find occasion of glorying, if not in his own virtues, at least in the absence of another's imperfections. This gives a different turn to the reflections of the wise man and the fool. The first endeavors to shine in himself, and the last to out-shine others. The first is humbled by the sense of his own infirmities, the last is lifted up by the discovery

discovery of those which he observes in other men. The wise man considers what he wants, and the fool what he abounds in. The wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation, and the fool when he recommends himself to the applause of those about him.

But however unreasonable and absurd this passion for admiration may appear in such a creature as man, it is not wholly to be discouraged; since it often produces very good effects, not only as it restrains him from doing any thing which is mean and contemptible, but as it pushes him to actions which are great and glorious. The principle may be defective or faulty, but the consequences it produces are so good, that, for the benefit of mankind, it ought not to be extinguished.

It is observed by *Cicero*, that men of the greatest and the most shining parts are the most actuated by ambition; and if we look into the two sexes, I believe we shall find this principle of action stronger in women than in men.

The passion for praise, which is so very vehement in the fair Sex, produces excellent effects in women of sense, who desire to be admired for that only which deserves admiration: and I think we may observe, without a compliment to them, that many of them do not only live in a more uniform course of virtue, but with an infinitely greater regard to their honor, than what we find in the generality of our own sex. How many instances have we of Chastity, Fidelity, Devotion? How many Ladies distinguish themselves by the education of their children, care of their families, and love of their husbands, which are the great qualities and achievements of womankind: as the making of war, the carrying on of traffic, the administration of justice, are those by which men grow famous, and get themselves a name.

But as this passion for admiration, when it works according to reason, improves the beautiful part of our species in every thing that is laudable; so nothing is more destructive to them when it is governed by vanity and folly. What I have therefore here to say, only regards the vain part of the sex, whom for certain reasons, which the reader will hereafter see at large, I shall distinguish by the name of *Idols*. An *Idol* is wholly taken up in the adorning of her person. You see in every posture of her body, air of her face, and motion of her head, that it is her business and employment to gain adorers. For this reason your *Idols* appear in all public places and assemblies, in order to seduce men to their worship. The Play-house is very frequently filled with *Idols*; several of them are carried in procession every evening about the Ring, and several of them set up their worship even in Churches. They are to be accosted in the language proper to the Deity.

Life

Life and death are in their power: Joys of Heaven and pains of Hell are at their disposal: Paradise is in their arms, and Eternity in every moment that you are present with them. Raptures, transports and ecstasies are the rewards which they confer: sighs and tears, prayers and broken hearts are the offerings which are paid to them. Their smiles make men happy; their frowns drive them to despair. I shall only add under this head, that *Ovid's* book of *the Art of Love* is a kind of heathen ritual, which contains all the forms of worship which are made use of to an *Idol*.

It would be as difficult a task to reckon up these different kinds of *Idols*, as *Milton's* was to number those that were known in *Canaan*, and the lands adjoining. Most of them are worshipped, like *Moloch*, in fire, and flames. Some of them, like *Baal*, love to see their votaries cut and flayed, and shedding their blood for them. Some of them, like the *Idol* in the *Apocrypha*, must have treats and collations prepared for them every night. It has indeed been known, that some of them have been used by their incensed worshippers like the *Chinese Idols*, who are whipped and scourged when they refuse to comply with the prayers that are offered to them.

I must here observe, that those Idolaters who devote themselves to the *Idols* I am here speaking of, differ very much from all other kinds of Idolaters. For as all others fall out because they worship different *Idols*, these Idolaters quarrel because they worship the same.

The intention therefore of the *Idol* is quite contrary to the wishes of the Idolater; as the one desires to confine the *Idol* to himself, the whole business and ambition of the other is to multiply adorers. This humor of an *Idol* is prettily described in a Tale of *Chaucer*: he represents one of them sitting at a table with three of her votaries about her, who are all of them courting her favor, and paying their adorations: she smiled upon one, drank to another, and trod upon the other's foot which was under the table. Now which of these three, says the old Bard, do you think was the favorite? In troth, says he, not one of all the three.

The behavior of this old *Idol* in *Chaucer*, puts me in mind of the beautiful *Clarinda*, one of the greatest *Idols* among the moderns. She is worshipped once a week by candle-light in the midst of a large congregation generally called an Assembly. Some of the gayest youths in the nation endeavor to plant themselves in her eye, while she sits in form with multitudes of tapers burning about her. To encourage the zeal of her Idolaters, she bestows a mark of her favor upon every one of them before they go out of her presence. She asks a question of one, tells a story to another, glances an ogle upon a third, takes a pinch of snuff from the fourth, lets her fan drop by accident to give the fifth an occasion of taking it up. In short, every

every one goes away satisfied with his success, and encouraged to renew his Devotions at the same canonical hour that day sevensnight.

An *Idol* may be undeified by many accidental causes. Marriage in particular is a kind of counter-*Apotheosis*, or a Deification inverted. When a man becomes familiar with his Goddess, she quickly sinks into a woman.

Old age is likewise a great decayer of your *Idol*: the truth of it is, there is not a more unhappy being than a superannuated *Idol*, especially when she has contracted such airs and behavior as are only graceful when her worshippers are about her.

Considering therefore that in these and many other cases the *Woman* generally out-lives the *Idol*, I must return to the Moral of this paper, and desire my fair Readers to give a proper direction to their passion for being admired: in order to which, they must endeavor to make themselves the objects of a reasonable and lasting admiration. This is not to be hoped for from beauty, or dress, or fashion, but from those inward ornaments which are not to be defaced by time or sickness, and which appear most amiable to those who are most acquainted with them.

N^o 74.

Friday, May 25.



————— *Pendent opera interrupta* —————

Virg.

IN my last *Monday's* paper I gave some general instances of those beautiful strokes which please the Reader in the old Song of *Chevy-Chase*; I shall here, according to my promise, be more particular, and shew that the sentiments in that Ballad are extremely natural and poetical, and full of the majestic simplicity which we admire in the greatest of the ancient Poets: for which reason I shall quote several passages of it, in which the thought is altogether the same with what we meet in several passages of the *Æneid*; not that I would infer from thence, that the Poet (whoever he was) proposed to himself any imitation of those passages, but that he was directed to them in general by the same kind of poetical genius, and by the same copyings after nature.

Had this old Song been filled with epigrammatical turns and points of wit, it might perhaps have pleased the wrong taste of some Readers; but it would
never

never have become the delight of the common people, nor have warmed the heart of Sir *Philip Sidney* like the sound of a trumpet; it is only Nature that can have this effect, and please those tastes which are the most unprejudiced or the most refined. I must however beg leave to dissent from so great an authority as that of Sir *Philip Sidney*, in the judgment which he has passed as to the rude style and evil apparel of this antiquated Song; for there are several parts in it where not only the thought but the language is majestic, and the numbers sonorous; at least, the *Apparel* is much more gorgeous than many of the Poets made use of in Queen *Elizabeth's* time, as the Reader will see in several of the following quotations.

What can be greater than either the thought or the expression in that Stanza?

To drive the deer with hound and horn

Earl Piercy took his way;

The child may rue that was unborn

The hunting of that day!

This way of considering the misfortunes which this battle would bring upon posterity, not only on those who were born immediately after the battle, and lost their fathers in it, but on those also who perished in future battles which took their rise from this quarrel of the two Earls, is wonderfully beautiful, and conformable to the way of thinking among the ancient Poets.

Audiet pugnas vitio parentum

Rara juvenus.

Hor.

What can be more sounding and poetical, or resemble more the majestic simplicity of the ancients, than the following stanzas?

The stout Earl of Northumberland

A vow to God did make,

His pleasure in the Scottish woods

Three summers days to take.

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,

All chosen men of might,

Who knew full well, in time of need,

To aim their shafts aright.

The hounds ran swiftly thro' the woods

The nimble deer to take,

And with their cries the hills and dales

An Echo shrill did make.

—Vocat

—Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron
 Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equorum:
 Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.

*Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
 His men in armor bright;
 Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,
 All marching in our sight.*

*All men of pleasant Tividale,
 Fast by the river Tweed, &c.*

The country of the Scotch warriors described in these two last verses has a fine romantic situation, and affords a couple of smooth words for verse. If the Reader compares the foregoing six lines of the song with the following latin verses, he will see how much they are written in the spirit of *Virgil*.

*Adversi campo apparent, hastasque reduclis
 Protendunt longè dextris; et spicula vibrant:
 Quique altum Præneste viri, quique arua Gabinæ
 Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, et roscida rivis
 Hernica saxa colunt: — qui rosea rura Velini,
 Qui terricæ horrentes rupes, montemque Severum,
 Casperiamque colunt, Forulosque et flumen Himellæ:
 Qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt. —*

But to proceed,

*Earl Douglas on a milk white steed,
 Most like a baron bold,
 Rode foremost of the company,
 Whose armor shone like gold.*

*Turnus ut antevolans tardum præcesserat agmen, &c.
 Vidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis
 Aureus —*

*Our English archers bent their bows,
 Their hearts were good and true;
 At the first flight of arrows sent,
 Full threescore Scots they slew.*

*They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side,
 No slackness there was found;*

*And many a gallant Gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.*

*With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow.*

Æneas was wounded after the same manner by an unknown hand in the midst of a parley.

*Has inter voces, media inter talia verba,
Ecce viro stridens alis allapsa sagitta est,
Incertum quâ pulsa manu——*

But of all the descriptive parts of this song, there are none more beautiful than the four following stanzas, which have a great force and spirit in them, and are filled with very natural circumstances. The thought in the third stanza was never touched by any other Poet, and is such an one as would have shined in *Homer* or in *Virgil*.

*So thus did both those Nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain:
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble Earl was slain.*

*He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree,
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Unto the head drew he.*

*Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his shaft he set,
The gray-goose wing that was thereon,
In his heart-blood was wet.*

*This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening bell
The battle scarce was done.*

One may observe likewise, that in the catalogue of the slain the Author has followed the example of the greatest ancient Poets, not only in giving a
long

long list of the dead, but by diversifying it with little characters of particular persons.

*And with Earl Douglas there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery.
Sir Charles Carrel, that from the field
One foot would never fly:
Sir Charles Murrel of Ratcliff too,
His sister's son was he;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not be.*

The familiar sound in these names destroys the majesty of the description; for this reason I do not mention this part of the Poem but to shew the natural cast of thought which appears in it, as the two last verses look almost like a translation of *Virgil*.

—— *Cadit et Ripheus justissimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus æqui,
Diis aliter visum est*——

In the catalogue of the *English* who fell, *Witherington's* behaviour is in the same manner particularized very artfully, as the Reader is prepared for it by that account which is given of him in the beginning of the battle; though I am satisfied your little buffoon Readers (who have seen that passage ridiculed in *Hudibras*) will not be able to take the beauty of it: for which reason I dare not so much as quote it.

*Then slept a gallant Squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, I would not have it told
To Henry our King for shame,
That e'er my Captain fought on foot
And I stood looking on.*

We meet with the same heroic sentiments in *Virgil*.

*Non pudet, O Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unam
Obiectare animam? numerone an viribus æqui
Non sumus*——?

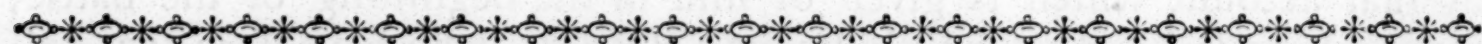
What can be more natural or more moving, than the circumstances in which he describes the behaviour of those women who had lost their husbands on this fatal day?

*Next day did many widows come,
 Their Husbands to bewail;
 They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
 But all would not prevail.*

*Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,
 They bore with them away:
 They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
 When they were clad in clay.*

Thus we see how the thoughts of this Poem, which naturally arise from the subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble; that the language is often very founding, and that the whole is written with a true poetical spirit.

If this Song had been written in the *Gothic* manner, which is the delight of all our little wits, whether writers or readers, it would not have hit the Taste of so many ages, and have pleased the readers of all ranks and conditions. I shall only beg pardon for such a profusion of *Latin* quotations; which I should not have made use of, but that I feared my own judgment would have looked too singular on such a subject, had not I supported it by the practice and authority of *Virgil*.

N^o 81.

Saturday, June 2.



*Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure tigris
 Horruit in maculas* —————

Statius.

ABOUT the middle of last winter I went to see an Opera at the Theatre in the *Hay-market*, where I could not but take notice of two parties of very fine women, that had placed themselves in the opposite side-boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of battle-array one against another. After a short survey of them, I found they were patched differently; the faces, on one hand, being spotted on the right side of the forehead, and those upon the other on the left. I quickly perceived that they cast hostile glances upon one another; and that their patches were placed in those different situations, as party-signals to distinguish friends from foes. In the middle-boxes, between these two opposite bodies, were several Ladies who patched indifferently on both sides of their faces, and seemed to sit there with no other

other intention but to see the Opera. Upon enquiry I found, that the body of *Amazons* on my right hand were Whigs, and those on my left, Tories: and that those who had placed themselves in the middle-boxes were a neutral party, whose faces had not yet declared themselves. These last, however, as I afterwards found, diminished daily, and took their party with one side or the other; insomuch that I observed in several of them, the patches, which were before dispersed equally, are now all gone over to the Whig or Tory side of the face. The censorious say, that the men whose hearts are aimed at, are very often the occasions that one part of the face is thus dishonored, and lies under a kind of disgrace, while the other is so much set off and adorned by the owner; and that the Patches turn to the right or to the left, according to the principles of the man who is most in favor. But whatever may be the motives of a few fantastical Coquettes, who do not patch for the public good so much as for their own private advantage, it is certain, that there are several women of honor who patch out of principle, and with an eye to the interest of their country. Nay, I am informed that some of them adhere so stedfastly to their party, and are so far from sacrificing their zeal for the public to their passion for any particular person, that in a late draught of marriage-articles a Lady has stipulated with her husband, that whatever his opinions are, she shall be at liberty to patch on which side she pleases.

I must here take notice, that *Rosalinda*, a famous Whig partizan, has most unfortunately a very beautiful mole on the Tory part of her forehead; which being very conspicuous, has occasioned many mistakes, and given an handle to her enemies to misrepresent her face, as though it had revolted from the whig interest. But, whatever this natural patch may seem to insinuate, it is well known that her notions of Government are still the same. This unlucky mole, however, has misled several coxcombs; and like the hanging out of false colors, made some of them converse with *Rosalinda* in what they thought the spirit of her party, when on a sudden she has given them an unexpected fire, that has sunk them all at once. If *Rosalinda* is unfortunate in her mole, *Nigranilla* is as unhappy in a pimple, which forces her, against her inclinations, to patch on the whig side.

I am told that many virtuous matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this artificial spotting of the face was unlawful, are now reconciled by a zeal for their cause, to what they could not be prompted by a concern for their beauty. This way of declaring war upon one another, puts me in mind of what is reported of the Tygres, that several spots rise in her skin when she is angry; or as Mr. Cowley has imitated the verses that stand as the Motto of this paper.

—She

——— *She swells with angry pride,
And calls forth all her spots on every side.*

When I was in the Theatre the time above-mentioned, I had the curiosity to count the Patches on both sides, and found the Tory Patches to be about twenty stronger than the Whig; but to make amends for this small inequality, I the next morning found the whole Puppet-show filled with faces spotted after the Whiggish manner. Whether or no the Ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their forces, I cannot tell; but the next night they came in so great a body to the Opera, that they out-numbered the enemy.

This account of Party-patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a distance from the fashionable world; but as it is a distinction of a very singular nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a parallel, I think I should not have discharged the Office of a faithful SPECTATOR, had I not recorded it.

I have, in former papers, endeavoured to expose this Party-rage in women, as it only serves to aggravate the hatred, and animosities that reign among men, and in a great measure deprives the Fair sex of those peculiar charms with which nature has endowed them.

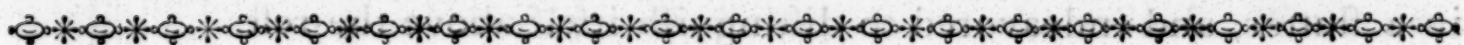
When the *Romans* and *Sabines* were at war, and just upon the point of giving battle, the women who were allied to both of them, interposed with so many tears and intreaties, that they prevented the mutual slaughter which threatened both parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting peace.

I would recommend this noble example to our *British* Ladies, at a time when their country is torn with so many unnatural divisions, that if they continue, it will be a misfortune to be born in it. The *Greeks* thought it so improper for women to interest themselves in competitions and contentions, that for this reason, among others, they forbade them, under pain of death, to be present at the *Olympic* games, notwithstanding these were the public diversions of all *Greece*.

As our *English* women excel those of all nations in beauty, they should endeavour to outshine them in all other accomplishments proper to the sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender mothers and faithful wives, rather than as furious partizans. Female virtues are of a domestic turn. The family is the proper province for private women to shine in. If they must be shewing their zeal for the public, let it not be against those who are perhaps of the same family, or at least of the same religion or nation, but against those who are the open, professed, undoubted enemies of their faith, liberty and country. When the *Romans* were pressed with a foreign enemy, the Ladies voluntarily contributed all their rings and jewels to assist the

the Government under the public exigence, which appeared so laudable an action in the eyes of their countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a law to pronounce public orations at the funeral of a woman in praise of the deceased person, which till that time was peculiar to men. Would our *English* Ladies, instead of sticking on a patch against those of their own country, shew themselves so truly public-spirited as to sacrifice every one her necklace against the common enemy, what decrees ought not to be made in favor of them?

Since I am collecting upon this subject such passages as occur to my memory out of ancient Authors; I cannot omit a sentence in the celebrated funeral oration of *Pericles*, which he made in honor of those brave *Athenians* that were slain in a fight with the *Lacedemonians*. After having addressed himself to the several ranks and orders of his countrymen, and shewn them how they should behave themselves in the public cause, he turns to the female part of his audience; "And as for you (says he) I shall advise you in very few words: Aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation, not to be talked of one way or other.

N^o 83.

Tuesday, June 5.



— *Animum pictura pascit inani.*

Virg.

WHEN the weather hinders me from taking my diversions without doors, I frequently make a little party with two or three select friends, to visit any thing curious that may be seen under covert. My principal entertainments of this nature are pictures, insomuch that when I have found the weather set in to be very bad, I have taken a whole day's journey to see a gallery that is furnished by the hands of great masters. By this means, when the Heavens are filled with clouds, when the earth swims in rain, and all Nature wears a lowering countenance, I withdraw myself from those uncomfortable scenes into the visionary worlds of art; where I meet with shining landscapes, gilded triumphs, beautiful faces, and all those other objects that fill the mind with gay Ideas, and disperse that gloominess which is apt to hang upon it in those dark disconsolate seasons.

I was some weeks ago in a course of these diversions: which had taken such an entire possession of my imagination, that they formed in it a short morning's

morning's dream, which I shall communicate to my Reader, rather as the first sketch and outlines of a vision, than as a finished piece.

I dreamt that I was admitted into a long spacious gallery, which had one side covered with pieces of all the famous painters who are now living, and the other with the works of the greatest masters that are dead.

On the side of the *living*, I saw several persons busy in drawing, coloring and designing; on the side of the *dead* Painters, I could not discover more than one person at work, who was exceeding slow in his motions, and wonderfully nice in his touches.

I was resolved to examine the several Artists that stood before me, and accordingly applied myself to the side of the *living*. The first I observed at work in this part of the gallery was *Vanity*, with his hair tied behind him in a ribbon, and dressed like a *Frenchman*. All the faces he drew were very remarkable for their smiles, and a certain smirking air, which he bestowed indifferently on every age and degree of either sex. The *toujours gai* appeared even in his Judges, Bishops, and privy counsellors: in a word, all his men were *Petits Maitres*, and all his women *Coquettes*. The Drapery of his figures was extremely well-suited to his faces, and was made up of all the glaring colors that could be mixt together; every part of the dress was in a flutter, and endeavored to distinguish itself above the rest.

On the left hand of *Vanity* stood a laborious workman, who I found was his humble admirer, and copied after him. He was dressed like a *German*, and had a very hard name that sounded something like *Stupidity*.

The third Artist that I looked over was *Fantafque*, dressed like a *Venetian* Scaramouch. He had an excellent hand at *Chimæra*, and dealt very much in distortions and grimaces. He would sometimes affright himself with the phantoms that flowed from his pencil. In short, the most elaborate of his pieces was at best but a terrifying dream; and one could say nothing more of his finest figures, than that they were agreeable monsters.

The fourth person I examined, was very remarkable for his hasty hand, which left his piece so unfinished, that the beauty in the picture (which was designed to continue as a monument of it to posterity) faded sooner than in the person after whom it was drawn. He made so much haste to dispatch his business, that he neither gave himself time to clean his pencils, nor mix his colors. The name of this expeditious workman was *Avarice*.

Not far from this Artist I saw another of a quite different nature, who was dressed in the habit of a *Dutchman*, and known by the name of *Industry*. His figures were wonderfully labored; if he drew the portraiture of a man, he

he did not omit a single hair in his face; if the figure of a ship, there was not a rope among the tackle that escaped him. He had likewise hung a great part of the wall with night-pieces, that seemed to shew themselves by the candles which were lighted up in several parts of them; and were so inflamed by the sun-shine which accidentally fell upon them, that at first sight I could scarce forbear crying out, *Fire*.

The five foregoing Artists were the most considerable on this side the gallery; there were indeed several others whom I had not time to look into. One of them, however, I could not forbear observing, who was very busy in retouching the finest pieces, though he produced no originals of his own. His pencil aggravated every feature that was before over-charged, loaded every defect, and poisoned every color it touched. Though this workman did so much mischief on the side of the living, he never turned his eye towards that of the dead. His name was *Envy*.

Having taken a cursory view of one side of the gallery, I turned myself to that which was filled by the works of those great masters that were dead; when immediately I fancied myself standing before a multitude of spectators, and thousands of eyes looking upon me at once; for all before me appeared so like men and women, that I almost forgot they were pictures. *Raphael's* figures stood in one row, *Titian's* in another, *Guido Rheni's* in a third. One part of the wall was peopled by *Hannibal Carrache*, another by *Correggio*, and another by *Rubens*. To be short, there was not a great master among the dead who had not contributed to the embellishment of this side of the gallery. The persons that owed their being to these several masters appeared all of them to be real and alive, and differed among one another only in the variety of their shapes, complexions, and cloaths; so that they looked like different nations of the same species.

Observing an old man (who was the same person I before mentioned, as the only Artist that was at work on this side of the gallery) creeping up and down from one picture to another, and retouching all the fine pieces that stood before me, I could not but be very attentive to all his motions. I found his pencil was so very light, that it worked imperceptibly, and after a thousand touches, scarce produced any visible effect in the picture on which he was employed. However, as he busied himself incessantly, and repeated touch after touch without rest or intermission, he wore off insensibly every little disagreeable gloss that hung upon a figure: he also added such a beautiful brown to the shades, and mellowness to the colors, that he made every picture appear more perfect than when it came fresh from the master's pencil. I could not forbear looking upon the face of this ancient

workman, and immediately, by the long lock of hair upon his forehead, discovered him to be *Time*.

Whether it were because the thread of my dream was at an end, I cannot tell, but upon my taking a survey of this imaginary old man, my sleep left me.

N^o 85.

Thursday, June 7.

*Interdum speciosa locis, morataque recte
Fabula nullius Veneris, sine pondere et arte,
Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.*

Hor.

IT is the custom of the *Mahometans*, if they see any printed or written paper upon the ground, to take it up and lay it aside carefully, as not knowing but it may contain some piece of their *Alcoran*. I must confess I have so much of the *Mussulman* in me, that I cannot forbear looking into every printed paper which comes in my way, under whatsoever despicable circumstances it may appear: for as no mortal Author, in the ordinary fate and vicissitude of things, knows to what use his works may, some time or other, be applied, a man may often meet with very celebrated names in a paper of tobacco. I have lighted my pipe more than once with the writings of a Prelate; and know a friend of mine, who, for these several years, has converted the Essays of a man of quality into a kind of fringe for his candlesticks. I remember in particular, after having read over a Poem of an eminent Author on a victory, I met with several fragments of it upon the next rejoicing day, which had been employed in squibs and crackers, and by that means celebrated its subject in a double capacity. I once met with a page of Mr. *Baxter* under a *Christmas Pye*. Whether or no the pastry-cook had made use of it through chance or waggery, for the defence of that superstitious *Viande*, I know not; but upon the perusal of it, I conceived so good an Idea of the Author's piety, that I bought the whole book. I have often profited by these accidental readings, and have sometimes found very curious pieces that are either out of print, or not to be met with in the shops of our *London* booksellers. For this reason, when my friends take a survey

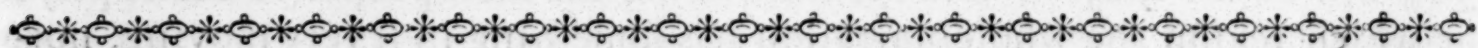
survey of my library, they are very much surpris'd to find, upon the shelf of folios, two long band-boxes standing upright among my books, till I let them see that they are both of them lined with deep erudition, and abstruse literature. I might likewise mention a paper-kite, from which I have received great improvement: and a hat-case, which I would not exchange for all the beavers in *Great-Britain*. This my inquisitive temper, or rather impertinent humor of prying into all sorts of writing, with my natural aversion to loquacity, gives me a good deal of employment when I enter any house in the country; for I cannot for my heart leave a room, before I have thoroughly studied the walls of it, and examined the several printed papers which are usually pasted upon them. The last piece that I met with upon this occasion, gave me a most exquisite pleasure. My Reader will think I am not serious, when I acquaint him that the piece I am going to speak of was the old Ballad of the *Two children in the Wood*, which is one of the darling Songs of the common people, and has been the delight of most *Englishmen* in some part of their age.

This Song is a plain simple copy of nature, destitute of all the helps and ornaments of art. The tale of it is a pretty tragical story, and pleases for no other reason but because it is a copy of nature. There is even a despicable simplicity in the verse; and yet because the sentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the mind of the most polite Reader with inward meltings of humanity and compassion. The incidents grow out of the subject, and are such as are the most proper to excite pity; for which reason the whole narration has something in it very moving, notwithstanding the Author of it (whoever he was) has delivered it in such an abject phrase and poorness of expression, that the quoting any part of it would look like a design of turning it into ridicule. But though the language is mean, the thoughts, as I have before said, from one end to the other are natural, and therefore cannot fail to please those who are not judges of language, or those who, notwithstanding they are judges of language, have a true and unprejudiced taste of nature. The condition, speech, and behaviour of the dying parents, with the age, innocence, and distress of the children, are set forth in such tender circumstances, that it is impossible for a Reader of common humanity not to be affected with them. As for the circumstance of the *Robin-red-breast*, it is indeed a little poetical ornament; and to shew the genius of the Author amidst all his simplicity, it is just the same kind of fiction which one of the greatest of the *Latin Poets* has made use of upon a parallel occasion; I mean that passage in *Horace*, where he describes himself when he was a child, fallen asleep in a desert wood, and covered with leaves by the Turtles that took pity on him.

*Me fabulosæ Vulture in Appulo,
 Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
 Ludo fatigatumque somno
 Fronde novâ puerum palumbes
 Texere——*

I have heard that the late Lord *Dorset*, who had the greatest wit tempered with the greatest candor, and was one of the finest Critics as well as the best Poets, of his age, had a numerous collection of old *English* Ballads, and took a particular pleasure in the reading of them. I can affirm the same of Mr. *Dryden*, and know several of the most refined writers of our present age who are of the same humor.

I might likewise refer my Reader to *Moliere's* thoughts on this subject, as he has expressed them in the character of the *Misanthrope*; but those only who are endowed with a true greatness of Soul and Genius, can divest themselves of the little Images of Ridicule, and admire nature in her simplicity and nakedness: As for the little conceited Wits of the age, who can only shew their judgment by finding fault, they cannot be supposed to admire these productions, which have nothing to recommend them but the beauties of nature, when they do not know how to relish even those compositions that, with all the beauties of Nature, have also the additional advantages of Art.

N^o 86.

Friday, June 8.

*Heu quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu!*

Ovid.

THERE are several Arts which all men are in some measure masters of, without having been at the pains of learning them. Every one that speaks or reasons is a Grammarian and a Logician, though he may be wholly unacquainted with the rules of Grammar or Logic, as they are delivered in books and systems. In the same manner, every one is in some degree a master of that Art which is generally distinguished by the name of Physiognomy; and naturally forms to himself the character or fortune of a stranger, from the features and lineaments of his face. We are no sooner presented to any one we never saw before, but we are immediately struck with the idea of a proud, a reserved, an affable, or a good-natured

natured man; and upon our first going into a company of strangers, our benevolence or aversion, awe or contempt, rises naturally towards several particular persons, before we have heard them speak a single word, or so much as know who they are.

Every passion gives a particular cast to the countenance, and is apt to discover itself in some feature or other. I have seen an eye curse for half an hour together, and an eye-brow call a man scoundrel. Nothing is more common than for lovers to complain, resent, languish, despair, and die, in dumb show. For my own part, I am so apt to frame a notion of every man's humor or circumstances by his looks, that I have sometimes employed myself from *Charing-Cross* to the *Royal-Exchange* in drawing the characters of those who have passed by me. When I see a man with a sour rivell'd face, I cannot forbear pitying his wife; and when I meet with an open ingenuous countenance, I think on the happiness of his friends, his family, and relations.

I cannot recollect the Author of a famous saying to a stranger who stood silent in his company, *Speak that I may see thee*. But, with submission, I think we may be better known by our looks than by our words, and that a man's speech is much more easily disguised than his countenance. In this case, however, I think the air of the whole face is much more expressive than the lines of it: the truth of it is, the air is generally nothing else but the inward disposition of the mind made visible.

Those who have established Physiognomy into an art, and laid down rules of judging mens tempers by their faces, have regarded the features much more than the air. *Martial* has a pretty Epigram on this subject.

*Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine læsus;
Rem magnam præstas, Zoile, si bonus es.*

*Thy beard and head are of a different die;
Short of one foot, distorted in an eye:
With all these tokens of a knave complete,
Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a devilish cheat.*

I have seen a very ingenious Author on this subject, who founds his speculations on the supposition, that as a man hath in the mould of his face a remote likeness to that of an Ox, a Sheep, a Lion, an Hog, or any other creature; he hath the same resemblance in the frame of his mind, and is subject to those passions which are predominant in the creature that appears in his countenance. Accordingly he gives the prints of several faces that are of a different mould, and by a little over-charging the likeness, discovers the

the figures of these several kinds of brutal faces in human features. I remember in the life of the famous Prince of *Conde* the writer observes, the face of that Prince was like the face of an Eagle, and that the Prince was very well pleased to be told so. In this case therefore we may be sure, that he had in his mind some general implicit notion of this art of Physiognomy which I have just now mentioned; and that when his Courtiers told him his face was made like an Eagle's, he understood them in the same manner as if they had told him, there was something in his looks which shewed him to be strong, active, piercing, and of a royal descent. Whether or no the different motions of the animal spirits in different passions, may have any effect on the mould of the face when the lineaments are pliable and tender, or whether the same kind of souls require the same kind of habitations, I shall leave to the consideration of the curious. In the mean time I think nothing can be more glorious than for a man to give the lie to his face, and to be an honest, just, good-natured man, in spite of all those marks and signatures which nature seems to have set upon him for the contrary. This very often happens among those, who instead of being exasperated by their own looks, or envying the looks of others, apply themselves entirely to the cultivating of their minds, and getting those beauties which are more lasting, and more ornamental. I have seen many an amiable piece of deformity; and have observed a certain cheerfulness in as bad a system of features as ever was clapped together, which hath appeared more lovely than all the blooming charms of an insolent beauty. There is a double praise due to virtue, when it is lodged in a body that seems to have been prepared for the reception of vice; in many such cases the soul and the body do not seem to be fellows.

Socrates was an extraordinary instance of this nature. There chanced to be a great Physiognomist in his time at *Athens*, who had made strange discoveries of mens tempers and inclinations by their outward appearances. *Socrates's* disciples, that they might put this Artist to the trial, carried him to their master, whom he had never seen before, and did not know he was then in company with him. After a short examination of his face, the Physiognomist pronounced him the most lewd, libidinous, drunken old fellow, that he had ever met with in his whole life. Upon which the disciples all burst out a laughing, as thinking they had detected the falshood and vanity of his art. But *Socrates* told them, that the principles of his art might be very true, notwithstanding his present mistake: for that he himself was naturally inclined to those particular vices which the Physiognomist had discovered in his countenance, but that he had conquered the strong dispositions he was born with by the dictates of Philosophy.

We

We are indeed told by an ancient Author, that *Socrates* very much resembled *Silenus* in his face; which we find to have been very rightly observed from the statues and busts of both, that are still extant; as well as on several antique seals and precious stones, which are frequently enough to be met with in the cabinets of the curious. But however observations of this nature may sometimes hold, a wise man should be particularly cautious how he gives credit to a man's outward appearance. It is an irreparable injustice we are guilty of towards one another, when we are prejudiced by the looks and features of those whom we do not know. How often do we conceive hatred against a person of worth, or fancy a man to be proud and ill-natured by his aspect, whom we think we cannot esteem too much when we are acquainted with his real character? Dr. *Moore*, in his admirable system of ethics, reckons this particular inclination to take a prejudice against a man for his looks, among the smaller vices in morality, and, if I remember, gives it the name of a *Prosopolepsia*.

N^o 89.

Tuesday, June 12.



——— *Petite hinc juvenesque senesque*

Finem animo certum, miserisque viatica canis.

Cras hoc fiet. Idem cras fiet. Quid? quasi magnum

Nempe diem donas; sed cum lux altera venit

Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus; ecce aliud cras

Egerit hos annos, et semper paulum erit ultra.

Nam quamvis prope te, quamvis temone sub uno

Vertentem sese frustra sectabere canthum.

Perf.

AS my correspondents upon the subject of love are very numerous, it is my design, if possible, to range them under several heads, and address myself to them at different times. The first branch of them, to whose service I shall dedicate this paper, are those that have to do with women of dilatory tempers, who are for spinning out the time of courtship to an immoderate length, without being able either to close with their lovers, or to dismiss them. I have many letters by me filled with complaints against this sort of women. In one of them no less a man than a brother of the coiff tells me, that he began his suit *Vicesimo nono Caroli secundi* before he had

had been a twelve-month at the *Temple*; that he prosecuted it for many years after he was called to the Bar; that at present he is a Serjeant at Law; and notwithstanding he hoped that matters would have been long since brought to an issue, the fair one still *demurs*. I am so well pleased with this Gentleman's Phrase, that I shall distinguish this sect of women by the title of *Demurrers*. I find by another letter from one that calls himself *Thyrfis*, that his mistress has been demurring above these seven years. But among all my Plaintiffs of this nature, I must pity the unfortunate *Philander*, a man of a constant passion and plentiful fortune, who sets forth that the timorous and irresolute *Sylvia* has demurred till she is past child-bearing. *Strephon* appears by his letter to be a very choleric lover, and irrevocably smitten with one that demurs out of self-interest. He tells me with great passion that she has bubbled him out of his youth; that she drilled him on to five and fifty, and that he verily believes she will drop him in his old age if she can find her account in another. I shall conclude this narrative with a letter from honest *Sam Hopewell*, a very pleasant fellow, who it seems has at last married a *Demurrer*: I must only premise, that *Sam*, who is a very good bottle-companion, has been the diversion of his friends, upon account of his passion, ever since the year one thousand six hundred and eighty one.

Dear Sir,

“ YOU know very well my passion for Mrs. *Martha*, and what a dance
 “ she has led me: she took me out at the age of two and twenty, and
 “ dodged with me above thirty years. I have loved her till she is grown as
 “ gray as a cat, and am with much ado become the master of her person,
 “ such as it is at present. She is however in my eye a very charming old
 “ woman. We often lament that we did not marry sooner, but she has no-
 “ body to blame for it but herself: You know very well that she would never
 “ think of me whilst she had a tooth in her head. I have put the date of
 “ my passion (*Anno Amoris trigesimo primo*) instead of a poesy, on my wed-
 “ ding-ring. I expect you should send me a congratulatory letter, or, if
 “ you please, an *Epithalamium*, upon this occasion.

Mrs. *Martha's* and yours eternally,

SAM HOPEWELL.

In order to banish an evil out of the world, that does not only produce great uneasiness to private persons, but has also a very bad influence on the public, I shall endeavour to shew the folly of *Demurring* from two or three reflections, which I earnestly recommend to the thoughts of my fair Readers.

First

First of all I would have them seriously think on the shortness of their time. Life is not long enough for a coquette to play all her tricks in. A timorous woman drops into her grave before she has done deliberating. Were the age of man the same that it was before the flood, a lady might sacrifice half a century to a scruple, and be two or three ages in demurring. Had she nine hundred years good, she might hold out to the conversion of the *Jews*, before she thought fit to be prevailed upon. But, alas! she ought to play her part in haste, when she considers that she is suddenly to quit the stage, and make room for others.

In the second place, I would desire my female Readers to consider, that as the term of life is short, that of beauty is much shorter. The finest skin wrinkles in a few years, and loses the strength of its coloring so soon, that we have scarce time to admire it. I might embellish this subject with roses and rainbows, and several other ingenious conceits, which I may possibly reserve for another opportunity.

There is a third consideration which I would likewise recommend to a demurrer, and that is the great danger of her falling in love when she is about threescore, if she cannot satisfy her doubts and scruples before that time. There is a kind of *latter spring*, that sometimes gets into the blood of an old woman, and turns her into a very odd sort of an animal. I would therefore have the demurrer consider what a strange figure she will make, if she chances to get over all difficulties, and comes to a final resolution, in that unseasonable part of her life.

I would not however be understood, by any thing I have here said, to discourage that natural modesty in the sex, which renders a retreat from the first approaches of a lover both fashionable and graceful; all that I intend, is, to advise them, when they are prompted by reason and inclination, to demur only out of form, and so far as decency requires. A virtuous woman should reject the first offer of marriage, as a good man does that of a bishopric; but I would advise neither the one nor the other to persist in refusing what they secretly approve. I would in this particular propose the example of *Eve* to all her daughters, as *Milton* has represented her in the following passage, which I cannot forbear transcribing entire, though only the twelve last lines are to my present purpose.

*The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Manlike, but diff'rent sex, so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,*

*And in her looks; which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my heart unfelt before:*

*And into all things from her air inspir'd
The spirit of love and amorous delight.*

*She disappear'd, and left me dark! I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore*

Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:

When out of hope, behold her, not far off,

Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd

With what all earth or heaven could bestow

To make her amiable. On she came,

Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen,

And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd

Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites:

Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,

In every gesture dignity and love.

I overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud.

This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd

Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign!

Giver of all things fair, but fairest this

Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see

Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself

She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,

Yet innocence and virgin modesty,

Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,

That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,

Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd

The more desirable; or, to say all,

Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,

Wrought in her so, that seeing me she turn'd;

I follow'd her: She what was honor knew,

And with obsequious majesty approved

My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower

I led her blushing like the morn——

I N D E X.

A.

A BIGAILS Male, in fashion among the Ladies, page 458.
Acilianus, recommended by *Pliny* for a husband, 179.
 Acrostic, a piece of false wit, divided into simple and compound, 488.
Adda and the *Adige* described, 18, 19.
 Advertisement of the play called *Love for Love*, for *Dogget's* benefit, 242.
 Advertisements, a dissertation upon them, 317, &c.
 Advice; no order of persons too great to be advised, 436.
AEneas his descent into the empire of Death, and adventures there, 277, &c.
AEqui Falisci of *Virgil*, their habitation, 126.
 Afflictions, imaginary, often prove the most insupportable, 260, &c.
Agamemnon his invective against the fair sex, 271.
Agrippa, a common coin but a rare bust, 134.
Alban lake, 124.
Albano, for what famous, 123, 124.
Albula river, 120.
Album Graecum prescribed to a sick dog, 244.
Alexander the Great, some of his busts, 134.
Alexander Truncheon, fore-man of the male Jury in *Bickerstaffe's* court of Honor, 340.
 Allegories profitable to the mind as hunting to the body, 263. An allegorical fable applied out of *Homer*, *ibid.*
 Allegory of Virtue and Pleasure making court to *Socrates*, 196, &c.
Alps, those mountains described, 144 to 149.
 Ambition, what age of man most addicted to it, 238.
Ambrose (St.) his resolute behaviour towards *Theodosius* the Great, 11.
Ambrosian library at *Milan*, 12.
Americans, their opinion of souls, 474. Exemplified in a vision of one of their countrymen, *ibid.*, &c.
Amras castle and medals, 169.
Amsterdam theatre, an account of it, 176.

Anagram, what, and when first produced, 487.
Ancona, its situation, 46.
Andromache, a great fox-hunter, 478.
 Angels fallen, their disputes described by *Milton*, 228.
 Animals at the theatre, a sale, 175. Imperceptible in the creation, 323.
Anio river, 121, 122.
Annius Verus his bust, 137.
Anthony (St.) of *Padua*, his magnificent church, 21.
 A natural perfume arising from his bones with a conjecture upon it, and his famous sermon to an assembly of fish, 21 to 25. The titles given him by a poor peasant, 25.
 Antiquaries, and writers of antiquities, wherein faulty, 106. Uncertainty of their knowledge, 109.
 Antiquities, two sets in *Rome*, and the great difference betwixt them, 98.
Antium, its extensive ruins, for what famous heretofore, 94, 95, 129.
Antoninus Pius, two coins stamped in his reign, 104.
 A medal, 136.
Anxur, its pleasant situation, 61, 62.
Apollo, a figure in brass, 136. The God of verse and physic, 329.
 Apothecaries great orators, 331.
Appennine mountains described by the *Latin* poets, 54, 55, 56, 139.
Appian way, 60, 137.
April, the first of, the merriest day in the year, 465.
 Aqueducts, *Roman*, 123.
Aquapendente, its fine situation, 126.
Aretine made all the *European* Princes tributary to him, 419.
Ariosto, his monument in the *Benedictine* church at *Ferrara*, 38.
Aristotle, his observation upon the *Iambic* verse, 445.
 Upon Tragedy, 448, 451.
Arfinoe, the first musical opera on the *English* stage, 412.
Arthur, King, the first that ever sat down to a whole roasted ox, 266.

Z z z z

Arthur,

I N D E X.

Arthur, Prince, his statue at *Inspruck*, 168.

Asti, the frontier town of *Savoy*, 142.

Atheist, his character, 223, 224.

Athenians, their public spirit and virtue, 247.

Avarice, what age of man most devoted to it, 238.

Its region described, 250. Its temple, adherents, attendants and officers, 250, &c. 472, 473. The original of it, 470, &c. Operates with *Luxury*, *ibid.* and 471. Its war and accommodation with *Luxury*, 471, 473.

Audiences, what ought to be their behaviour at the representation of a play, 246, &c. are at present void of common sense, 405.

Avernus lake, 72, 77, 81.

Aurelia, her character, 407.

Aurelius, Marcus, his medal, 86. Abundance of his statues at *Rome*, 111, 114, 115.

Author, the necessity of the reader's knowing his size, temper and complexion, 375.

Authors interred, 220.

B.

BACCA lake, 126.

Bacon (Sir *Francis*) his sentiments of poetry, 217. His legacy, 258. His character, 371. His prayer or psalm, *ibid.* His comparison of a book well written, 398.

Bagpipes, who are such in conversation. A club of them, 275.

Bags of money suddenly transformed into sticks and paper, 384.

Baiæ, the winter retreat of the old *Romans*, 74.

Banbury, famous for cakes and zeal, 316.

Baptist Lully, his prudent management, 431.

Barbarity an attendant on *Tyranny*, 295.

Barber of *Milan*, his conspiracy to poison his fellow citizens, 13.

Barns in *Switzerland*, their particular make, 154.

Bartholomew (St.) his famous statue in the great church at *Milan*, 10.

Bass-viol, the part it bears in conversation, 275. Where most likely to be found, 276.

Bear baiting, *Claudian's* description of it, 19, 20.

Bear, held in mighty veneration at *St. Gall*, 160.

Beef-eaters, order of them, 266.

Bell (Mr.) his ingenious device, 428.

Bellman, his midnight homily, 221.

Bell-savage, its etymology, 428.

Benacus, described by *Virgil*, 18.

Bern, its public walks and arsenal, 154. The riches of its canton, 156.

Bickerstaffes, the history and genealogy of the family, 179, 180. His court-day for hearing petitions, 210. His reception at the playhouse, 246. Advice to an audience, *ibid.* Speech to poverty, 252. His entertainment at a friend's house who

eats well, 267. His maxim, 268. Cenfor of *Great Britain*, 296. His adventures in a journey to the *Lands-end*, 305. His receipt, 331. His charge to the court of Honor, 341.

Birds, a cage full for the opera, 385.

Biters, their business, 466.

Bladder and string, modern music, how applied, 276.

Blank verse, proper for tragedy, 445.

Blanks of society, 398.

Bluff, Oliver, indicted in the court of Honor, 369.

Bolonia, for what famous, 140, &c.

Bolsena lake and town, 126.

Bouhours (M.) a great critic among the *French*, 497.

Boutz-Rimez, what, 498.

Brescia, why more favored by the *Venetians* than any other of their dominions; and its iron works, 18.

Bribery a solicitor in the temple of *Avarice*, 251.

Broughton (Andrew) his tombstone and epitaph, 130.

Browbeat (Benjamin) indicted in the court of Honor, 369.

Brutus, a medal of his, 140.

Bullock and *Norris* differently habited, prove great helps to a silly play, 458.

Busby (Benjamin) indicted in the court of Honor by *Jasper Tattle*, 368.

Butts described, their qualification, 466.

Buzzard (Benjamin) indicted in the court of Honor, 360.

C.

CAESAR (Julius) his behaviour to *Catullus* who had put him into a lampoon, 419.

Cajeta, why so called, 92.

Caligula, his wish, 410. A common coin but a rare bust, 134.

Callicoat, indicted in the court of Honor, 359.

Calvin, his advice to the *Genevois* before he died, 162.

Cambray (A.B.) author of *Tedemachus*, 284.

Cambric, a linen-drapeer, indicted by the *Lady Touchwood*, 358.

Camilla's exit from the theatre, 175. A true woman in one particular, 408.

Campania Felix, described by *Silius Italicus*, 63.

Canes, how they ought to be worn, 210, &c.

Caprea described, 66, 82. Its fruitful soil, 82. Some account of the medals found in it, 83, 86, 1089.

Cafe (Dr.) grown rich by means of a distich, 330.

Cassis, a *French* port, its pleasant neighbourhood, 1.

Catacombs of *Naples*, 74.

Cebes, his table, 293.

Cennis, a mountain between *Turin* and *Geneva*, 4, 154.

Cenfor, of small wares, an office to be erected, 409.

Cenfors,

I N D E X.

Censors, a comparison betwixt the *Roman* and *British*, 297.
 Censurers, why punished more severely after death, 286.
 Ceres, more statues of her at *Rome*, than of any other of their deities, 111.
 Cestus of *Venus* described, 264.
 Chaplains, a discourse upon them, 347, &c.
 Charles I. a famous statue of him, 482.
 Charles Borromeo (St.) his subterraneous chapel in *Milan*, with an account of him, and a comparison of him to the ordinary Saints in the church of *Rome*, 10.
 Cheerfulness and constancy, qualifications absolutely necessary in a married state, 306.
 Chevy-Chase ballad, the Spectator's examen of it, 510, 519.
 Chicken a modern diet, 266.
 Child, his discretion and great tenderness for his parents, 225.
 Choleric men cautioned, 224.
 Christmas-Eve, *Shakespeare's* description of it, 222.
 Chronogram, a piece of false wit, 488.
 Church weather glass, when invented, and the use of it, 314, to 317.
 Cicero, a punster, 491.
 Cimmerians, where placed by *Homer*, 92.
 City-Politicians reproved by Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, 284.
 Civita Vecchia, its unwholesome air, 130.
 Clarinda, an idol, in what manner worship'd, 518.
 Cleanthe, her story, 406.
 Clergy, a threefold division of them, 415.
 Clergyman, one of the Spectator's club, 381, 382.
 Clitumnus, the quality of its waters, 49.
 Clubs, nocturnal assemblies, their several kinds, originals and rules, 394, &c. Everlasting club, 514.
 Cock's crowing in *Hamlet*, reflections on it, 222.
 Coins, ancient, the collections of them very deficient, 114.
 Colonna infame, a pillar at *Milan*, 13.
 Commerce, a Goddess in the region of Liberty, 295. Its extent and advantage, 506, &c.
 Commonwealth, (Genius of) seated on the left hand of the Goddess of Liberty, 294.
 Competency, a guide in the temple of Avarice, 251.
 Complacency, described in an allegory, as a guard to one of the gates of *Hymen's* temple, 240.
 Complainer, their importunacy, 259.
 Confessionals, inscriptions over them, 12.
 Constance lake, 166.
 Constantine, his medals and triumphal arch, 118, 119.
 Contention, allegorically described, 241.
 Conversation most straitened in numerous assemblies, 503.
 Coquettes labyrinth described in a vision, 239.

Corona Radialis described, 136.
 Corruption, an office in the temple of Avarice, 251.
 Coverly (Sir Roger de) a member of the Spectator's club, his character, 378.
 Country Gentlemen, no ceremony, 189.
 Courts of justice and honor, erected by Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, 338, 340, 357.
 Cowley abounds in mixt wit, 495.
 Credit, a beautiful virgin, her situation and equipage, 383.
 Cremera river, 126.
 Critic described, 303.
 Cumae, very much changed from what it was, 91.
 Cupid, a lap-dog, dangerously ill, 243.
 Cuspinus, an *Englishman*, was promised to the D. of *Austria's* sister in marriage, 155.

D.

DANCING-MASTER, account of his studies and dancing by book, 191.
 Daniel, the historian, provisions taxed in his time, 267.
 Dathan, a Jew, indicted in the court of Honor for breaking the peace, 352.
 Dead persons heard, judged and censured, 218, &c.
 Death, the time and manner of it unknown, 390.
 Delicates, false, their contradictory rules, 267.
 Delight and surprise, properties essential to wit, 494, &c.
 Demurrers, what women so called, 536.
 Destinies, their present to *Jupiter*, 261. Speech of one of them to that God, 262.
 Diet, the difference betwixt the modern and that of our ancestors, 266.
 Dignitaries of the law, who, 416.
 Discourse, different talents in it how shadowed out, 274, &c.
 Discretion described in an allegory, as a guard to one of *Hymen's* gates, 240.
 Divito's sale of goods, celestial and terrestrial, 177.
 Dog's immortality asserted by a young spark till his father cudgelled him out of the system, 216.
 Dogget's letter to *Bickerstaffe*, 242. The answer, *ibid.* His civilities to *Bickerstaffe*, 246.
 Doubt, *Nicholas*, 188.
 Dover Cliff described by *Shakespeare*, 234.
 Dreams of the author, concerning his mistress, 233. Of the *Alps*, 293. Of the band of lovers, 238, &c. Of the temple of Virtue, 249. Of honor and vanity, 250. Of avarice, 251. Of *Jupiter* and the destinies, 260, &c.
 Drums, who may be termed so in conversation, 274.
 Dryden's definition of wit censured, 497.

Duels

I N D E X.

Duels with figures upon a wall, 195.
Dutch more polite than the *English* in their funeral monuments, 425.
 Dying for the fair sex, how punished, 219.

E.

ECHO at *Milan*, a very surprising one, 14, 15.
 Education, a liberal one expensive, and deserves more encouragement, 205.
Elpenor, his untimely death a warning to drunkards, 270.
Elysium, the joys of it described by the author of *Telemachus*, 287.
English courted by the Pope to settle at *Civita Vecchia*, 130. Pictures of *English* rebels at *Friburg*, 153. A caution to *Englishmen* in general, 224.
 Epitaphs, the extravagancy of some, and the modesty of others, 425.
 Equipages, the splendor of them in *France*, 406. A great temptation to the female sex, *ibid.*
Escargatoire, the use of it, 153.
Et caetera, much used by some learned authors, 259.
Eve's satisfaction in *Adam*, described by *Milton*, 227.
 Examiner, reproved by the Censor, 326, &c.
 Extortion, office of, in the temple of *Avarice*, 251.

F.

FABLE of the children and frogs, 420. Of *Jupiter* and the country-man, 423.
Falseness, the goddess of it, 499.
Falstaff, Sir *John*, a famous butt, 467.
 Fame generally coveted, 516, &c. Its table 183.
 Vision of its mountain and palace, 183, to 188.
Fano, from whence so called, 46.
 Fardingale, see *Hoop* and *Petticoat*.
 Fear of death often mortal, 422.
Felix the fifth, his story, 147, 148.
 Fencing, how learned by *Bickerstaffe*, 195.
Ferrara, thinly inhabited, and the town described, 38.
Flambeau, (Mrs.) prosecuted in the court of Honor by Lady *Townly*, 366.
 Flea, its skeleton, 236.
Florence, its public buildings and famous gallery, 133. And rarities, 134, 135. Its statues, 134, 138. The great Duke's care to prevent *Civita Vecchia* from being made a free port, 129. Incensed against the *Lucques*, and why, 131.
Foligni town, 49.
Folio, Tom, a broker in learning, some account of him, 288. His visit to Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, *ibid.* His criticism upon *Virgil*, 289.
 Fools in plenty the first day of *April*, 465.

Fortune; two Fortunes worshipped by the heathens at *Antium*, 95.
 Fountains in *Switzerland*, the reason of their periodical fluxes, 149.
 Fox teased by fleas, how he drops them, 323.
 Fraud, an officer in the temple of *Avarice*, 251.
Freeport, Sir *Andrew*, a member of the *Spectator's* club, 379, 380.
 Free-thinkers, censured and cudgelled, 216, 222. Considered in distresses, 223, 224.
Frescati, its fine walks and water-works, 122.
Fribourg described with its hermitage, 153.
 Friendship, the great benefit of it, 503. Life's medicine, 504. The qualifications of a good friend, 505.
 Future state described by *Homer*, 269, &c. By *Virgil*, 277. From whence the happiness and torments of it arise, according to the *Platonists*, 279, &c. Described by the author of *Telemachus*, 284, &c. Benefits arising from the prospects of futurity, 287.

G.

GABINUS lake, 122.
Gall, St. (Abbot of) the extent of his territories, and manner of his election, 157. Riches of the inhabitants, and their quarrel with the Abbot, 158, 159. The abbey and their arms, 160. Their manufactures, 158. Pension from *France*, 160.
Gall (St.) the great apostle of *Germany*, some account of him, 160.
Gallienus, a medal of his, 87.
Gaper, a common sign in *Amsterdam*, 465.
Garigliano described, 61.
Gaurus mountain, 72.
Geneva, its situation, 146. Under the Emperor's displeasure, and why, 152. Esteemed the court of the *Alps*, 162. Its lake, 147, 152. Arsenal, 154.
Genoa, its description, 4. Its bank no burden to the *Genoese*, 5, 6. Why incapable of being made a free port, 130. Its gulph, 3.
Genoese, their manners described, and their character by the modern *Italians* and *Latin* poets, 4. Their indiscretion, and why they were obliged lately to be in the *French* interest; their fleet, and its service, 6. Their *Doge* claims a crown and scepter from their conquest of *Corfica*, 7. An advantage arising to them from it, and a different maxim observed by the ancient *Romans*, *ibid.*
George (St.) his church at *Verona*, 20.
Germanicus, his medal, 117.
 Ghost, its appearance of great efficacy upon the *English* theatre, 454.
 Ghost of *Anticlea*, mother to *Ulysses*, 270.

Ghosts

I N D E X.

Ghosts of beauties, 271. Of heroes, *ibid.* &c. 280.
Of the damned, 273. Of tyrants, 285, 286. Of
good princes, 286.
Goodenough, *Ursula*, indicted in the court of Honor
by the Lady *Betty Wou'dbe*, 359.
Gospel gossips described, 463.
Goths in poetry, who, 498.
Granaries, the administration of them in *Switzerland*,
162, 163.
Grotto del Cani, experiments made in it, 75. Reasons
for the effects of its vapors, 76.
Grotto Oscuro, 85.
Gulph of *Genoa*, its nature, 2.
Gyges's ring, the use Mr. *Bickerstaffe* has made of it,
332, &c.

H.

HALL, its mint and salt works, with the me-
thod of propagating them, 169, 170.
Handkerchief, the great machine for moving pity
in tragedy, 455.
Happiness, true, an enemy to pomp and noise, 407.
Hard words ought not to be pronounced right by
well bred Ladies, 460.
Harpichord, the excellency of its music, 275.
Henry the Eighth of *England*, his letter to *Anne* of
Boleyn, 119, 120.
Hercules Monaccus, 3. Accosted by Virtue and Plea-
sure, 196, &c.
Heroes in *English* tragedy generally lovers, 450.
History, its usefulness, 232.
Hobbs (Mr.) his observation upon laughter, 464.
Homer, his apotheosis, 112, 113. His description of
a future state, 269 to 273.
Honor, court of, erected by Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, its mem-
bers and proceedings, 338, 339. A journal of
it, 340, 350, &c. 364, &c. 367, &c.
Honeycomb (*Will*) his character, 381.
Hoop-petticoat canvassed, 220, 221, 228, &c.
Human nature, the folly of those who take pleasure
in seeing it debased, 215. The same in all rea-
sonable creatures, 509.
Humor to be described only by negatives, 438.
The genealogy of true and false humor, 439.
Hymen is placed as a guard at the temple of Virtuous
Love, 240.
Hymn to the Supreme Being, what, 235.

I.

IAMBIC verse, the most proper for *Greek* trage-
dies, 445.
Januarius (St.) the liquefaction of his blood a bun-
gling trick, its origin, 64.

Idiots in great request at most of the *German* courts,
464.
Idols, who of the fair sex so called, 517.
Jealousy finely described, 101. Her garments,
complexion and office, 241.
Jenny disposed of for life, 179. Her conduct and
merit, *ibid.* Her husband's character, 181. The
effects of such a match, 182.
Jensano, the palace there, 123.
Jesuits, their particular compliment to the Queen
of the *Romans*, in a comedy designed for her en-
tertainment, 167.
Immortality, of two sorts, 182.
Imperceptibles, a natural history of, 236.
Impudence gets the better of modesty, 380.
Indian Kings, some of their observations during their
stay here, 467.
Indiscretion more hurtful than ill-nature, 420.
Infidelity rebuked, 222, &c.
Injuries, how to be measured, 418.
Inn river, 170.
Innocence, and not quality, an exemption from re-
proof, 436.
Innsbruck, its public buildings, 167, &c.
Inventory of effects at the theatre in *Drury-Lane*, 177,
178.
Journey, Mr. *Bickerstaffe's* account of one to the
Land's-end, 305. His inferences from it, 306,
&c.
Ischia, by the ancients called *Inarime*, some account
of it, 89.
Italians, the usual furniture of their libraries, 12.
Their manners compared to the *French*, 15. Rea-
sons of the aversion of the common people to
the *French*, 16. Their extravagant tomb-stones,
20. The difference betwixt their poetical and
prose language, 32. A great help to their modern
poetry, *ibid.* A great custom among them of
crowning the holy Virgin, 40. Their writers
florid and wordy, 386.
Italy divided into many principalities as more na-
tural to its situation, 15. Its present desolation,
and comparison with its ancient inhabitants, 58.
Its rivers described by *Silius Italicus*, 56.
Juno, her method to regain *Jupiter's* affection, 263.
Juno Sispita, or *Sospita*, how represented, and *Tully's*
description of this goddess, 136.
Jura mount, 146.
Justice, goddess of, vision of her, 200, 206, &c.
Justina (St.) her church one of the finest in *Italy*, 25.

K.

KINGS, wicked, their punishment in a future
state, 286.
Kuffstein-castle, 170.

I N D E X.

L.

LADY's library described, 441, &c.
Lago di Como, formerly *Larius*, 18. Described by *Claudian*, 19. *Di Guarda* or *Benacus*, described by *Virgil*, 18.
 Lamb a modern diet, 266.
 Lampoons writ by people who can't spell, 410. Witty ones inflict wounds that are incurable, 418. The inhuman barbarity of the ordinary scribblers of them, 420.
Laocoon and his two sons, figure of them, 136.
Lapis Vituperii, what, and how applied, 26.
Lares, resembled by a *German* to a jug-bottle, 106.
Larva of the *Roman* actors, what, 106, 107.
 Laughter immoderate, a sign of pride, 503. The provocations to it, 464.
Lausanne, a peculiar privilege belonging to one street in this town, 151.
 Lawyers, the peaceable and litigious described, 415. Their great numbers and constant employment among the *Neapolitans*, 68.
 Laymen, a general caution to them, 224.
Lear (King) a tragedy, suffers in the alteration, 449.
 Learning well husbanded, 204.
Lee the poet, well turned for tragedy, 446.
Leghorn, a free port, and the great resort of other nations to it, 128, 129. The advantages the great Duke receives from it, 129.
Leman lake described, with the towns on it, 146, &c.
Leonora, her character, 443. Description of her country-seat, *ibid.*
 Letters; from *Switzerland*, 194. From *Nich. Humdrum*, 277. From a chaplain, 347. To the *Spectator*, complaining of the masquerade, 392. From *Charles Lillie*, 411. From a valetudinarian, 421. From one who would be inspector of the sign posts, 426. From the master of the show at *Charing Cross*, 429. From a husband plagued with a Gospel gossip, 463. From an ogling-master, *ibid.* From *Sam Hopewell*, 536.
 Letter-droppers of antiquity, 484.
 Levity, her post, 240.
 Liberty, its region described, 293, &c.
 Library. A lady's library described, 442.
 Licences for canes, perspective glasses, perfumes, &c. 210.
 Lights enlarge the thoughts, 214.
Lillie, Charles, of *Beauford* buildings, clerk to *Bickerstaffe*, 210, &c. His reports, 338.
Lindaw, 166.
 Lion in the *Hay-market*, occasioned many conjectures in the town, 403. Very gentle to the *Spectator*, 404.

Liris or the *Garigliano* described, 61.
Littleton the lawyer, famous for *Et caeteras*, 259.
London an emporium for the whole earth, 506.
Loretto, its prodigious riches, and why never attacked by the Christians or Turks, 47. A description of the holy house, 48.
Lorain, Duke of, killed at the battle of *Pavia*, his interment there, and inscription on his tomb, 7, 8.
 Love, its effect upon the Soul, 192. A fine allegory upon it, 193.
 Lovers band described in a vision, 238.
Lucan, his prophecy of the *Latian* towns, 125.
Lucca, the industry of its inhabitants, 131. Under the King of *Spain*'s protection, *ibid.* Was in danger of ruin, *ibid.* The great contempt the inhabitants have of the *Florentines*, and why the latter never attacked them, 132. The form of its government, *ibid.*
Lucretia, her story, 233.
Lucrine lake, 72.
Ludlow, Edmund, his retirement and epitaph, 149, 150.
 Lust, in whom 'tis virtuous love, 238. Its temple described, 241.
 Lute, the part it bears in a concert or conversation, 274, 276.
 Luxury described with its attendant Avarice, and a fable of those two vices, 470 to 474.
 Lie, a pernicious monosyllable, 353.

M.

MACHIAVEL, his office, 250.
 Maids of honor, their allowance of beef for their breakfast in the reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, 266.
Makebate, Elizabeth, indicted in the court of Honor, 357, 358.
Male-Coquette, his bad equipage, 333.
 Man a sociable animal, 394.
Mandevil (Sir *John*) some of his remains, 343, &c.
Marino (St.) its situation, extent, founder and original, 43. Its antiquity and form of government, 44.
 Marriage, how men's minds and humors may be changed by it, 180.
 Marriage life, the caprices and hazards of it, 306.
 Marrow-bone and cleaver, a modern musical instrument, 276.
Mary Magdalen, the deserts rendered famous by her penance, described by *Claudian*, 1, 2.
 Masquerade, a complaint against it, 392. The design of it, *ibid.*
Maximilian, the first founder of the *Austrian* greatness, 168.

May-

I N D E X.

May-fair broke, and several moveables put to sale, 175.
Mazarin, his behaviour to *Quillet*, who had reflected on him in a poem, 419.
Medallists, who are the most skilful in the world, 113. Usefulness of the medallic science, 114.
Medicis family, account of it, 138.
Meldingen, a little republic in *Switzerland*, the model of its government and the business of its councils of state, 156.
Meleager, his statue and story, 102.
 Merchants of great benefit to the public, 508.
Mevania furnished all *Italy* with herds for their sacrifices, 49.
Microscopes, their use, 235, &c.
Milan described by *Ausonius*, 17. Its great church, 9, 11. Relics and great riches in it, 11, 12. The citadel, and situation of its state, 14, 15. Affectation of the *French* dress and carriage in the court, 15.
Mincio river, described by *Virgil* and *Claudian*, 18, 19.
Miseno, its cape and set of galleries described, 89.
 Mite, a dissection of one, 236.
 Mixt wit described, 495, &c.
 Mixt communion of men and spirits in *Paradise*, as described by *Milton*, 402.
Modena, extent of its dominions and condition of its inhabitants, 141.
Moliere made an old woman a judge of his plays, 509.
Monaco, its harbor described by *Lucan*, 3.
 Monarchy, the genius of it described in the region of *Liberty*, 294.
 Money-bags transformed to sticks and paper, 384.
Monte Circejo, why supposed by *Homer* to have been an island, 93. *Aeneas*'s passage near it described by *Virgil*, 93, 94.
Montefiascone, 126.
Monte Novo, how formed, 77.
 Monuments in *Westminster-Abbey* examined by the *Spectator*, 424, &c.
Mopsa in great danger of her life, why, 260.
Morge, its artificial port, 151.
Morpheus, why represented under the figure of a boy, 134, 135. In what manner addressed to by *Statius*, 135.
Morphew (*John Bickerstaffe*'s door-keeper, 210.
Mosaic work much improved, 123.
 Mountebanks, their artifices to ensnare the vulgar, 330.
 Music banished by *Plato* from his commonwealth, 414. Of a relative nature, 431.
 Musical instruments of the ancients, 105, 106.

N.

NAPLES, 64. Its many superstitions, *ibid.* Its delightful bay, 66. Described by *Silius Italicus*,
 VOL. II.

&c. 69, 70. Its pleasant situation, 66. Litigious temper of the inhabitants, 67, 68. Different from what it was in *Statius*'s time, 68. The great alteration of the adjacent parts from what they were formerly, 72. The natural curiosities about it, 71, 72. Policy of the *Spaniards* when they governed it, 69. Severity of the taxes there, 68. Why called *Parthenope*, 69.
Narni, why so called, 53.
Neapolitans, addicted to pleasure, and why, 69.
Nemesis of the good and the wicked, 95.
Nemi, why so called, 123.
Nettuno, for what remarkable, 94.
Neuschattel, dispute about the succession to it, 164.
Newberry (Mr.) his *Rebus*, 485.
Newman, *Richard*, his indictment in the court of Honor, 352.
 New-river, a project to bring it into the playhouse, 386.
Nicolini, Signior, his voyage on pasteboard, 385. His combat with a Lion, and why thought to be a sham one, 403, &c. An excellent actor, 405.
Nile, why its statues are black, 135.
Nisida island, 88.
 Northern parts, fruitful in Bagpipes, 275.
Noses, a dissertation upon them, 359, &c.
Nyon, supposed to have been the *Colonia Equestris* of *Julius Caesar*, 151.

O.

OATES, (Dr.) a favorite with some party Ladies, 479.
Ocrinum, its ruins, 53.
Ogler. The compleat *Ogler*, 464.
 Old men, caution to such, 224. Maids generally superstitious, 389. Testament in a peruke, 482.
 Opera, as it is the present entertainment of the *English* stage, considered, 385, &c. The progress it has made on our theatre, 412, &c. Some account of the *French* Opera, 431, &c.
 Oppression an attendant on tyranny, 296.
Ostia, described by a medal, and *Juvenal*, 96, 97.
Otho, two medals of his, 141.
Olway commended and censured, 447.
Oxford Scholar, his great discovery in a coffee-house, 462.

P.

PADUA, its university and cloth manufacture, 26. The original of *Padua* from *Virgil*, *ibid.*
 Painter and taylor often contribute to the success of a tragedy more than the poet, 453.
Palaestrina described, 123.
 Parents, their taking a liking to a particular profession,
 A a a

I N D E X.

- fession, often occasions their sons to miscarry, 417.
Parker, an *English* ecclesiastic, his epitaph on his tomb in *Pavia*, 8.
Parma, its famous theatre and gallery, the extent of its dominions and condition of its inhabitants, 141.
Parimony, a favorite in the temple of *Avarice*, 251.
Particles, *English*, the honor done to them in the late operas, 413.
Parties, crept much into the conversation of the Ladies, 478, &c.
Party zeal, very bad for the face, 479.
Passing bells, who so called, 275.
Pavia, its description, 7, 8. Why called *Ticinum* by the ancients, 8.
Pausilypo's grotto, 71, &c. The beautiful prospect of its mount, 88.
Peace with *France*, some ill consequences of it, 458, &c.
Pedantry compared to hypocrisy, 302.
Pedants, their several classes, 389.
Pendentisque Dei, in *Juvenal*, explained, 103.
Persona, see *Larva*.
Persecution, an attendant on tyranny, 295.
Pertinax, two medals of his, 141.
Pesaro town, 46.
Pescennius Niger, his medal, 141.
Peter Plumb, merchant, indicted in the court of Honor, his defence and sentence, 350, &c.
Peter's (St.) church at *Rome* described; the reason of its double dome, and its beautiful architecture, 57.
Petticoats (*Fardingales*) censured, 221. Their cause tried, 228, &c. How long to be worn, 245.
Phaeton's sisters, the poets blamed for turning them into poplars, 142.
Philosophy, the use of it, 390. Said to be brought by *Socrates* down from heaven, 397.
Physicians and surgeons, their different employment, 409. The physicians a formidable body of men, compared to the *British* army in *Cæsar's* time, 416. They convert one distemper into another, 421.
Physic observed by Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, 331.
Pietists, a new sect in *Switzerland*, 165.
Pillars of *Trajan* and *Antoninus* the noblest in the world, 116.
Pindust, *Rebecca*, her trial, 218, 219.
Pinkethman to personate King *Porus* upon an elephant, 433.
Pirates on books described, 203.
Pisa, a large but not populous city, 130.
Pisatello, see *Rubicon*.
Pisauero, Doge of *Venice*, his elogium, 29.
Platonist, fore-woman of the jury in the court of Honor, 341.
Platonists, their opinion, 280.
Pleasure courting *Hercules*, 196, &c.
Plenty, a Goddess in the region of *Liberty*, 295.
Pluto, his palace and throne, 285.
Po, described by *Lucan*, 36. *Scaliger's* critic upon it, 37. Described by *Claudian*, 142, 143.
Poems in picture, 481.
Poetry, its usefulness, 217. Foundation, 329.
Poets, *English*, reproved, 445, &c. Their artifices, 454, &c.
Pope, his territories very desolate, and the inhabitants poor, and why, 59, 60.
Posture-master censured, 215.
Poverty, a terrible spectre in the temple of *Avarice*, 252. An attendant on tyranny, 296.
Powel (Senior) to act *Alexander* the Great, on a dromedary, 433. His artifice to raise a clap, 450.
Praeneste, see *Palæstrina*.
Presents of wine, &c. to Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, 265.
Procita island, 89, 90.
Professions, the three great ones, over-burdened with practitioners, 415, &c.
Projector, a short description of one, 432, &c.
Protestants, caution to them, 224.
Prudely, *Elizabeth*, indicted in the court of Honor, by *William Trippit*, Esq; 365.
Prudes described, 208, 209.
Punch at the theatre, 175.
Punning much recommended by the practice of all ages, and in what age it chiefly flourished, 491. A famous university much infested with it, 492. Why banished at present out of the learned world, *ibid*, &c. Definition of a pun, *ibid*.
Putoli, its remains near *Naples*, 72. Its mole mistaken for *Caligula's* bridge, with the confutation of that error, *ibid*.
Pythagoras's saying of man, 216.

Q.

- Q**UACKS, their artifice, 329, 330.
 Quality, no exemption from reproof, 436.
Quickset, Sir *Harry*, Bart. 188.

R.

- R**ADICOFANI castle, 126.
Ragouff, prejudicial to the stomach, 267.
Rants considered as blemishes in our *English* tragedy, 450.
Rape of *Proserpine*, a *French* opera, 432.
Rapine, an attendant on licentiousness, 296.
Ravenna, its ancient situation according to *Martial* and *Silius Italicus*, with the description of the city and adjacent parts, 38, 39. Its great scarcity of fresh water, 56.
Reading, the exercise of the mind, 263.

Rebus

I N D E X.

Rebus, a kind of false wit in vogue amongst the ancients and our own countrymen, 484, 485. A *Rebus* at *Blenheim* house condemned, 485.
Recitative music in every language ought to be adapted to its accent, 430.
Recitativo, *Italian*, not agreeable to an *English* audience, 429, &c.
Regillus lake, 122.
 Religious war, 283.
Remo (St.) a *Genoese* town described, 2.
Remorse described in an allegory, 241.
Rentfree, *Thomas*, Esq; 188.
 Retired life, 335.
Rhone, some account of that river, 149.
La Ricca, 123.
Rich (Mr.) would not suffer the opera of *Whittington's* *Cat* to be performed in his house, and why, 387.
Rimini, its antiquities, 41.
Ripaille, a convent there, 147.
Rochefoucault, his character, 216.
Romans, their generous virtue, 247.
Rome, modern, stands higher than the ancient, 98. The grandeur of the commonwealth, and magnificence of the Emperors differently considered, 98, 99. Its rarities, and considerations hereupon, 99, 100. Why more frequented by the nobility in summer than in winter, 125. Its antiquities christian and pagan, 98. Its ancient armor and garments, 108, 109. Sculptures, 107 to 113. Medals and coins, 113, &c. Columns, 115 to 119. Why so few sects in her church, 166.
Romulus's cottage described by *Virgil*, 48.
Rottenbourg castle, 170.
Rotunda at *Rome*, its beautiful architecture, 57.
Royal Exchange, the great resort to it, 506.
Rubicon, called at present *Pisatello*, described by *Lucan*, 41.
 Rural wits, hunting-horns in a male concert, 277.

S.

SAFFOLD (Dr.) physician, astrologer, and poet, 330.
Salforata, a stinking river, 120.
Salmon (Mrs.) her ingenuity, 428.
 Salt-works, see *Hall*.
Saltero's Museum, at *Chelsea*, 323.
Sanctorius's invention, 421.
Sannazarius's verses upon *Venice*, 35. His tomb, 65. Verses on a temple in *Naples*, 65.
Sarabrand's puppet-show at her shop, at the *Exchange*, 175. Her rakehell, *Punch*, disposed of, *ibid.*
 Satire, what it delights in, 101.
 Satirists censured, 215.
 Scholar's egg, what so called, 481.

Schomberg, D. of, where interred, 151.
Sempronia, a professed admirer of the *French* nation, 459.
Sentry, Captain, a member of the *Spectator's* club, 380.
Sextus Quintus, the Pope, an instance of his unforgiving temper, 419.
 Shadows and realities not to be mixed in the same piece, 385.
Shakespeare, his character, 222.
Shallow, *Josias*, indicted in the court of Honor, 359.
Shapeley, *Rebecca*, indicted in the same court by *Sarah Smack*, 365.
 Sheep-biter, why a term of reproach, 266.
 Shilling, the adventures of it, 335, &c.
Shovel, Sir *Cloudestley*, the ill contrivance of his funeral monument, 425.
 Show in *Germany*, representing all the religions in *Great Britain* in wax-work, 353, &c.
Sibyls temple and grove, where they stood, 121.
Sidney (Sir *Philip*) his opinion of the song of *Chevy-chase*, 509, 510.
Sienna, its cathedral, 127.
 Sign-posts, the absurdities of many of them, 426, &c.
 Silence, significant on many occasions, 256, &c.
Sippet, *Harry*, an expert wine-brewer, 255.
Slattern, described in her bed, 333.
Sly, *Richard*, indicted in the court of Honor by *Winifrid Leer*, 366.
Smalte, of the *Italians*, what it is, 123.
 Snow, monopolised at *Naples*, 79.
Socrates, his behaviour in the *Athenian* theatre, 248. His temper and prudence, 418.
Sofily, *Ned*, a very pretty poet, his sonnet, 299, 300.
Soleurre, the residence of the *French* ambassadors, 155.
Sophocles, his conduct in the tragedy of *Electra*, 456.
Soracte, called by the modern *Italians* St. *Oreste*, 54.
Spaniards, their policy in the government of *Naples*, 67, &c.
 Sparrows bought for the use of the opera, 385.
Spectator, his prefatory discourse, 375. Great taciturnity, 376. His vision of public credit, 383, &c. His entertainment at the table of an acquaintance, 388, &c. His recommendation of his speculations, 397, &c. Advertised in the *Daily Courant*, 400. His encounter with a Lion behind the scenes, 403. Design of his writings, 409, &c. 521. No party man, 410, &c. His resolution to march on in the cause of virtue, 437. His visit to a travelled Lady, 459. His speculations in the first principles, 461. An odd accident that befel him at *Lloyd's* coffee-house, *ibid.* His advice to our *English* *Pindaric* writers, 487.
Spintria, medals, dug up, 86.
Spoletto, its antiquities, 49.
 Story tellers, the bagpipes in conversation, 275.
 A a a a 2 Suffolk

I N D E X.

Suffolk (D. of) buried in *Pavia*, with the inscription on his tomb, 7, 8. His history, 8.
Suggestums, old *Roman*, described, 41.
Sun, satirised by the owls and bats, &c. in a fable, 325.
Superstition, the folly of it described, 389, &c.
Swash, Sir *Paul*, indicted in the court of Honor by *Peter Double*, Gent. 368.
Switzerland, its wonderful tranquility and the reason of it, 160. Its inhabitants thrifty, and why, 161. Their dress, 162. Their custom in bequeathing their estates, 163. Their notion of witchcraft, 164. The reason of its periodical fountains, 149, 155. Their soldiers, 156. Scholars, 157. Granaries, 162, &c. Letter from a mountain there, 194.

T.

TALICOTIUS, the first clap-doctor, his history, 361, &c.
Taller, ridicules his adversaries, 323, &c.
Tea, not used in Queen *Elizabeth's* time, 266.
Telemachus's adventures, 284.
Temple of Hymen, 240. Of *Lust*, 241. Of *Virtue*, 249. Of *Honor*, *ibid.* Of *Vanity*, 250. Of *Avarice*, 251.
Templar, one of the *Spectator's* club, his character, 379.
Terni, why formerly called *Interamna*, 50.
Teverone river, 122.
Theatines, their convent in *Ravenna*, 40.
Theatres in *London* and *Amsterdam*, an account of them, 175, 176.
Theatre, English, the practice of it in several instances censured, 451, &c. 454, &c.
Thrifty's letter to *Bickerstaffe*, 188.
Thunder of great use on the stage, 454.
Tiber, *Virgil's* account of it, 96. Its great riches, 111.
Tiberius's medals, 73, 87, 134.
Ticinus or *Tesin*, a river near *Pavia*, 8, 9. Described by *Silius Italicus*, 9. and *Claudian*, 19.
Timavus, described by *Claudian*, 19.
Tintoret, *Tom*, a great master in the art of coloring, 255.
Tiresias his advice to *Ulysses*, 270.
Tirol, its valley, 167 to 171. Particular privileges of its inhabitants, 171.
Tulle, Sir *Timothy*, a profound critic, his indignation and discourse with his mistress, 303, 304.
Titus's arch, 119.
Tivoli, its situation, 121, 124.
Tom-tits, to personate the singing-birds at the opera, 387.
Tombs in *Westminster-Abbey*, visited by the *Spectator*, 424, &c. His reflection upon it, *ibid.*

Trade, the benefit of it to *Great Britain*, 506, &c.
Tragedy, perfect, the noblest production of human nature, 444. Wherein the modern tragedy excels that of *Greece* and *Rome*, *ibid.* Blank verse the most proper for an *English* tragedy, 445. *English* tragedy considered, *ibid.*, &c.
Tragi-comedy, the product of the *English* theatre, 449.
Trajan's medal, 47. *Pillar*, 116.
Travel, highly necessary for a coquette, 460. The behaviour of a travelled Lady at the playhouse, *ibid.*
Treat-all, *Timothy*, indicted by ladies in the court of Honor, 364.
Trippit, (*Simon*) his petition for wearing a cane, 211.
Trumpets, what sort of men are such in conversation, 274. Where to be met with, 276.
Truth, an enemy to false wit, 501.
Tryphiodorus the great lipogrammatist of antiquity, 484.
Tulippomania, a distemper, 313.
Tulips, variety of names given to them, 312, &c.
Typhaeus, where placed by the ancient poets, 89, 90.
Tyranny, commands an army against the region of Liberty, 295.

V.

VAUD country, 151, 156.
Veal, a modern diet, 266.
Veii, ancient, their territories, 125.
Velini, *Rosea rura*, why so called by *Virgil*, 51. The cascade formed by the fall of that river, 51, 52.
Venetians, their thirst after too many conquests on the *Terra Firma* prejudicial to the commonwealth, and wherein, 29. The republic in a declining condition, 28, 30. In what terms with the Emperor, the Pope, and the D. of *Savoy*, 30. Their Senate the wisest council in the world, 30. The refined parts of their wisdom, and great secrecy in matters of state, with an instance of it, 30, 31. The number of their nobility and operas, 31, 32. A custom peculiar to the *Venetians*, 34. A show particular to them, exhibited to them on *Holy Thursday*, described by *Claudian*, 34, 35.
Venice, its advantageous situation, 27, 28. Convenient for commerce, 28. Its trade declining, and why, 28. Its description, 27, &c. Its pictures done by the best hands, 29. The moisture of its air, 28. Its arsenal, 29. Its Carnival, with the necessity and consequences of it, 31, 32.
Venice Preserved, a tragedy founded on a wrong plot, 447.
Venus, her chambers, 74. Her statues at *Florence*, &c. 137.

Verona,

I N D E X.

Verona, its amphitheatres and other antiquities, 19, 20.
Verfoy, a town in *Switzerland*, to which *Ludlow* retired, 149, 151.
Vestals, whether their hair grew after the tonsure, 134.
Vesuvio described, 77, &c. Much different from *Martial's* account of it, 83.
Ville Neuve in *Bern*, 149.
Violins, who are such in conversation, 274. Where to be found, 276.
Virgil's Tomb, 71. Ancient MSS. of him at *Florence*, 138.
Virtue courting *Hercules*, 197. Venerable in men, lovely in women, 209.
Virtuoso's will, 309. Ridiculous studies, 308.
Vision of the mountain and palace of *Fame*, 183 to 188. Of *Justice*, 200 to 210.
Visit to a travelled Lady in her bed, described, 459.
Ulysses's voyage undetermined by the learned, 2. His voyage to the regions of the dead, 269. His adventures there, *ibid.*, &c.
Volsinian's town, 126.
Volturno described, 61.
Upholders, a new company, 213, 218. Their civility to *Bickerstaffe*, 246.
Upholsterer, Mr. *Bickerstaffe's* neighbour, a great news-monger, broke, 281, 282. His conversation with Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, in the park, 282, 283. His early visit to Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, 290. The reason of it, 291.

Wife, grief of a husband for the loss of one, 225, &c.
Windmill, *Andrew*, Esq; 188.
Wine, a present to Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, 265.
Wine-brewers, a fraternity, 253. Tried before Mr. *Bickerstaffe*, *ibid.* His request to them, 256.
Wise man, his character, 223.
Wit, the mischief of it when accompanied with vice, 418, &c. When not tempered with virtue and humanity, *ibid.*, 420. Nothing so much admired, and so little understood, 480. History of false wit, *ibid.*, &c. Every man would be a wit, 487. The way to try it, 493, &c. Mr. *Locke's* reflection on the difference betwixt wit and judgment, 494.
Woman, a romantic description of her sex, 231.
Woman of quality, her dress the product of a hundred climates, 507.
Women, their ordinary employment, 399. Smitten with superfluities, 405. Their usual conversation, *ibid.*, 407.

Y.

YOUNG, *Margery*, alias Dr. *John's* life and adventures, 320, &c.
Yvoire, port for the D. of *Savoy's* gallies, 147.

Z.

ZURICH, an account of it, 157, &c.

W.

WHEELBARROW, Sir *Giles*, Kt. 188.
Widower, his unhappy state, 227.

The End of the Second Volume.

